# McCALL'S

DECEMBER 1930

TEN CENTS

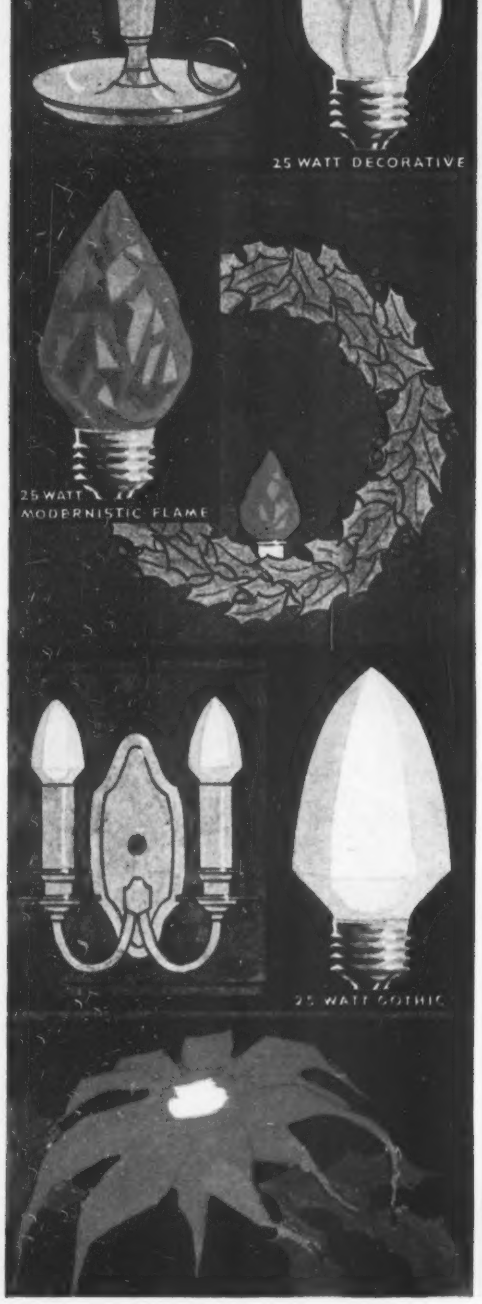
## MEET THE SMITHS -OF RUSSIA

a sensational revelation of the life of women under the Soviet

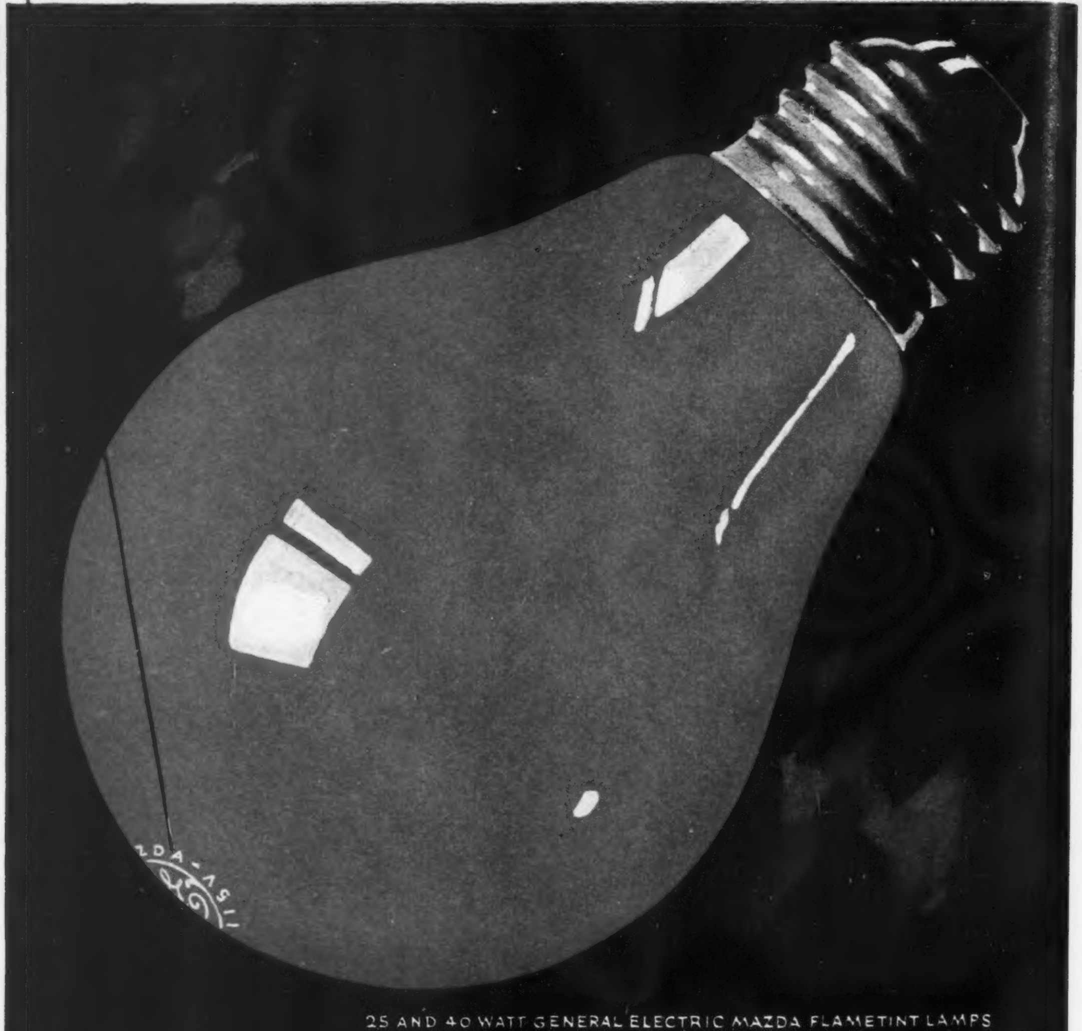
*by* HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

## A modern Christmas story

*by* TEMPLE BAILEY



MAZDA—NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE



25 AND 40 WATT GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA FLAMETINT LAMPS

# DECORATE WITH LIGHT

LIGHTING, most inexpensive of all decorative effects, is by far the most important. For less than the cost of even the most inexpensive piece of furniture *an entire home* may be transformed from the dull and the drab and the commonplace into a dwelling place where tired nerves relax . . where old furniture takes on new beauty and added charm . . . where hospitality and cheer beckon like an outstretched hand and a warm smile of welcome.

General Electric MAZDA Lamps can do all of these things for *YOUR* home. Lighted, they add charm, comfort and cheer. Unlighted, they fit into any decorative scheme, adding beauty, color and the touch of the unusual so long lacking in lamp design. ∾ Christmas and the joyous holidays are coming. Brighten them with the ruddy glow of Flametint. Let the new decorative lamps . . the Candle shape . . the Gothic . . . the Modern . . . add to the spirit and gayety of the Yuletide season . . . and every night thereafter. ∾ Be sure, how ever, that the lamps you buy are G. E. MAZDA Lamps. Look for the initials G. E. on the end of the bulb and the familiar blue carton. Insist on these safeguards of lighting quality when decorating with light. The National Lamps Works of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

# No *thank you,* Mother, no "Pink tooth brush" for me!

THIS NEW GENERATION:—Mother, you've been buying your kind of tooth paste for me again!

MOTHER: *But you've always used that kind. Ever since you were a child.*

T.N.G: Not lately. Not since I went to the dentist last fall and found out about *gums.*

MOTHER: *But tooth paste isn't for your gums. It's for your* teeth.

T.N.G.: Now that's just where you admit you're a wee bit old-fashioned, mother dear. The best really *modern* tooth paste can be used as a gum massage, too—to prevent "pink tooth brush."

MOTHER: *"Pink tooth brush!" I never heard of it!*

T.N.G.: Isn't your tooth brush ever pink when you clean your teeth?

MOTHER: *Come to think of it, I believe it is. My gums are tender, I suppose. And bleed rather easily.*

T.N.G.: That's why I massage my gums—with Ipana Tooth Paste on my brush. So *mine* won't become tender and begin to bleed. I don't want to get gingivitis or pyorrhea or gum trouble like *that.* And I don't want to discover sometime that a few of my precious teeth aren't as sound as they *look!*

MOTHER: *You mean that "pink tooth brush" can become as serious as that?*

T.N.G.: Unless you *stop* it, it can. For our gums do need massage. We don't eat coarse foods any more. We eat mostly *soft* foods. And our gums get no stimulation. They grow lazy and flabby—and tender. And, first thing we know, they begin to bleed.

MOTHER: *I suppose I'll have to take lessons from you—and begin to massage my gums, too.*

T.N.G.: That's the girl. And just to make sure you will, I'm going to stop in at the drug store this afternoon, and get two tubes of Ipana—one for me, and one for you. Ipana has ziratol in it. That's a preparation dentists have known and used for a long time because it's so effective in toning and invigorating tender gums. And hereafter, every time you clean your teeth with Ipana (aren't mine nice and white since I've been using it?) put some more Ipana on your brush and lightly massage your gums with it. And if your gums aren't as healthy and firm in a month as *mine* are—Well, they will be.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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## *the world over, advocate olive and palm oil method to keep*

# that Schoolgirl Complexion

***In Paris, London, Berlin, Rome; in Vienna, Madrid, Stockholm, New York; in all the leading world capitals specialists advise this one facial soap to keep skin lovely***

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ALL over the world, lovely women are learning to retain their cherished loveliness . . . learning from authority in beauty culture. Such men as Niraus, of Madrid; Pierre, of New York. Such women as Jacobson, of London; Dahlstrand, of Stockholm; Rose Laird, of New York.

"Cleanliness," they say, "is absolutely essential to beauty." And, of course, you agree. But how to achieve that cleanliness?

"Soap and water must be used regularly to get down deep into the pores," these experts insist. But not any soap will do. You should use Palmolive.

### *The case of Princess X*

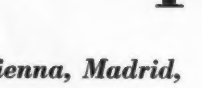
"Madame La Princess X—," says a noted Parisian specialist, "was a woman of only 30 or 35, but alas, her skin had the withered look of age.

" 'Madame,' I could not help crying out, 'when did you last wash your face with a good soap and water?'

"And in her answer lay the secret of her beauty tragedy. I had the Princess use Palmolive Soap and water twice daily, together with my own special preparations. It was not long before her skin took on the new color, the delicately smooth texture that now makes her one of the most enchanting and sought after women in Biarritz."

### *So often it's just Palmolive*

In so many cases that are reported to us the mere change to Palmolive Soap makes all the difference in a complexion. Those who know attribute this to Palmolive's vegetable oils, which have been the chosen cleansers of famous beauties since the days of Cleopatra's glory.



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**EVELYN CASSIDY** of Hollywood

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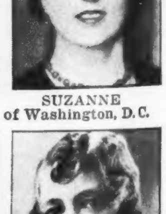
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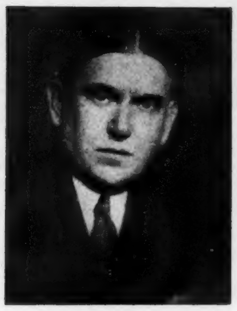
**Only a trained, professional beautician can give you expert beauty care. Get into the habit of consulting your beauty specialist regularly. Don't wait until beauty errors must be corrected. Keep youth and beauty by giving the right care. Your expert will help you.**

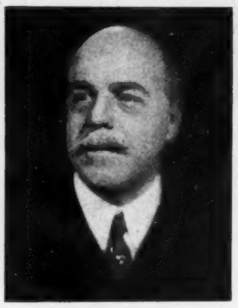
*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*

6218

# Our Amateur Champions

*John D. Erskine*


*Henry L. Mencken*


*Nicholas Longworth*

*Ethel Barrymore*

*Ethel Barrymore Colt*

Photos by Underwood & Underwood
*Neysa McMein*

# WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

## WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

THERE is one concert that has not yet been given. It probably never will be given—worse luck. It *could* be given, and if it were, I will guarantee that anybody who bought a ticket would get his musical money's worth, even if he did not know the names of the performers. The program would run about as follows:

I. Fantasia and Fugue in A minor, for piano - - Bach
John Erskine
II. Aria, "Celeste Aida" - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Verdi
Robert Ringling
At the Piano: Neysa McMein
III. Double Concerto for Violin and Cello - - - Brahms
Violin, Nicholas Longworth
Cello, Robert Haven Schauffler
At the Piano: Ethel Barrymore
IV. Concerto in G, Op. 58, for piano and orchestra - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Beethoven
Piano, Ethel Barrymore Colt
Orchestra under the direction of H. L. Mencken

The list could be longer; but it is sufficient to indicate the fact that there is an astonishing number of famous Americans whose musical attainments as amateurs entitle them to rank among the professionals. You probably know, for example, that John Erskine, after having been a brilliant professor of English at Columbia University, blossomed into the equally brilliant author of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy, Galahad, Penelope's Man* and other novels. You may not know that he studied the piano for years, was a pupil of Edward Macdowell's in composition, and still gives recitals in public.

Robert Ringling has really lost his amateur standing. A son of the late Charles Ringling, the circus owner, he is president of the Ringling Trust and Savings Bank of Sarasota, Florida, and vice president of the Charles Ringling Company, a real estate corporation; but he is also one of the leading tenors of the Chicago Opera Company. Neysa McMein you undoubtedly know as the artist who drew the cover of this month's McCall's. Her friends know her equally well as an indefatigable pianist and composer of "blues."

Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives, could be a concert violinist today, if he chose to give up politics. Robert Haven Schauffler, lecturer, army officer, sculptor, one-time tennis champion of Italy, and the author of sixteen books, has also found time to be an accomplished cellist, and an authority on chamber music. Ethel Barrymore needs—as toastmasters always take too long to say—no introduction. But you may not know that she studied to [*Turn to page 46*]

Photo by White Studio
*Mayo Methot in "Torch Song"*

## ON THE STAGE

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

### Seeing Things At Night

AS TIME goes on, and the American drama develops and twists and turns for better or worse, the realization grows that *Rain* was really one of the great plays in our native theater. It did not lack critical praise or public support, but the pundits never bestowed upon it the serious thinking which they reserved for the work of Eugene O'Neill.

The odds against the survival of any play produced within our time are enormous. So much of success is tied up in local allusions and current preoccupations that will be both puzzling and boring to our descendants. For instance, a generation brought up on the talking [*Turn to page 33*]

## IN THE PULPIT

### Will Christianity Be Reborn?

BY DR. JUSTIN WROE NIXON

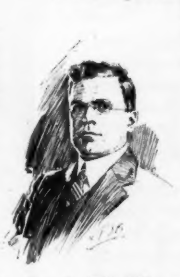
REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

CHRISTIANITY was born on Christmas Day; will it be reborn in our new and strange time, giving the guidance so much needed by our perplexed generation?" Such is the question asked by Dr. Nixon, pastor of the Brick Church of Rochester, New York, whose recent book, *An Emerging Christian Faith*, made so profound an impression. Formerly professor in the Baptist Theological Seminary in Rochester, he went to the Brick Presbyterian Church as a man might go from one room to another in his home—such is the larger fellowship and wiser tolerance of our day.

"By all the signs," says Dr. Nixon, answering his own question, "we are on the eve of the next heroic age of Christianity. By a heroic age, I mean an age in which it will cost something to be a Christian, for a vital religion is a costly thing in tension of soul, in the choice of Christ against the world, in the surrender of narrow selfishness to a sacrificial loyalty. In all Churches today a fire is smoldering beneath the gray ashes, and it will soon leap into flame, burning up petty bigotries and lighting our path toward a more magnanimous faith.

"How shall we find our way into a new creative age? Judging by the past, we shall find some great neglected truth of historic faith acting as a guide post giving us direction. St. Francis heard the words, 'Provide neither gold nor silver for your purses, nor script for your journey,' wedded Lady Poverty, and saved the Church from disruption and the world from corruption. What is the text which keeps ringing in our ears and challenging our complacency? It is an extremely simple text: 'And this commandment we have from Him that he who loveth God love his brother also.'

"A most pacific text, surely, and one can hardly see how it could provoke commotion in modern religion, or involve any conflict or adventure. But when we look at the text closely, we begin to see that a Christianity which dares to put it into practice must be prepared for heroic undertakings. The moment we start to apply such a text we are challenged on every side. Do we love our brethren in Russia, where a hostile State is seeking to stamp out Christianity which Europe has known since [*Turn to page 80*]


*Dr. Justin W. Nixon*

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*Walter Huston in the title rôle of "Abraham Lincoln"—and Una Merkel*

# WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

## MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

### *1861 and 1914*

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH was one of the first of the old-line film directors to recognize the opportunities presented by sound on the screen. He failed to join with most of his veteran colleagues in deploring the talkie revolution as a menace to screen art; instead, he expressed great confidence in the new medium and set himself seriously to the task of understanding it.

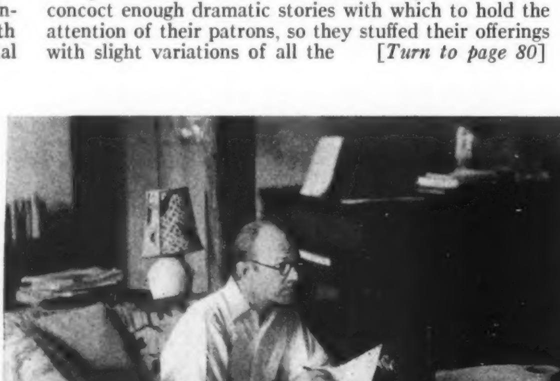
His production of *Abraham Lincoln* is a vindication of his optimism. It is a genuine triumph for the combination of motion pictures with spoken words. Unburdened with a superabundance of dialogue, and with intelligent and highly effective usage of incidental sounds, it achieves distinction as honest biography and as stalwart drama. It is far and away the best work that Mr. Griffith has done in ten years, and is an indication that this pioneer genius of the cinema is returning to his former position of preëminence.

Walter Huston, as Lincoln, is simple and affecting—avoiding, happily, all the more obvious poses and sonorous intonations (as, unquestionably, did Lincoln himself)—and Kay Hammond gives a glowing performance as the emphatic Mary Todd. The dialogue arranged by Stephen Vincent Benét, is thoroughly right.

*Abraham Lincoln* slackens in interest to an appreciable extent during the Civil War scenes. Even when the bands play "John Brown's Body" and "Dixie," the audiences are unable to summon the same degree of hysterical enthusiasm which greeted similar moments in *The Birth of a Nation.* For these audiences have also seen *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Journey's End,* and they consequently find it difficult to cheer when they are shown pictures of young men going out to die. Or perhaps they have seen *Hell's Angels* and are consequently so utterly fed up with all war, civil or great, that they can't stand the sight of another uniform on the screen.

*Hell's Angels* is the most curious of all the odd offerings that have come out of Hollywood. It breaks every known record for extravagance, stupendousness, preposterousness, and downright stupidity. One might discuss the matter for years and still fail to account for its few merits or its many defects. For my own part, I prefer to let the matter drop with nothing more than the statement that *Hell's Angels* contains some woefully bad acting, a jumbled and unconvincing story, a considerable quantity of absurd sex-stuff, and some aërial photography that is magnificent and thrilling beyond words.

As has been hopefully expected for some time, celluloid musical comedies are rapidly decreasing in number and in virulence, and there is excellent prospect that this illegitimate form of entertainment will eventually become extinct. There was only one reason for it in the first place: the assembled brains of Hollywood couldn't concoct enough dramatic stories with which to hold the attention of their patrons, so they stuffed their offerings with slight variations of all the [*Turn to page 80*]



*Your music critic, Deems Taylor, writing a new opera*

## READING AND WRITING

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

### *Peter The Great*

THOSE who were subscribers to Harper's Magazine, back in the untroubled summer of 1891, found in the June issue the quiet, unheralded beginning of an odd, tender, rueful romance called *Peter Ibbetson.* It was the work of one George Du Maurier, a name already familiar to the Harper's readers, for of late this artist from the staff of Punch had taken to illustrating the sedate monthly joke in which Harper's, being more giddy and harum-scarum than the Atlantic, felt free to indulge.

For twenty years in Punch his famous sketches had so persuasively conveyed the impression of a London *haute monde* peopled by tall, clear-eyed gods and goddesses, that in time the British aristocracy became infected by his enthusiasm, and actually began looking like the Du Maurier drawings. You see, in the England of the eighties, he had much the same position and influence that was held in America in the nineties by Charles Dana Gibson. A somewhat earlier Du Maurier drawing—the first, in fact, that he ever sold—might have been seen at that time in every American home by any connoisseur who knew just where to look. It was the label on the omnipresent bottle of Florida Water with which all well-regulated aunts used to dab their temples when they had the fantods.

And here was the old fellow—well, he was past fifty, and fifty was old in 1891—here was the old fellow, writing a novel. That first installment, enchantingly illustrated by the author himself, opened the door to a glamorous, haze-hung romance, the fond, gentle tale of an exile from Paris, written with such [*Turn to page 80*]

# *Gain* EVERYTHING . . . *Sacrifice* NOTHING

YOUR food shopping problems vanish at my I. G. A. Store—and I can prove it. As the proprietor of my own business, I am keenly interested in serving you—but—I realize that to warrant your patronage I must offer more than personal service—and I do. I am a 'Home Town' merchant and proud of it, and I am proud too, of the many added benefits I offer to you in my home town I. G. A. Store. My clean and modern store is a pleasant place for you to shop—my complete stocks are conveniently arranged at your finger tips for quick selection, and every item carries the budget-beating I. G. A. price tag.

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Buy silk hose with that $3 you save

Silk stockings. Merely one suggestion for spending that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

When it comes to the matter of teeth, and keeping them sound and beautiful, a woman's a crank—the worst kind of a crank, as any dentist will tell you.

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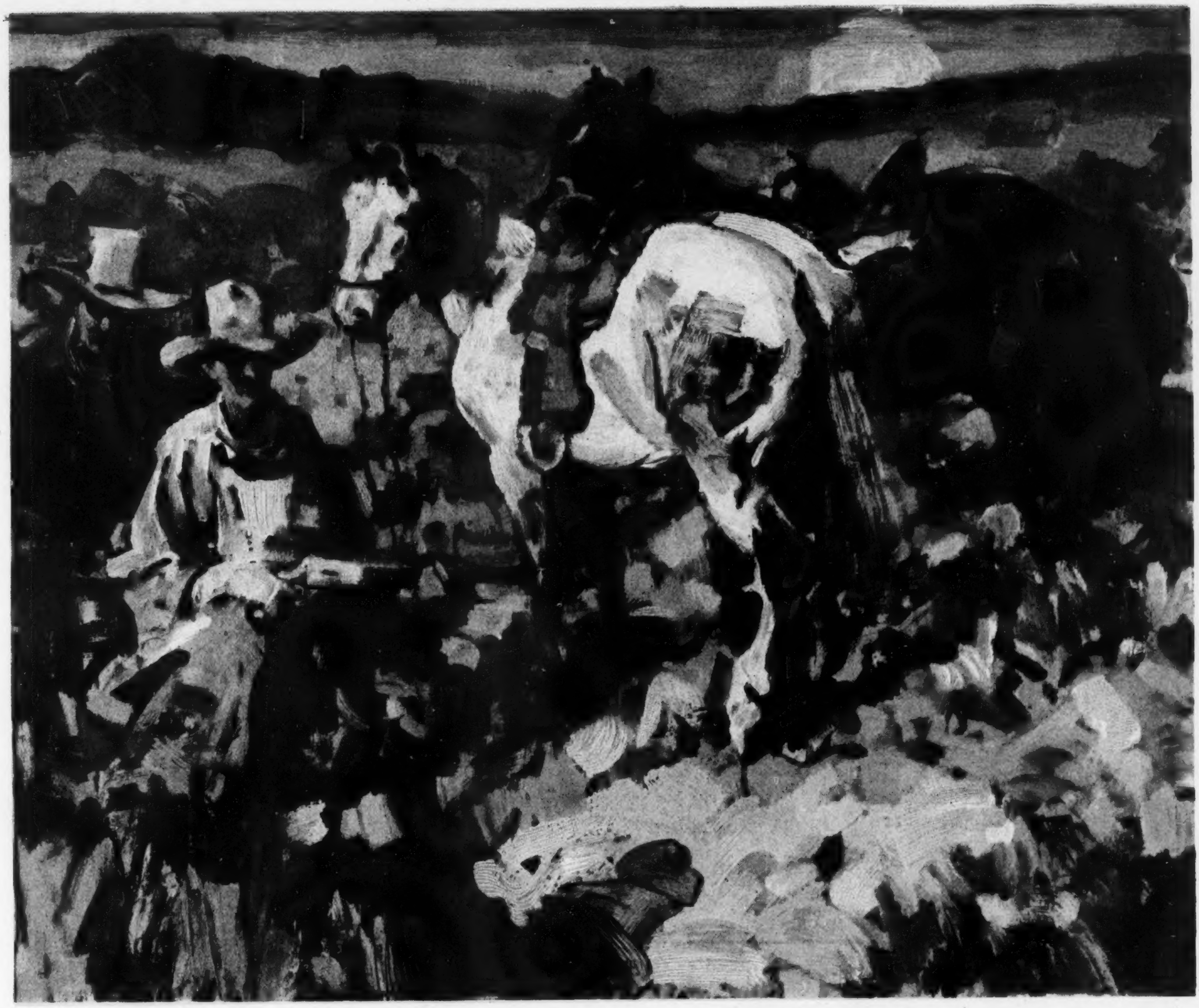
RECOMMEND
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢



*"Mighty nice rondevoo fer lovers," Nebraskie remarked*

## ZANE GREY'S romance of the rose of Red Rock Ranch and

# THE DUDE RANGER

*Illustrated by* FRANK HOFFMAN

ANNE *HEPFORD* lounged in a hammock, cool in the deep shade of the pines that hugged the ranch house. Calmly her tawny-green eyes surveyed *Ernest Selby*, who stood silently gazing down at her lazy, red-gold beauty. "Why, hello, Ioway! How long have you been heah?" "Just a—a—second." Ernest paused, stumbled on. "I want to apologize for my violence at the dance the other night . . . . And . . . Anne, I ask you to marry me." The girl underwent a subtle transformation, became the capricious Anne every rider at Red Rock loved—and feared. Then she laughed. "You wild cowboy! To imagine I might marry you, an odd-job puncher at forty per!"

Despite this brusque dismissal, Anne could not deny the charm this strong, lean stranger from Iowa held for her, for every person on her father's ranch; everyone, that is, except *Dude Hyslip*. And she had not forgotten that it was through Ernest's cool courage the payroll money had reached Red Rock safely on the day they had met.

Ernest had just fallen heir to Red Rock Ranch then, through the death of his uncle, *Silas Selby*. And, answering adventure's call to youth, he had come to Red Rock incognito. What better sport than to ride with the boys, be hailed familiarly as "Ioway," and hold his secret to himself the while!

After the Western fashion, friends were made easily. *Nebraskie Kemp*, who blindly adored *Daisy Brooks*, Anne's cousin, adopted Ioway at the start. Together with Nebraskie, Ernest formed a committee of two to investigate the rumor, hinted at by *Hawk Siebert*, that Hepford, aided by Hyslip, was craftily manipulating questionable cattle deals. They set the time when Hepford staged a big drive to prove their point. "Nebraskie," Ernest said, "I've an idea. I'd like to listen to what those buyers are saying." "Better take off your boots then," advised the cowboy. That night Ernest slipped up to the shack. In the dusk, he could not see inside, but every word that was said came to him clearly. "Hepford's shore a slick one," a bass voice rumbled. "He's let Red Rock run to seed. An' I'm of the opinion he don't own the stock. There'll be a change of ownership, I reckon. Anyway, you can gamble Hepford's goin' to get out." Like a flash, a harsh voice paralyzed Ernest. He had not heard the approach of a man. "You sneakin' coyote!" the voice thundered and the startled listener was dragged to his feet. "Put up your paws, cowboy! . . . Now march!"

## *Part III*

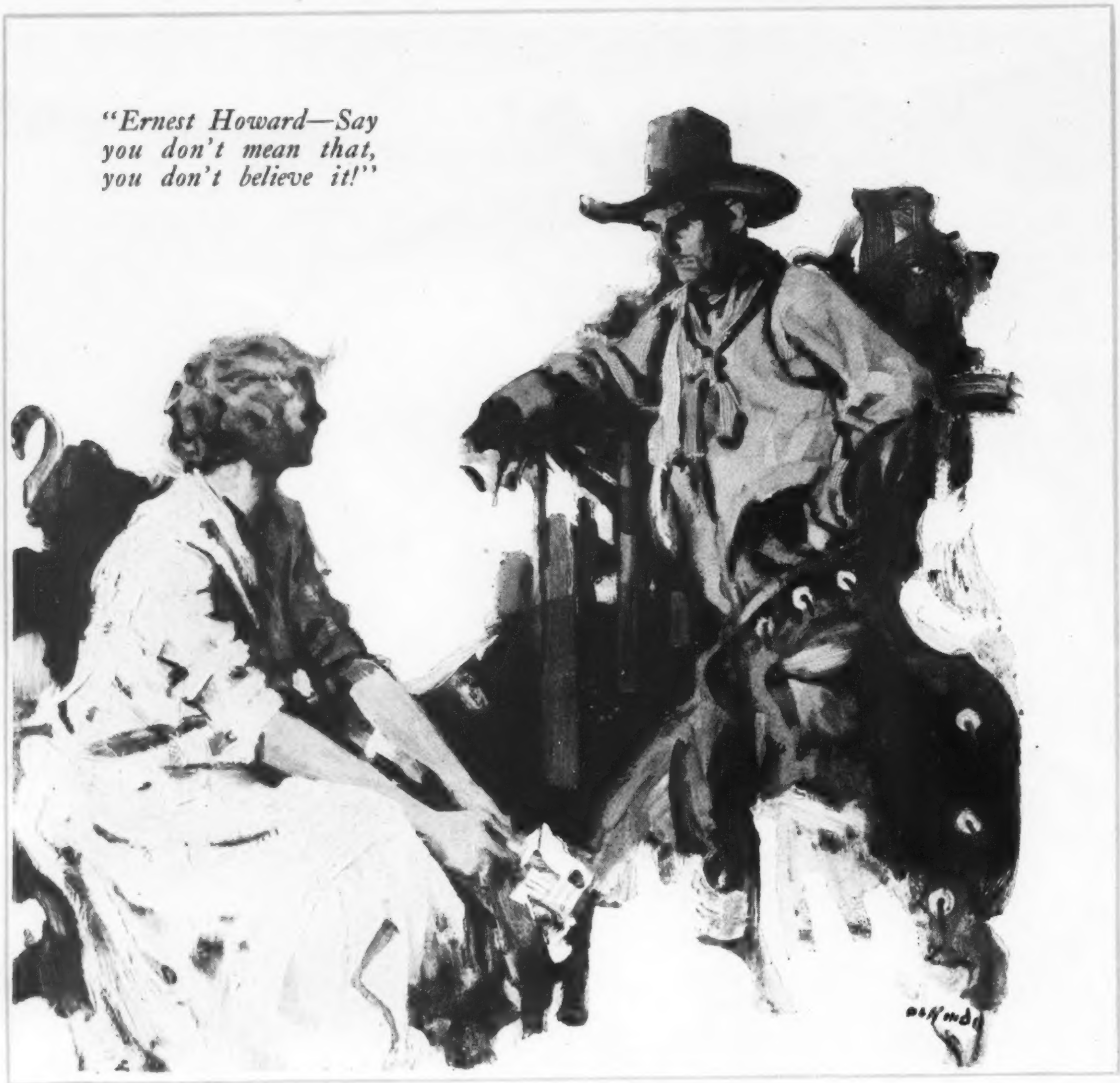
ERNEST was passing from astonishment to fear when shoved across the threshold into the presence of three men as much astounded as he. Being forced to confront them, however, had the effect of making him cool; his mind worked swiftly.

"What's this mean, Baldy?" burst out the foreman.

"Damn if I know, boss," replied the individual behind Ernest. "I was smokin' down the lane an' I seen this fellar slippin' along like a shadder, so I follered him. Lost him out heah in the dark, but I mozied around till I come on him. Layin' out there under the winder, listenin' to beat hell!"

"Well!" ejaculated the rancher, Wilkins.

The third member of that company, the stout, heavy-set cattle buyer from Mariposa, had turned pale.



*"Ernest Howard—Say you don't mean that, you don't believe it!"*

"Say," snapped Anderson, suddenly, "it's one of the punchers from Red Rock. I had two—helped us drive."

"Put down your gun, Baldy," interposed the rancher, and he bent piercing eyes upon Ernest. "Young man, what's your name?"

"Ernest Howard," replied Ernest.

"Where are you from?"

"Iowa."

"You ride for Hepford?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're certainly not drunk, and you don't look like a thief . . . . What do you mean, spyin' that way under my window?"

"No harm, sir. I guess I was just curious," returned Ernest, with a disarming smile.

"Curious! What about?"

"About the westerners." Here Ernest thought he had better resort to subterfuge. "I haven't been treated well at Red Rock; I'm sort of looking for a new job."

The Mariposa buyer pointed with fingers in which a cigar shook. "Have you gentlemen observed that this visitor is in his stocking feet?"

"No, I hadn't."

"Pussy-footin' it, huh?"

The expressive faces of the observers were not lost upon Ernest.

WAL, my curious tenderfoot, I shore will lock you up, an' hawg-tie you in the bargain," drawled the rider who had captured him.

*"Hey in thar! Don't move—nobody!"* rang a hot and youthful voice through the window. Ernest recognized it with a jump. That was Nebraskie. The others stiffened and their eyes seemed hung on compass-needles.

"Drop your gun on the floor, Baldy . . . . Quick, you—or I'll blow your arm off!"

The voice was all-convincing. Baldy promptly dropped his gun.

"Now Ioway, come out heah."

Ernest lost no time recrossing that threshold. From the steps he espied Nebraskie's face gleaming in the light from the window.

"Baldy," he was concluding, in a biting tone, "pullin' a gun on a tenderfoot ain't to yore credit. This heah boy ain't no thief an' he ain't no sneak. He's jest a nosey boy from Ioway. Reckon if anythin' made him curious it was yore onhospitality. You shore was pretty raw."

"Raw hell!" exploded Baldy, hotly. "You cain't lay thet to me without a kick."

"Wal, lay it to Anderson . . . . An' see heah, Mr. Wilkins, I reckon this little play of Baldy's will strain relations between your outfit an' ours."

"I'll see that Hepford fires you both," retorted Wilkins, angrily.

"Wal, go ahead. But you gotta rustle or we'll beat you to it."

Ernest ran off into the darkness, halting some rods distant to wait for Nebraskie. He heard the laugh of hoarse derision, then the heavy thud of boots.

"You lousy punchers!" yelled Anderson, from the door. "Don't ever show up round heah again."

Ernest saw red spurts of fire. A gun banged. Bang! Bang-bang! Bullets struck the ground, to whine and whizz by Ernest. Nebraskie's dark figure loomed up, moving fast.

"This way, Nebraskie," called Ernest.

More shots rang out as Nebraskie joined him. Two assuredly came from a double-barreled shot gun, and a rain of lead pellets all around lent wings to Ernest's bootless feet. He reached the lane ahead of Nebraskie and flew down that to the open gate, where he halted to find and pull on his boots. He heard the horses whinney. Then Nebraskie came lumbering up, panting like a calliope.

"I'm—full—of shot!" panted Nebraskie, gasping for breath.

"Aw no! Ya didn't get hit!" protested Ernest, aghast, as he leaped up to peer at his comrade.

"Thet—shot gun—peppered me—shore enough—anyhow, Ioway! . . . . I follered you—'cause I was—afeared you'd—do somethin' loco . . . . You damn near—landed in jail."

"Don't let that worry you, pard," rejoined Ernest quickly. "Thanks for coming, though. But if you're shot—"

"It ain't nuthin'. I've been shot before. Only never *behind*. Haw! Haw! Thet's what I get—fer runnin'. By thunder—I'm liable—to do some real shootin'—over this heah deal. You shore played hell, Ernie Howard . . . . Hop your hoss."

ERNEST had to cinch up his saddle, by which action he fell behind Nebraskie, who rode off at a brisk trot, leading the pack-mule. Ernest soon caught up. They made good time for several miles, until they struck the grade.

"Hosses tired," said Nebraskie. "We'll go on to the brook up heah aways, then camp . . . . Dog-gone, Ernie, it'll be all over thet we got shoved an' shot out of Blue Valley."

"What if it does?"

"You're a cool cuss. Sometimes I wonder if you're all there above your eyes."

"We'll get fired," asserted Ernest regretfully.

"Now I'm just wonderin'. Mebbe Wilkins would blow on us, but Anderson will hold him up . . . . What'd you heah?"

After a moment's consideration Ernest concluded that Nebraskie's further opinion would be valuable, wherefore he carefully repeated the conversation of the cattlemen, as it had occurred, word for word.

"Wal, I guess little ole Nebraskie wasn't figgerin' close," ejaculated the cowboy, with satisfaction. "Ioway, our boss is as crooked as a rail fence."

"Looks that way; but how can we prove it?"

"Lord, puncher, whadda you want to prove it fer? No mix of ourn. Onless you want to use *thet* to fetch your red-haided lass to her knees. Haw! Haw!"

"Nebraskie! Do you think I'm as low-down as that?" flashed Ernest, insulted.

"All's fair in love. Pard, it ain't a bad idee, come to look it over. You might save Anne from disgrace, instead of fetchin' it down on her haid."

"How so?"

"Wal, I ain't figgered thet out. It jest popped into my mind. Lemme see now . . . . Fust, get the show-down on Hepford's dealin', then tell the girl. Then both of you scare him into gettin' away from Red Rock before somebody from the East comes down heah an' ruins him. If you love Anne thet bad, go ahaid. It's pretty slick."

[*Turn to page 37*]

Pork Cutlets, *by Sarah Field Splint, Director of McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management. This unusual recipe of Miss Splint's is one of the eleven given on Swift's new recipe cards. See coupon below.*

# *Eleven tempting ways to lower your meat bills!*

ELEVEN new meat dishes, so savory, so appetizing that their first appearance is a triumph for the happy cook who makes them! Such a triumph that you wonder if it really can be true that anything so good is inexpensive.

But it *is* true, as a reassuring glance at the meat bills makes clear. For each of these dishes is made with one of the less known cuts of pork—and the less known cuts are decidedly less expensive, too.

And so you'll find these dishes are economical, unusual, and delicious as the creations of nationally known food experts are bound to be.

For the recipes on Swift's new set of recipe cards were originated by seven famous culinary experts. Women whose names you know as Household Editors of your favorite magazines.

They are Sarah Field Splint, Director of McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management; Alice Bradley, Cooking Editor of the Woman's Home Companion; Caroline B. King, Woman's Editor of the Country Gentleman; Mildred Maddocks Bentley, Director of Delineator Institute; Viola M. Bell, Food Specialist for the Ladies' Home Journal; Nell Howard Enlce, Editor of the Home Bureau Department of Pictorial Review; and Josephine Wylie, Associate Editor in charge of the Food Department for Better Homes and Gardens.

Eleven recipes for inexpensive cuts of pork, contributed by seven food experts! To get them, just mail the coupon below. The recipe cards will be sent you, free, and with them a helpful meat-buying chart.

More than a million women have sent for the series of recipe cards offered by Swift & Company in the past. They have found the recipes an invaluable aid in their menu-planning.

Swift & Company's great fleet of refrigerator cars, and many branch houses, enable Swift to give your retail dealer the finest fresh meat wherever you may live. Make certain of quality meats by always asking your dealer for *Swift's*. And clip and mail the coupon below for the new pork recipe cards.

**Swift & Company**

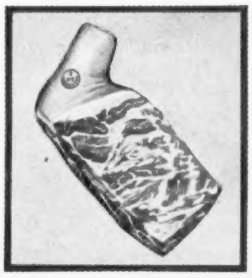
**FREE**—the new Swift pork recipe cards, eleven delicious recipes by famous culinary experts, with a chart showing the various cuts of pork.

Mail the coupon today.

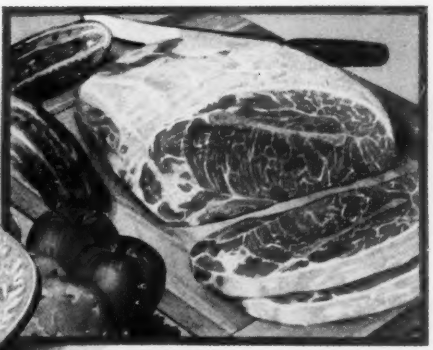
***File your recipe cards!***

Every recipe in its place. Alphabetically arranged so you can find it in a jiffy. Here's your chance to get a recipe file box handsomely made of oak. It already contains 245 delightful meat recipes, 203 complete menus! Just mail 50c in stamps.

## Swift's new set of recipes for the less expensive cuts of pork is now ready to be sent you *Free*



*Fresh Pork Shoulder has many home uses. Besides steaks, shoulder chops, and pork butt slices, it may be divided into convenient roasts of excellent flavor.*



Pork Butt Slices with Cucumber Rings *is a favorite recipe of Viola M. Bell, Food Specialist for the Ladies' Home Journal. It is one of Swift's new set of recipes for inexpensive cuts of pork.*

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Home Economics Department
Swift & Company, 4061 Packers Ave., Chicago

Please send me as checked below:

☐ The new set of pork recipe cards together with the shopping chart for pork, free.

☐ The oak recipe file box, for which I enclose 50c. This includes a complete set of meat recipes and menus, with shopping charts.

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*City*.............................................*State*.............................................

Chipso
granules
FOR DISHES
Chipso
flakes
QUICK SUDS
- rich and
lasting

# *Which* will women prefer and

## $10 each for the 250 most interesting letters which help to

**If you had been at this bridge game, which of these two women would you have agreed with?**

THE following conversation was reported to me by a friend who played recently in a neighborhood bridge game. (I have changed the names but the conversation is as accurate as my friend's memory allowed.)

The discussion started when one of the two younger women—we'll call her Molly Warner—said, "I feel as though someone had given me a present! You know how I hate to wash dishes. Well, I've discovered these new Chipso Granules and they're wonderful. I just zip through my dishwashing now. Have you tried them?"

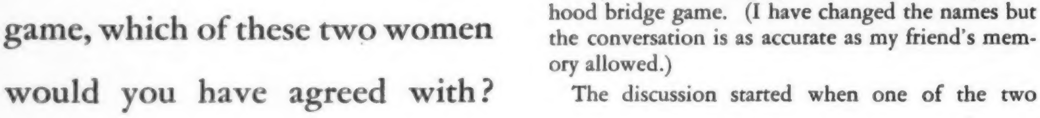
Her neighbor, Mrs. Baldwin, smiled affectionately. "Another one of your enthusiasms, Molly? Well, I think I'll keep on with Chipso Flakes."

"But my dear," said Molly, "the Granules are *marvelous*—nice little white bits of soap that foam up into gorgeous suds—even in lukewarm water. I use them for everything these days and you should see my clothesline—it's something to be proud of."

"Molly, my dear," said Elizabeth Baldwin firmly, "my clothesline is something to be proud of too. It always has been since I've used Chipso. And I've tried enough of these new soaps to know that Chipso Flakes are the best thing I've ever used. Most of the other soaps I've tried give wishy-washy suds that fall down the minute I put in my clothes."

"But Elizabeth," protested Molly, "the Granules give the same *suds* that Chipso Flakes do—my grocer said so. The Granules are just a new form of Chipso—they're really Chipso suds in steam-dried form—that's why they dissolve faster. Before long you'll be using the Granules yourself."

Elizabeth Baldwin shook her head. "I don't believe it. I'm used to the Flakes. I know just how much to use for any size wash, I *know* they take the dirt out more quickly than any soap I've ever used, and my clothes look wonderful, if I do say it myself. Even Johnny's rompers come out speckless without much work. Why *should* I change?"



## *Important!* Chipso now comes in

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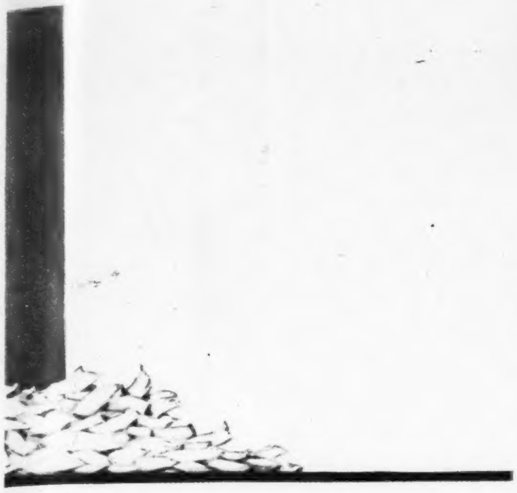

# why?

## answer this question

## What is *your* opinion?

### Which form of Chipso do you think will be more popular— Flakes or Granules?

**$10 each for the 250 most interesting letters from Chipso users**

This is not a contest in the ordinary sense. I really don't want letters from professional authors. I just want help from you if you are a Chipso user.

And there are two ways you can help me. First, you can help me with your opinion. Which form of Chipso will most women prefer? You see, Chipso Flakes are the most popular packaged soap in the world. Now these new Granules are marvelous, too, I know—but will they ever be as popular as the Flakes? I'd like your opinion on this. What do *you think?*

Then, the second way you can help me is by telling me how Chipso has helped *you*. I'd like you to tell me about your washday and dishwashing problems. Are they especially troublesome? If you hate dishwashing, tell me that. If your children seem to get their clothes dirtier than other people's children, tell me that. I want just the kind of letter you might write to a personal friend.

And for the 250 letters they consider most interesting, Procter & Gamble will pay $10 each.

If you are a Chipso user, you have as good a chance as anyone else to get $10 for your letter. So won't you sit down today and write me a letter in two parts?

1. Tell me which of the two forms of Chipso you think most women will prefer. And tell me why.
2. Then tell me about your own personal experience with Chipso—with Flakes, or Granules, or *both*.

In case you have used only one form of Chipso and want to know about the other form—read the descriptions I have given below.

*Chipso Flakes*—You probably know about Chipso Flakes—the most popular packaged soap in the world. They are thin, white flakes that give marvelous suds. These suds don't "fall down" when you put in clothes or dishes, like the suds of so many soaps you may have tried. Here are suds you can't seem to wear out. They *soak* dirt out of clothes and grease off dishes—and they *last* until you are ready to rinse.

*Chipso Granules*—These little Granules are the new Chipso—and they give the same rich, lasting suds that the Flakes do. Only these suds come from tiny little soap particles that look almost like a powder. They are not a powder, however, but rich, lasting Chipso suds in steam-dried form. They foam up instantly into rich suds—even in lukewarm water.

Now do let me have your Chipso letter!

RUTH TURNER

### CONDITIONS *for writing a* CHIPSO *letter*

1. Letters, to be considered for prizes, must tell about your experience with Chipso prior to the date of this announcement (November 10, 1930). Each letter will be carefully read and judged by competent judges, among them the writer of this announcement, and prizes awarded for the most interesting letters.
2. Letters must be mailed before June 30, 1931. Address Mrs. Ruth Turner, % Procter & Gamble, Department CM-120, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.
3. Procter & Gamble shall have permission of contestants to publish letters and names of prize-winners in Procter & Gamble advertising.

### Chipso Ballot

| I think most women will prefer | Check here |
|---|---|
| CHIPSO FLAKES | |
| CHIPSO GRANULES | |

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY, STATE____________________

This ballot, if used, should be accompanied by a letter, (1) giving reason for your opinion and (2) telling about your personal experiences with Chipso. Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Ruth Turner, Procter & Gamble, Department CM-120, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

# 2 Forms - *Flakes* and *Granules*

# Now I have a brand-new reason

## *for protecting my busy hands as if they were babies!*

The precious reason arrived nearly six weeks ago. He is a very pink, very small, very sleepy and hungry son! Of course, I adore him. But I know that taking care of him is going to put my hands in soap-suds more than ever!

But I'm not worried about my hands. For I use Ivory for all my work. So the baby's daily washings won't mean anything but *more* Ivory tasks. That's the beauty of using Ivory—it is as gentle to my hands as it is to my baby's skin or his downy silk-and-wool shirts. (If my young son only knew it, his shirts aren't new. He's wearing his sister's baby shirts. But Ivory has kept them as soft as if they'd just come from the store.)

But please don't think that I've always been sensible about soaps! For over a year of housekeeping I struggled along with the idea that hard work needed harsh soap. I remember the first time I cleaned the white woodwork with common "kitchen" soap. The dirt came off. But the gloss came off, too. And I wondered what on earth was the matter with my hands. They looked sore, and they *were* sore. And that strong soap ruined my cuticle!

And now? I often smile . . . for my hands certainly are busier with two babies and a husband and a home depending upon them! Yes, if you should ring my doorbell any morning, you'd find me deep in work.

But whatever I'd be doing—washing dishes or wiping the linoleum, or putting through the weekly wash—I wouldn't feel apologetic for my hands. For my Ivory tasks are as gentle as my babies' Ivory baths!

If *you* decide to use Ivory for everything, I'm sure you will quickly learn that a gentle rich soap can do really hard work. And more—that Ivory *protects* while it cleans. It will keep your home looking new, and it will keep your hands *young!*

And so, in the long run, isn't Ivory really *economical?*

Yes, and when you go to a party and some one makes a pretty remark about your hands, you'll be glad that Ivory protects them as if they were your babies!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

*Free!* A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different complexions? For hands, for hair, for figures?" Write for "On the Art of Being Charming." Address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VM-120, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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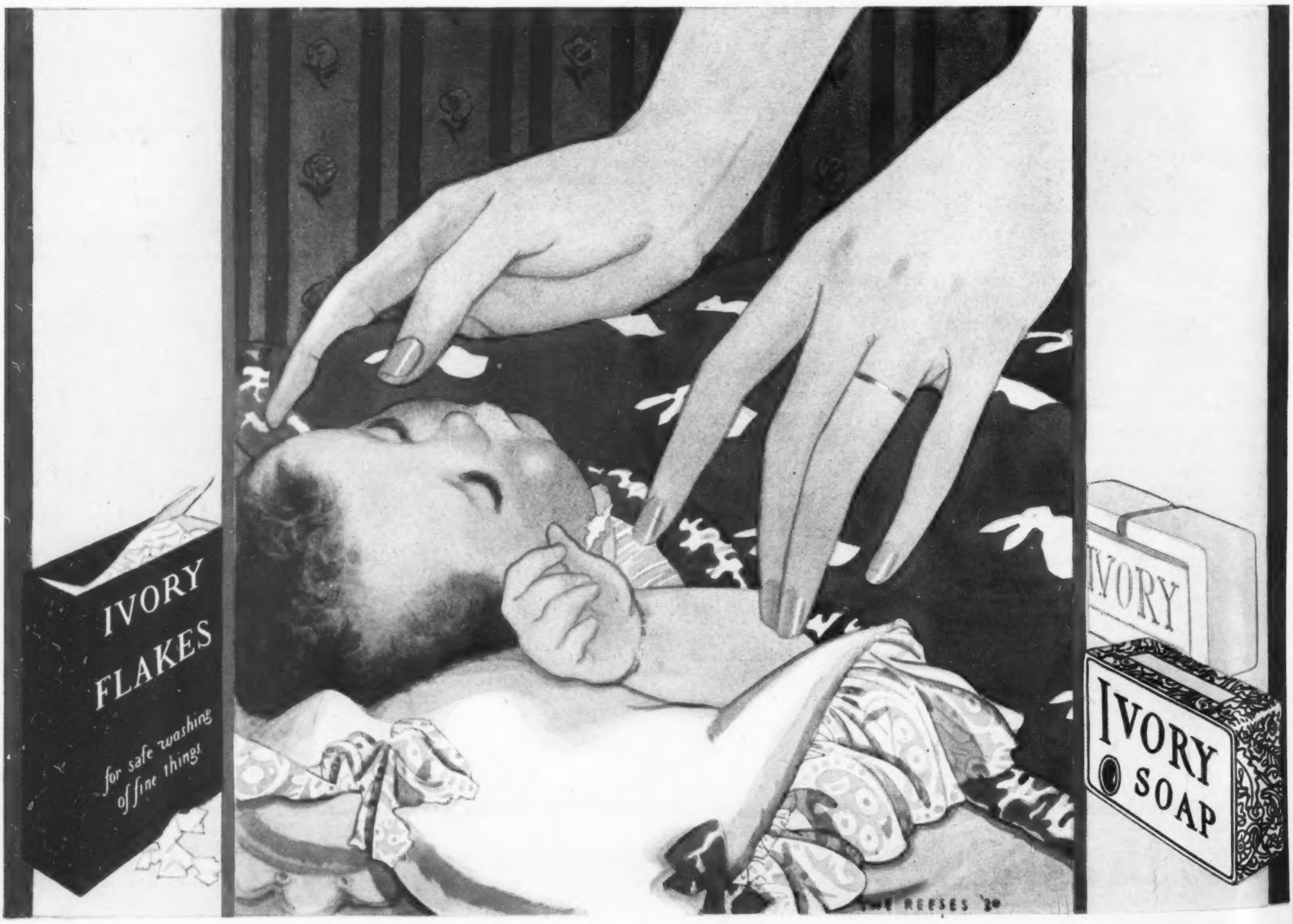
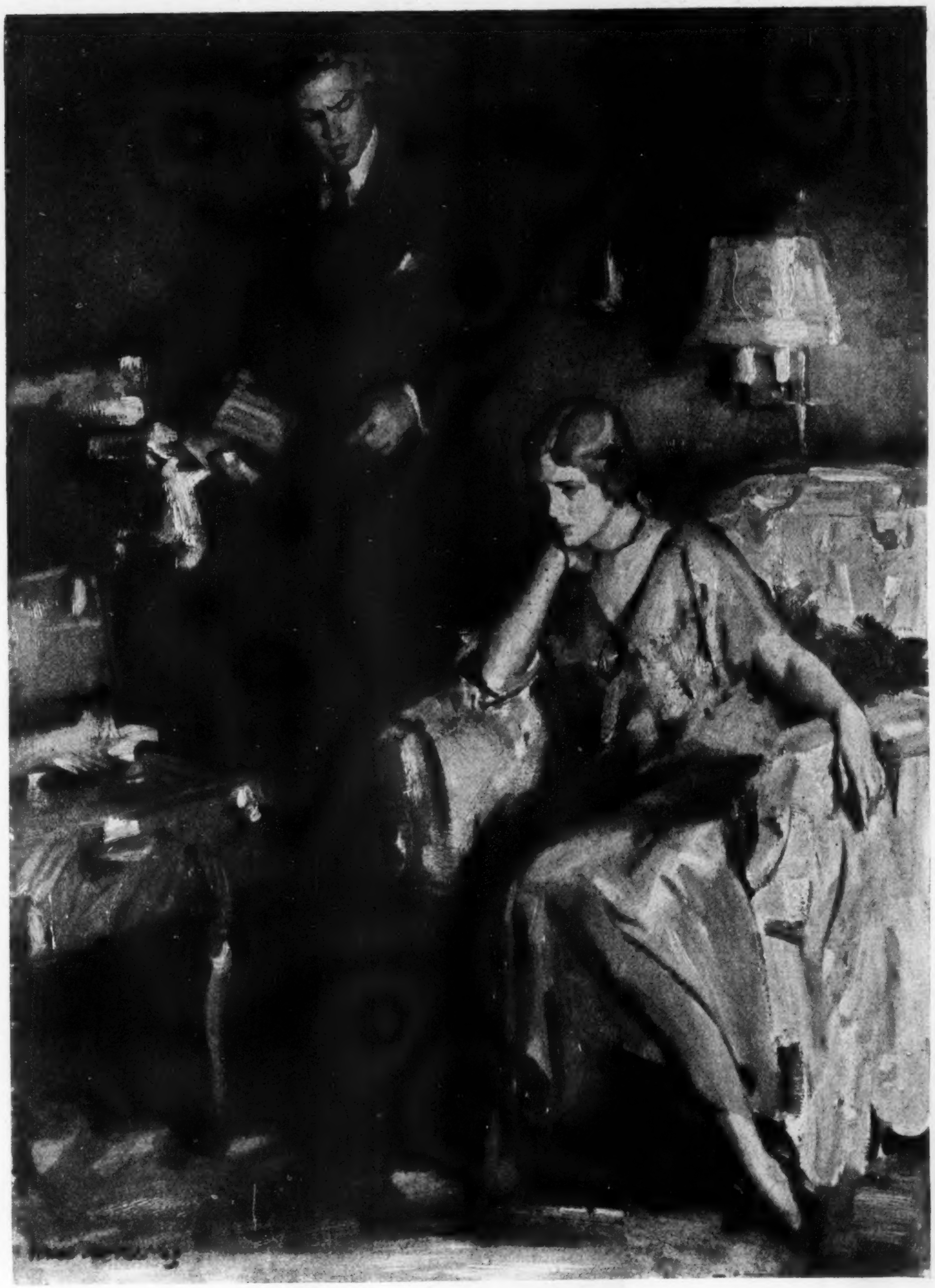


*"I thought I had married a wife and not a parasite"*



By Temple Bailey

*Illustrated by* PRUETT CARTER

# A MAN CAN'T LIVE ON HYACINTHS

## A modern Christmas romance revealed in the light of a star in the East

CHRISTMAS came on Monday, so there was all of Sunday between old Mary's Saturday marketing and the twenty-fifth. Old Mary's marketing was small, but important. She liked her comfort. She liked to be warm and well-fed and sure of work ahead. Being old, she put every penny she could spare into her savings account. Even now, at Christmas time, there must be no reckless expenditure.

The thought of economy was not, however, unpleasant. She was used to it now, and always created a mild excitement to get the full worth of her money.

Standing before the butcher's stall, with its red and white of lean and fat, she would make her small demands.

"A soup-bone."

The twinkling butcher would let her have her choice. "Twenty-five cents."

"Not enough meat on any of them."

Then from somewhere he would produce a perfect symphony of a bone, prodigal as to marrow and lavish as to flesh; but old Mary, thrilling in anticipation of a bargain, would seem indifferent. "Same price?"

"For a regular customer like you—yes."

And he would wrap it for her, and she would go on, high-hearted, to glean here and there a feather of parsley tied up with a sprig of thyme and summer savory, a carrot or two, and a curl of celery; a small measure of onions, potatoes, and such small groceries as would last her through the week.

But tonight she had more on her mind, so she lingered by the butcher's stall. "I had thought of a chicken."

The twinkling butcher stared down into old Mary's young blue eyes. "A little hen?"

"Too tough."

"I have a tender one."

He held it up, and as she surveyed it, she felt again that sense of inner excitement. "I am to eat it all myself," she told him, "it will make more than my Christmas dinner."

"No one to eat with you?"

"Not a chick nor a child." She broke off to test a chicken wing. "You told the truth. It's tender."

"I always tell the truth." He had a big laugh, and he liked old Mary. But he haggled a bit over the price of the chicken, that she might taste to the full her triumph.

THERE were other people at the butcher's stall—a girl buying a turkey. Mary recognized the girl at once. "We live in the same house, dearie," she said sociably.

"Do we?" The girl was looking at old Mary with unseeing eyes. She had more to think of than an old woman with apple-red cheeks and an awful hat. Of her own young husband, for example, who had asked her to cook a Christmas turkey—and she hated it.

They had quarreled over it. "A woman should know how," he had said. "It's her job."

And she had flung back at him, "I never roasted a turkey in my life."

"Then it's time you learned."

He had, she felt, been brutal. It would be so much simpler for them to have their Christmas dinner out—there were good tables d'hôte in a dozen places.

"You're spoiling all the romance—" she had told him.

"How—?"

"Oh, acting as if things to eat were everything." And she had wept.

"There's something of romance in order and comfort," he had said, "and a man can't live on—hyacinths—"

She hadn't, of course, known what he was talking about, and after that she had sulked and sobbed, and he had pretended to read the evening paper. But at last he had come over and had knelt down beside her and had laid his rough curly head beside her sleek blonde one.

"We are missing something, honey," he had said. "What I am talking about has to do with more than food or drink. When I come back to you at night, I want to come back to a—home—"

"Well, what do you call this?" Her eyes had swept the big living room that they had furnished when they were married. They had chosen this old and unfashionable house on a side street downtown, because Terry had said that the spick and span little apartment that she had picked out was like a prison cell, and she had given in, because she was so glad to marry him. But she had had her own way about the furnishing, and everything was bright and beautiful, except his old books, which she loathed. And there was a long mirror in which she could see herself at full length, and she had felt that nothing could be more effective than her pomegranate pajamas and her little black satin coat, with its splash of Chinese embroidery.

"What do you call this?" she had repeated.

His voice had been wistful. "It's pretty enough, and you're pretty in it. But my kick is that you don't really care for it. It's just a place to you—a frame for a picture—but it doesn't really mean anything." Then, aware of the blankness of her gaze, he had broken off. "I'm afraid I can't make it clear to you . . ." He had risen and was looking down at her.

She hadn't wanted him so far away. She wanted to be petted—kissed—adored. "Don't you think it's dreadful to care so much about *things?*" she had demanded. "You love me and I love you . . ." She had reached out her hand to him.

He had taken it, but there had been no warmth in his grasp. "How long would you love me, if I didn't pay the rent and buy your clothes on Fifth Avenue? Suppose I gave up my job and just sat at your feet . . ."

She had flushed. "That's different."

"Not so different . . ."

She had flared. "You ask a lot, when you ask me to stand over a hot stove—and there are plenty of places—"

And he had said, wearily, "I hate to think that on Christmas day we must go out to one of those awful rubber-stamp restaurants. I want a fire on my hearth, and our own little table, and your dear face on the other side of it, and I want you to love all the things that the women of my family have loved."

"The women of your house were—slaves."

And he had flared back, "They were—queens."

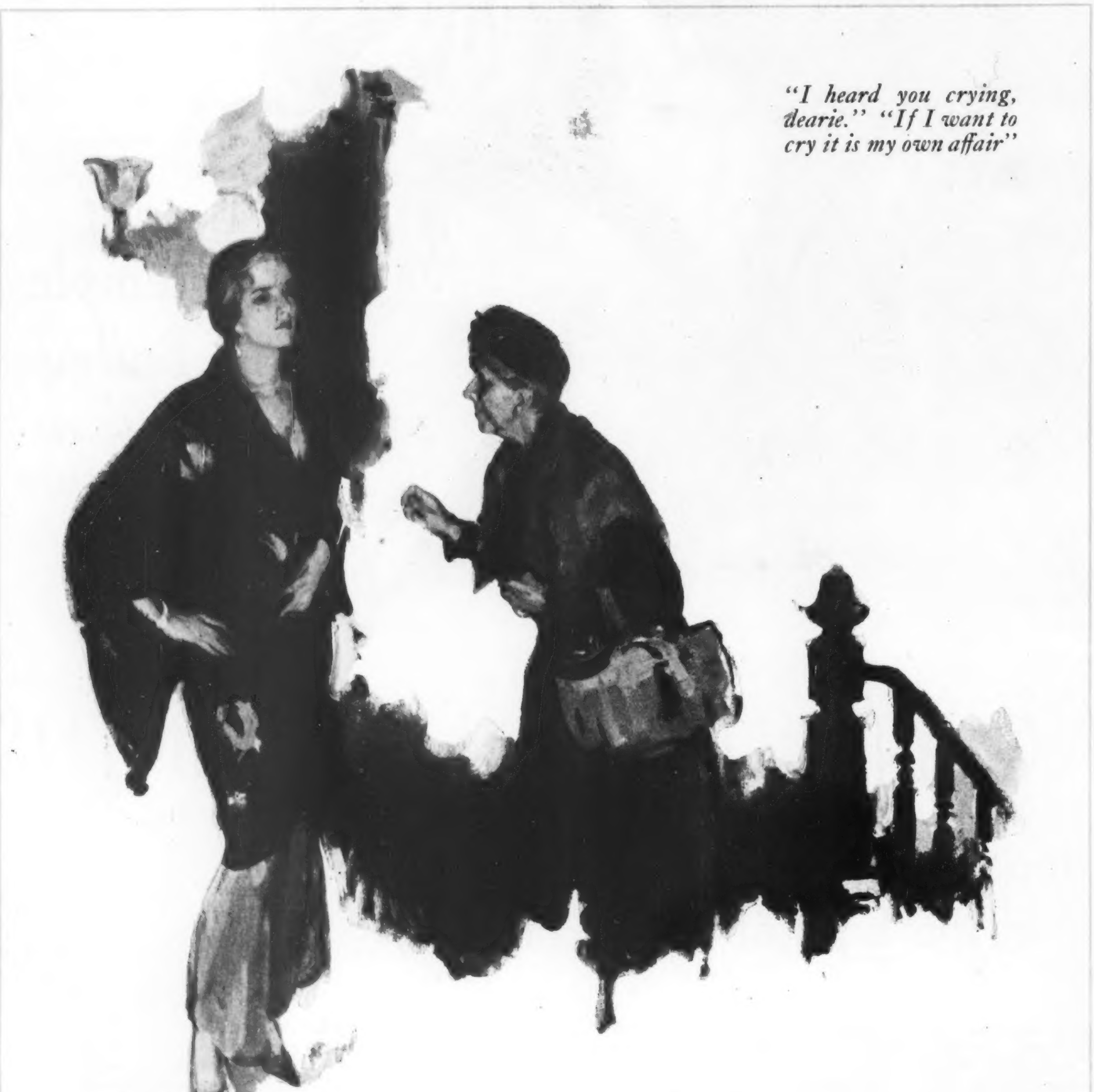
"Oh, why did you marry me?"

"Because I loved you," he had said, simply. "Because I couldn't bear to think of you drudging away in that old office—tapping, tapping, tapping on your typewriter. I felt like a bit of a fairy godfather to give you—this—" His hand had swept out to include the room.

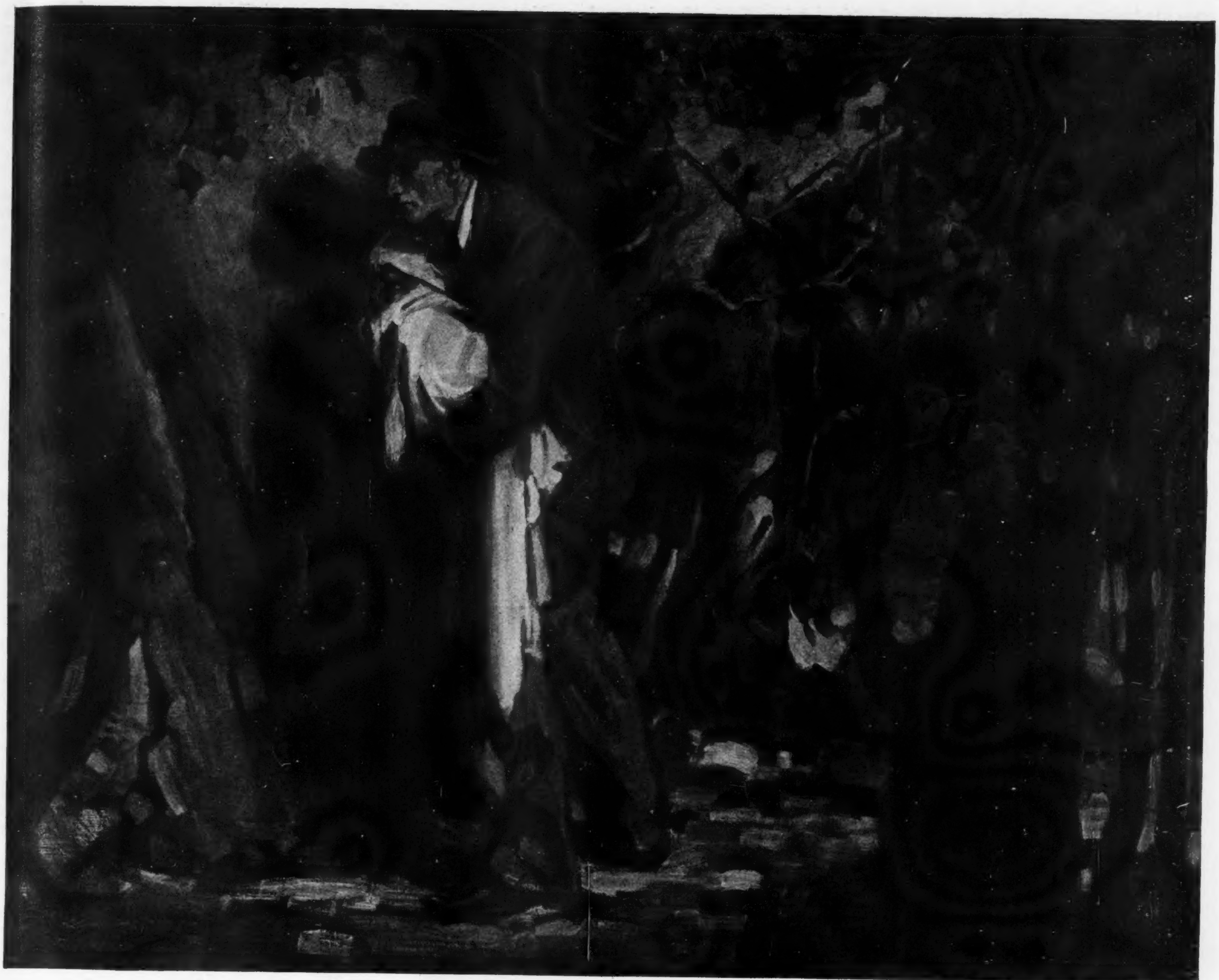
She had flushed at that. He could not know what a release it all had been. She remembered how she had washed and ironed her bits of underthings in her small hall-room after a grilling day in the office. That was why this home had seemed so much like Heaven. And there had been no serpent in their Paradise until Terry had begun to talk of married life in this ridiculous way. She had thought of it as a fairy tale with a Prince and a Princess.

AND Terry had a good salary, not enough, to be sure, to compass the wages of a maid, and Mazie didn't mind getting the breakfast, but this thing he was talking about—that she should love her job . . . ! She couldn't see it. She would never see it. And everybody said it was the way you began with a man that kept him loving you—and no man could love a woman whose nails were dull with dish-washing. Yet Terry *was* a Prince—one had to concede that, and suddenly she had surrendered. "I'll cook your old Christmas dinner," she had said, and had been rewarded by his kisses.

But now that she was really in the thick of it, she regretted that she had been so easy. She hated the butcher's stall, and the fat white bird that the butcher was handing out to her. She was aware of her inexperience when he spoke of giblets. She had planned to order the mince pie from a nearby tearoom and cranberry sauce could be bought nicely put up in glass. But the giblets and the gravy! Her soul shrank from them! Oh, she had been a fool! She would go back and tell Terry—that she hated the whole thing. She didn't [*Turn to page 49*]



*"I heard you crying, dearie." "If I want to cry it is my own affair"*



*. . . a father who could no longer endure that tiny, forsaken wail, yet must not acknowledge his own*

# THE MIDNIGHT FATHER

## who between the hours of twelve and dawn found the source of all sunshine

### By Norma Patterson

*Illustrated by* STANLEY PARKHOUSE

ALL the babies were crying. Days there were when the big sunny room was filled with bubbles of laughter, and gurgling, experimental goos, and fat, gleeful heels; and the very heart of life itself and the source of all sunshine seemed here. But today no one would guess this! Never had they had so much grief and woe crowded into the space of twelve short hours.

The Newest One had started it. For the Newest One was lonely. All their care and attention had not been sufficient to take the place of the mother who, very probably, had rocked the Newest One and crooned to her, and held her close in warmth and softness.

And where was this mother now? The Newest One had been found, a few mornings ago, on the doorstep, crying quietly. And, try as they might, they could not comfort that broken-hearted baby. She needed a home; she needed someone to snuggle her and love her past those black night hours (reminiscent of some loss in her four-week-old life) and make her feel welcome upon a hurrying earth that had brought her into being, and received her not. If only a nice couple would come adopting soon. . . . The girls in the Nursery counted all the childless and well-to-do couples they knew, choosing this and that home for the Newest One—such a little dear, fair and dainty and blue-eyed.

"How any parent could be so heartless as to leave her on a doorstep. . . ."

Mary Lovelace had carried the baby to her room for the first few nights, had put the little crib beside her bed and, in those desolate, empty hours between midnight and dawn, she had taken (defying the wisdom of books) the Newest One under the covers with her.

But she couldn't keep *that* up. Sooner or later the Newest One must learn to be a baby in a row, instead of someone's darling. So now she was back in the nursery, and they were letting her cry it out; and the girls stuck their fingers in their ears to keep from hearing, and Mary Lovelace felt like the old woman in the shoe, who had so many children she didn't know what to do.

"When fourteen babies," stormed Ray, who was young and red-headed, "lift up their voices in praise of practically nothing, the effect would make the famous wailing wall sound like the merry babbling of a brook."

That was how they had started calling the end of the nursery that housed the Little Fellows the wailing wall. Not that the Little Fellows were habitual wailers; as a rule they were cheerful and law-abiding citizens. But let something set them off, and their voices rose in protest against their discarded and unclaimed state.

THE two-year-olds, finding grief infectious, opened their mouths and howled. And even the four kindergarten tots—Tubby and Charlie and Gwinn and Pansy—quite mature as to age and responsibility, stuck out four quivering under-lips and sat disconsolately, with all the kindergarten folderol gone dead about them.

"There's nothing left here to cry that isn't crying except us," said Marigold, "and pretty soon I will."

"I wonder why people have babies,"—this was Ray again—"if they mean to throw them right away."

Outside, sunshine ran wild over the lawns. The whir of the lawn mower spun, now beneath the window, sharply; and—now—with a far-off drone at the edge of the grounds, as Old Man River piloted his mowing past and by and away. His name was Rivers, but the girls called him Old Man River, because he kept rolling on. . . . The air was heady with the odor of clover, and bees were in the flowers, and the world seemed a gorgeous place for any baby to land in. . . .

"I wish you'd step here, Miss Lovelace, and see if you think Gwinn has measles."

"Measles!" Mary Lovelace threw up her hands, visualizing twenty-two cases.

And, while they were occupied with that, and discovering that Gwinn's rash was merely a digestive upset due, probably, to his having eaten part of a red balloon that had been bestowed upon him by some visitor, word was brought that the incubator baby was refusing to incubate, and there was a fight in that quarter, with young Dr. Green to the foreground.

"Some day," sighed Mary Lovelace to this incubator atom, "when you're president, you'll be sorry you gave me all this trouble."

In the midst of this, Tubby, rendered incautious by dreams of himself as a great baseball pitcher, backed into the lawn mower on a high fly to center right, while Old Man River was lighting his pipe, and was borne shrieking to the house.

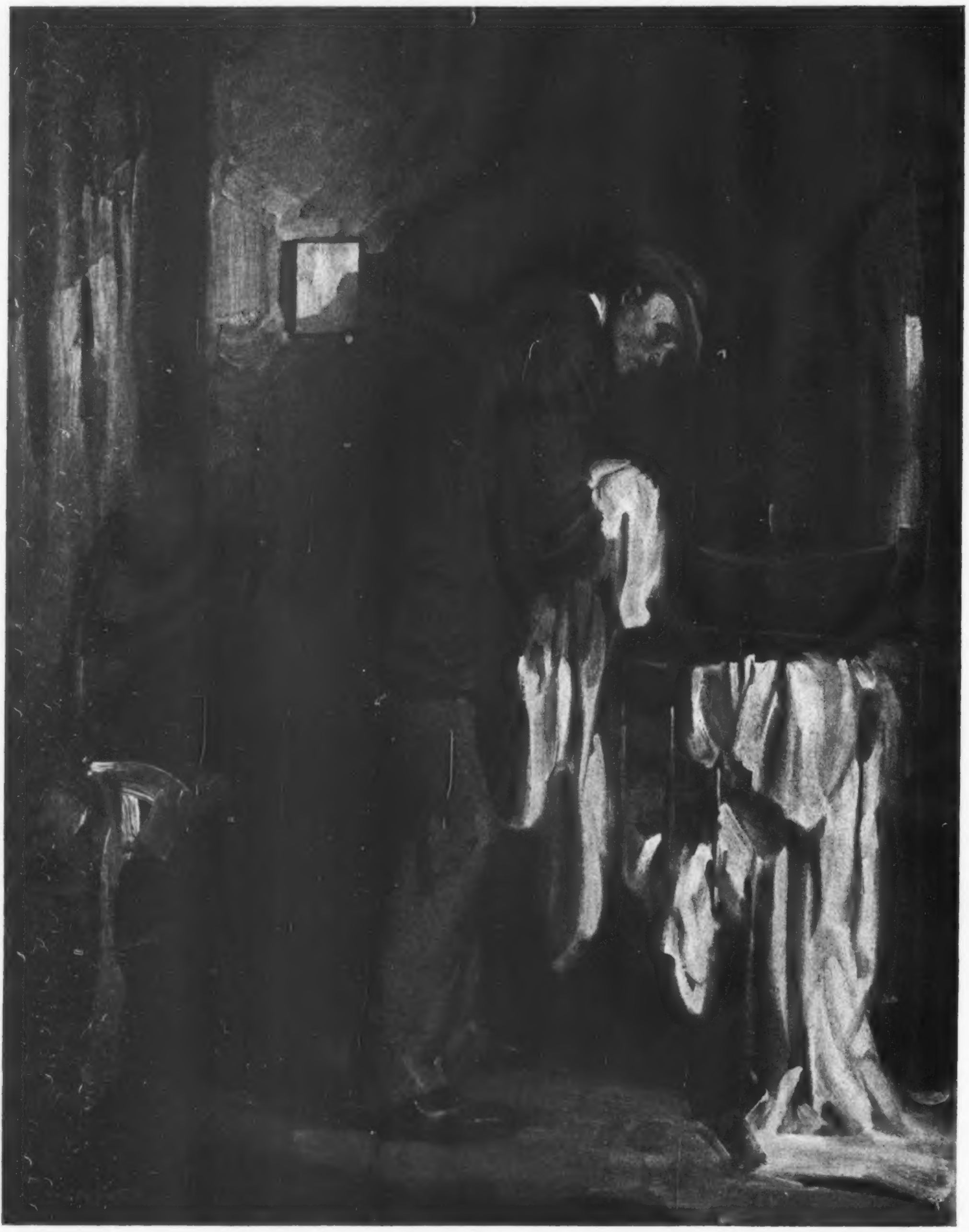
"What next?" demanded Mary of the perverse genius that ruled the day.

Charlie was next. He had seized the opportunity to run away again.

Charlie was the despair of the Nursery. Last Christmas, when a young couple had come asking for a little boy to keep over the holidays, Mary Lovelace had handed out four-year-old Charlie. Charlie had been given a grand Christmas, showered with gifts, and returned safely.

All very well. . . .but Charlie had fallen irretrievably in love with his friends and ever since he had been trying to get back there.

He spent most of the day with his nose stuck through the pickets, watching an endless stream of cars for one that would be "Daddy's." Every chance he got he ran away. Two good chances of adoption had been ruined because Charlie had said, firmly, "No. . . I won't go with you. You aren't my Daddy. I'm waiting for my Daddy."



*"Her crying seemed t-to be walking along"*

Peace and Good Will

Charlie was a one-man baby. Unfortunately, some people love like that, and who was Mary to force another parent on him when his loyal little heart had already chosen? "Perhaps that delightful and roving couple would come back . . . ."

The wailing wall wailed on; and Tubby nursed his wounds in the infirmary; the incubator baby hovered—with a decided lean toward backing out of a world too full of tragedy; and they beat the bushes for Charlie.

"There's just one more thing that can happen to make this day worse than it is . . . . the Board can come for a visit," said Mary Lovelace, marshaling her forces of rescue and resuscitation.

After a frantic hour, Charlie was found two miles down the road at a service station. He had got there on an undersized velocipede, miraculously escaping injury on the busy highway.

"I was foll'in' my Daddy, Lovey,"—he called Mary "Lovey"— "I saw him in the car. I was catchin' up. . ."

Mary never punished the children, she talked to them. But talking, in this case, did no good, and she couldn't have Charlie getting killed.

So he was tied for two whole hours to his bed. He could crawl up on it, or run around it, but he couldn't get away from it.

"And if you ever go again, Charlie, I shall have to tie you up every day while the other children play."

In disgrace and shame and disappointment (for hadn't he been catching up with his Daddy?), he sobbed himself to sleep.

And his sobs awakened the Newest One. . . and then all the others.

*"There goes the wailing wall again."*

And with this in full swing, the last thing happened. The Board arrived for a visit.

NOW had the day departed. The Nursery slept. At each end of the long room a shaded light threw a circle of brightness on the floor, revealing in faint outlines the rows of blue beds, each with its humped-up pink blanket.

Mary Lovelace stood in the door, letting a practiced eye run over the room, taking in every detail. There were lines of fatigue on her thin face. She thought she had never been so tired. Yet, as she stood here, saying good night to them, she felt, as always, an immense thankfulness that these tiny, helpless beings slept, safe and warm, under this friendly roof tonight, instead of—where they might be. She sighed and turned away.

She climbed the stair to the second floor, but instead of going to her rooms, she went on to a second flight that led to the roof. Tonight she was possessed by a sense of futility. Where was she getting with all this strenuous fight? After all, had she accomplished one thing by it?

When Mary Lovelace had "started it all," as her friends put it, the Nursery had consisted of four babies that Mary, in her social work, had come across—babies with such a poor start in life that they could hardly survive a month.

"Yet with proper care and nursing, these could be saved," she had lamented. "It's a terrible thing to throw away *one* baby. Every tiny soul is a marvel. If I had just a *little* money—just a little space. . . ."

Money had been provided and space. Mary pulled those four babies through; found homes for them. They were now a husky high school senior, and three lovely girls—one abroad, and two in schools in the east. Usually, Mary had only to remember this to feel repaid for all her labor, for giving up the best years of her life to this work, for the inevitable disillusionment.

Because there was disillusionment. Mary was not now the youthful, energetic person who had thought the old twisted world could be righted, if some one cared enough. Back in those days of inexperience and buoyancy she had believed this business of unwanted babies could be straightened out—if some one cared enough. Fourteen years—no, it was fifteen—and now she had a commodious house and grounds and eight helpers. Babies had been adopted and adopted and adopted. And still they came.

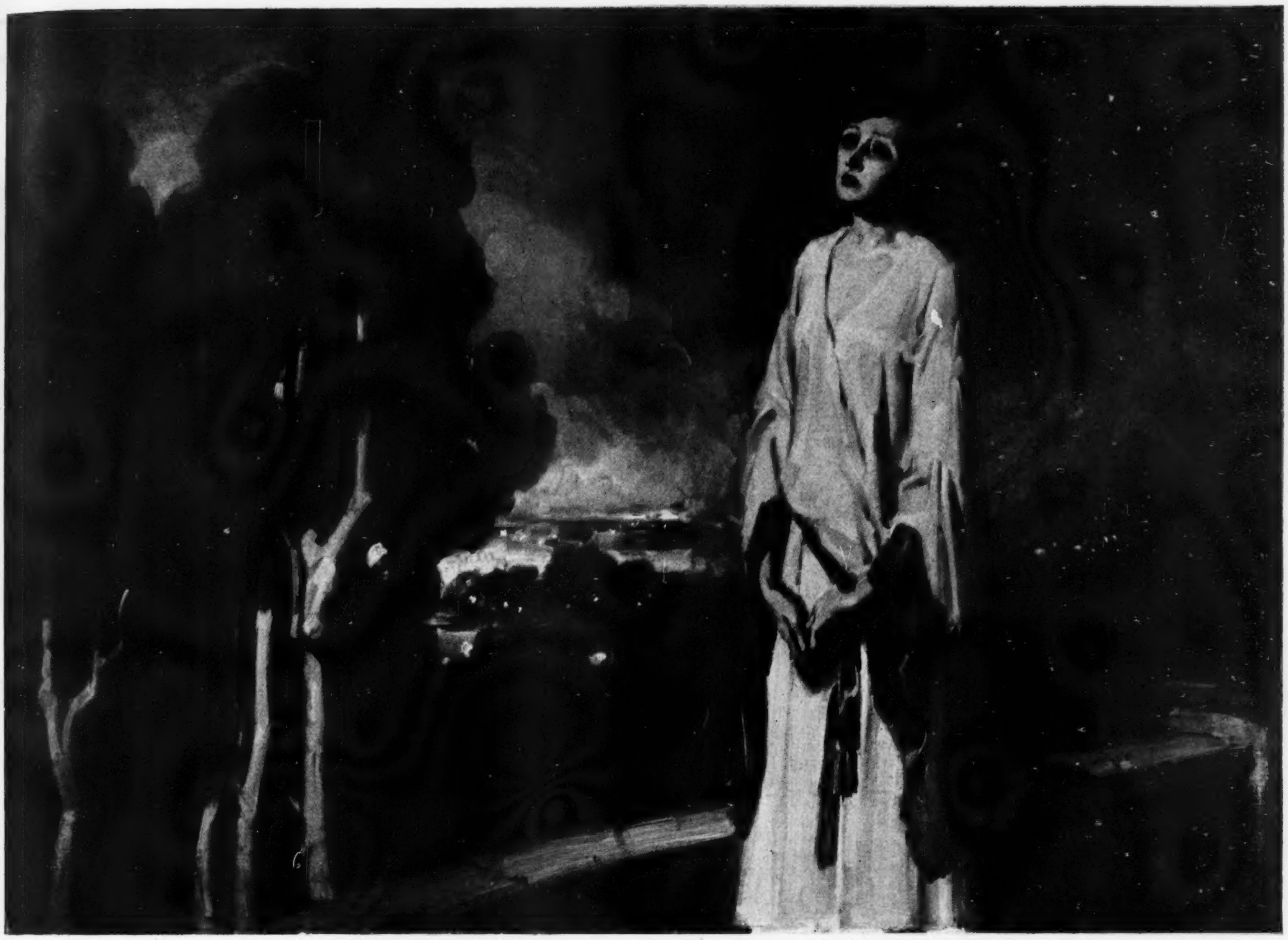
Mary's friends had been loudly against her taking such a responsibility. (If she had known then what she now knew—if she had remotely guessed. . . .)

"Give up the earth—your whole life—for babies that nobody wanted! Mary, this is no longer a sentimental, self-sacrificing age. You'll find the world has little patience with such. Today people are self-expressing; cynically and coldly untouched."

"It seems to me," replied Mary, "that lots of people become 'cynically and coldly untouched' to avoid taking up a responsibility distinctly theirs. Self-expression, often, is just plain dodging. What," she asked, "produced these babies—hard and cold calculation?"

No answer could be offered this.

There had been Robert Shaw. He had been more difficult to dispose of, because she loved him. But she was



*She saw a solitary figure standing a far way off—standing with his hat in his hand*

honest with herself. She loved the babies more. "You know, Robert, how at a certain time every summer you lose interest in your work, and you begin to picture cool creek banks, and the still night under the stars. And you can't bear the city one more day, and nothing on earth could keep you from that camping trip. Often as not, they're pretty awful, but—you've got to go. That's the way I am about these babies. I'd be happy for a time, married to you, and then I'd just die. When you love a thing that much, you'd better put out of your mind forever the other things you love. We can't have everything. We must choose."

"It's just my luck to fall for an idiot like you, Mary," said blunt Robert, meaning it. "I doubt if I'll ever marry." He picked up his hat. "So . . . if you happen to change your mind—come down to the office and tell me."

Mary leaped at a happy termination of a session that had threatened to become painful. "Yes—I'll do just that."

He had stuck by her. He was a lawyer, and two cases in the Nursery that were going wrong, had gone right, because of him. And once he had mortgaged everything he had to keep the place going until funds came in.

So, for Mary, romance had gone. And she was no nearer solving the problems of the Great Unwanted than she had been fifteen years ago. But she had her recompenses.

MARY walked out on the roof. She stood by the railing and looked up at the stars. How clear and sharply blue they were tonight—how far away. And in comparison, how small all of us are! she told herself.

Her small world lay beneath her, wrapped in slumber and peace. Then, suddenly, she heard the lonely wail of the Newest One. She shivered and felt the night chill creep into her veins. It was such a forsaken cry. The darkness lay like a veil upon the earth; and through this veil the little cry carried and carried. . . .

Below, in the grounds, a shadow moved among shadows. Mary bent forward, peering into dimness. It had seemed to slip from tree to tree. No, she was mistaken. The lights from an approaching car made the tree-trunks walk along. . . . She wished that baby wouldn't cry so. . . . But at last she went in.

Very much later she was awakened by some one at her door.

"Oh, Miss Lovelace. . . t-there—there's a *burglar*. . ."

Mary said, with composure. "Nonsense, Ray. There's nothing here burglars want."

"He-he's already got it. . . ." Ray was wringing her hands and crying. "One of the babies. He had her b-before I knew. I saw him carrying her, blanket and all. I tried to s-speak . . . to stop him. I really did. I couldn't make a sound. He-he was *horrible*. . . ."

Three other girls had appeared, frightened and shivering.

Mary was already across the room, her hand on the alarm. It would summon a squad of police from two directions.

"Stop having hysterics, Ray, and tell me just what happened."

"I'd been at the desk behind the screen, making out reports. You can hear every slightest sound from there. The nursery was perfectly still, except the new baby kept crying, sort of. And finally—I still hadn't heard one other sound—but her crying seemed to be walking along. I thought one of the girls had picked her up, and I finished out the word I was writing before I came out from behind the screen to see who. . . . He-he—was getting out the window with her. I . . . he was awful . . . ragged and desperate looking. He must be a fiend. I know he means to kill her . . . I-I couldn't speak, Miss Lovelace . . . I came running here. . . ."

Mary was thinking rapidly—recalling that she had seen a shadow on the grounds—or thought she had seen it—moving stealthily from tree to tree. "You say he entered through a window?"

"He must have—he went out one . . . that one down at the end of the room near the big tree. The screen had been unlatched and it swung right out."

Mary's hand dropped from the electric button. She snatched up a cloak and tossed another to the girl. "Come with me, Ray. You may have better eyes than I. The others of you go to the lower hall where you can watch things, but move quietly. Don't make any disturbance. Don't be frightened. Nothing is going to happen."

She mounted the stairs to the roof, the trembling Ray following.

A MOMENT to accustom their eyes to the darkness. Then, in the shadows below, they discerned a man pacing back and forth under the trees, a bundle in his arm. A bundle that no longer cried. Some father who had kept watch from the darkness—who could no longer endure that tiny, forsaken wail—walking his baby to sleep. Some father who could not, or must not, acknowledge his own.

Mary whispered: "I'll stay here and watch. You go down and tell the girls what we've seen. Tell Miss Todd to keep an eye on the nursery, but to stay hidden . . . give him a chance to take the baby back to her bed without encountering anyone."

Half an hour . . . forty-five minutes . . . Mary kept vigil alone on the roof. Then, stealthily, keeping to the shadows (believing, no doubt, that no one knew), the man approached the house with the sleeping child. Mary saw him wait at the window, slip in, and at once slip out again, unchallenged. The night swallowed him up.

And the outlines of the trees blurred in Mary's gaze.

Mary Lovelace had a code of honor. She respected the anonymity of the parents who gave their children into her keeping. Long ago she had learned that this was best—best for the babies. The doorstep (and many of them were doorstep babies) constituted a sort of meridian line—an ending and a beginning. It gave a baby, quite definitely, a rebirth, a clean record, a new start in life, and gave Mary unquestioned authority over the baby's destiny. If the father of the Newest One did not want to make himself known, there must be sufficient reason. Night after night she saw him there, pacing the darkness just beyond the squares of light that fell through the nursery windows.

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# MEET THE SMITHS—OF

*First medical clinic in the peasant country*

*Something new: daily papers for the masses*

*IN America we have one family name that crosses all boundaries. It is the name of Smith. It may be borne by the socially élite or the woman who goes out by the day. It knows no race. It serves a former candidate for the presidency and thousands of workers in the mills. We knew there must be its equivalent in Russia. When asked, smiles came at once to the faces of Russian women. "Of course we have such a name. In Russia it is Ivanoff." It is the Smiths—the Ivanoffs of Russia who tell the story of the new life. Meet then, the Smiths—of Russia.*—The Editor

SOMEWHERE between 1927 and 1929, Russia, U. S. S. R. (the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics), became a focal point of world interest. Always a romantic country, Russia, after ten years of Communist rule, has become an industrial power. Despite the fact of nonrecognition by the United States, the Soviet government, through the Amtorg Trading Corporation, is negotiating with many American firms. Albert Kahn, Inc., of Detroit, architects of automobile and industrial plants all over the world, have been appointed consulting architects in the $1,900,000,000 industrial building program of the Soviet Union. At the same time, word of a new Russia is spreading. A people eighty-five per cent illiterate are beginning to read and write. Modern schools are rising; a new art of the new civilization is finding expression in the theater, painting, literature, music. Then there have been reports of the suppression of all religion, of a new form of oppression under the iron hand of the Soviet—tales so conflicting that no one knows what to believe. People ask:

"What are they trying to do? What is a Soviet? What does it all mean?"

The answer is this—after a succession of temporary governments following the overthrow of the czarist régime, the 150,000,000 people of 200 nationalities in European Russia, Siberia, and Central Asia came under the leadership of the Communist Party, known prior to 1918 as the Bolshevist Party. The vast territory included, which covers one-sixth of the total land area of the world, was divided into six main allied republics. The governing principle of the Union was declared to be a common sharing of all national wealth and resources, of all labor and of all the products of labor. To this end, which we know as "Communism," all the efforts of the new government were directed. As in all countries, following a revolution, there were many opposing factions. Until the end of 1920, the U. S. S. R. suffered from civil war. Since then the Communist Party has held power and continued in office.

The year 1930 is the thirteenth year of the new Republic under the Soviet form of government. The voting privilege in a Communist Soviet is held by workers alone. No one who trades or lives on rents or on income may vote. In each locality the people select a committee to govern local affairs, and this committee sends delegates to the next higher committee, and it to the next higher, until, building in a pyramid, the Union Congress

*Twenty-five years of toil lie behind them*

*Russia's première woman journalist*

*A peasant, who learned the builder's craft*

# RUSSIA

## By Helen Christine Bennett

McCALL'S Special Representative In Russia

*Skilled masons*

*Russian women lift their voices at the polls—the real revolution!*

of Soviets is reached, with its 1,500 members. This body elects the Central Executive Committee, whose members are the Commissars, the heads of the national departments and, under present condition, the real rulers of Russia. Stalin is secretary of the Central Committee, which has power to make laws as well as to administer the affairs of the Union.

It has discarded all reverence for the ideas of the past. One of its most revolutionary changes was to free woman to an extent not equaled in any country in the world. In Russia today woman may vote and hold office with none of the discriminations found in other countries. She has equal sex rights and privileges; she may marry and divorce at will; she has equal rights in her children and all her children, born in wedlock or out, are legitimate. She may do anything a man may do without stigma. She is free as no woman in the world has ever been free—as man is free.

What are these women of Russia? What are their lives, their ambitions, their hopes, their desires? What does such freedom mean to youth and children?

I went to Russia to find out. At first I was received with what seemed to be suspicion. When I demonstrated that I was willing to spend time in understanding work or people or ideas, I was helped with such thoroughness that if I went through a building, every bathroom, broom-closet, and even the cellar was made part of my tour, and we ended in the backyard. To the amazement of the Russians, I refused offers to obtain interviews with dignitaries. I wanted to know the men, women, and children of Russia at work, at play, in the home, in schools, churches (yes, churches), on farms. I talked with hundreds, many in English and many through an interpreter, and I have tried to present in four articles a cross-section of life in U. S. S. R. today for women, for children, for youth, at work and at play.

I SHOULD like to introduce the most important Smiths first, and here your understanding of life may be turned topsy-turvy. For the important Smiths of Russia are not the people of wealth or distinction or personal achievement, but the rank and file of industry, the men and women who lay bricks and tend looms! Mr. and Mrs. Smith of the industrial world enjoy rights and concessions given to no other citizens of the U. S. S. R. In other countries, as in our own land, the privileged people are the moneyed people. In Russia there are no capitalists, and it is treason to hoard money. The highest privileged citizen is the industrial worker. He lives in the best houses, sees the best plays, and sends his children to the best schools. Next to the workers come the intelligentsia —the Smiths who are teachers, writers, painters, composers, playwrights, lawyers, doctors, and scientists. Following them is the steadily decreasing remnant of the old bourgeoisie and petty aristocracy, and these Smiths are often utterly unfit for the new order and must find work as they can. Last comes the great army of farm workers—the Peasant Smiths, who constitute eighty per cent of the entire population, products of eight centuries of slavery, the great majority entirely illiterate. There is a small, undefined group of office workers, salespeople, and personal servitors, and these are all the Smiths.

When you first arrive in one of the great cities of Russia and look at the people on the streets, you search in vain for the smart, well-dressed men and women you are accustomed to see in any American center. The Smiths who pass you wear the clothes of workers. They are comfortable and useful clothes, but there is nothing luxurious about them. Let us look at the women. The one just passing, dressed in khaki shirt and knickers, is the foreman of a construction gang. The older woman, with the red kerchief that marks the

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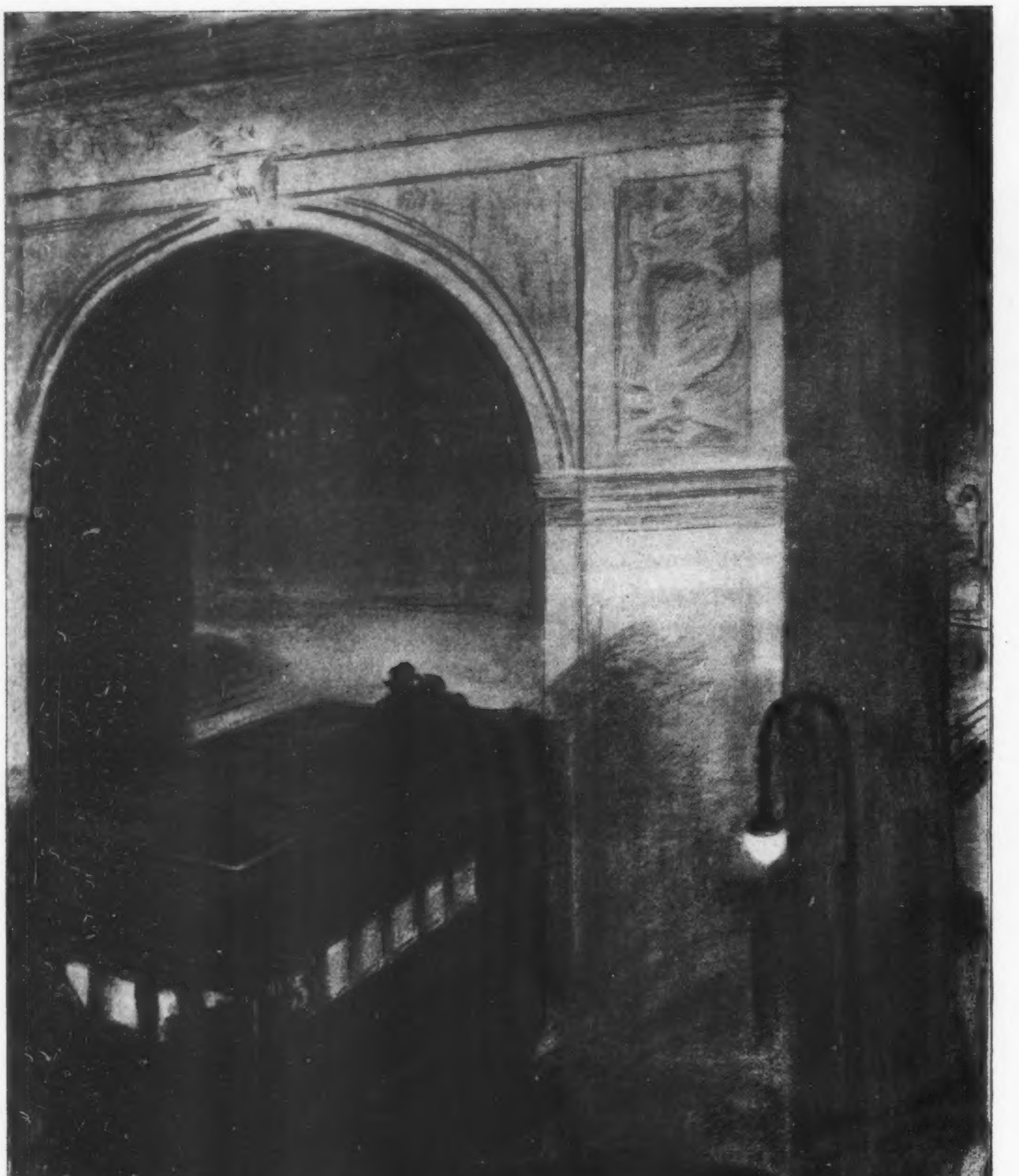


*"I may as well tell you now as later—" "What?" asked Tim*

### By
### Elizabeth Corbett

*Illustrated by*
W. C. HOOPLE

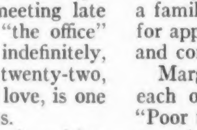
# ONE PORTION OF PARADISE

## served with two spoons

IT WAS a quarter past one on Saturday afternoon; and in a small hotel in the Forties, couples were meeting for lunch. Some of the women were meeting other women, which didn't count at all; and even those who were meeting men didn't count very heavily. For no one but Margot Harrison had the luck to be waiting for Tim Casserley.

Margot and Tim always met for lunch on Saturdays. They met often enough at other times, meeting late and parting early, as people do who have "the office" to consider. But Saturday lunch can go on indefinitely, and Saturday afternoon, when you are both twenty-two, and healthy and spirited and very much in love, is one portion of Paradise, served with two spoons.

Margot sat very erect, in her soft green suit and her little green hat that curved down over her left ear in the shape of the letter S. She had the same touch with her own clothes that she had with her fashion drawings. Fashion drawings are a gift in themselves; lots of real artists can't do 'em, which is one reason real artists starve. In the slim morocco envelope that lay across Margot's knees was her weekly check for two hundred dollars. That was the only cloud on Margot's horizon. For against her two hundred dollars, Tim pulled down seventy-five; and whereas she was foot-loose, Tim had a family out in Ohio that was always being operated on for appendicitis, or needing a course at business college, and coming down on him as the eldest brother.



Margot saw every man who entered—saw and rejected each one, without ever seeming to glance that way. "Poor thing!" she thought of all the men, because they weren't Tim. "Poor thing!" she thought of all the women, because they weren't waiting for Tim. And as she sat there so quietly, inside of her, like water coming up through clean bright pebbles, a spring of happiness bubbled, bubbled.

She saw Tim the second he passed through the revolving doors. An electric greeting flashed between them. When he stood before her, the spring of happiness within her sent up a clear jet to the sky. Yet Tim said nothing beyond, "Been waiting long?" And a blind world would simply have seen a pretty blonde girl rise without undue haste, and answer perfunctorily, "Not very."

He was a handsome fellow, six feet one, and dark as a Spaniard. All the other girls were looking at him. Walking beside him, Margot took her first spoonful of Paradise. Even in a full portion, there is only one first spoonful.

It was a bright day, but cold and windy; early spring by the calendar, but not-quite-spring by the feel of it. "Shall we lunch or eat?" asked Tim.

"Oh, eat!" said Margot. "Dinner is time enough."

In their language that meant something. Once they were seated at a table, telling each other all the little happenings of their daily lives, and falling into the silences that told more than speech did, they would linger until lunch ran into dinner. So when they wanted the afternoon for something special, they munched sandwiches at a counter, swallowed their coffee so hot that it scalded, and stole a march on themselves.

feast and be merry

Margot debated the charms of chicken, and fell back on a ham sandwich, as she always did. Tim grinned at her, and ate ham sandwiches because she did. Then he seized her elbow, and they plunged downstairs into the "cut rate."

Matinée tickets were going at two counters; the keen shoppers buy in the "cut rate," and most of them keep up with the market and have made their selections in advance. Tim and Margot saw everything that was cheap enough; so he simply picked the first thing that they hadn't seen. Most of the shoppers were women, buying their glamour at so much a seat. "Poor things!" thought Margot.

Through a gallery door went Tim and Margot, and up flight after flight. They were in plenty of time, but at twenty-two, stairs are made to be run up.

It was a heavenly play. Margot couldn't have told afterward what it was, if she hadn't saved her program. But on the bright stage far below, figures like dolls come to life strutted and shouted; and way up in the gloom Margot and Tim sat side by side, with their arms just touching. In all the packed house, she was conscious only of him; and after a while she ceased to be conscious of him as himself. It seemed as if the two of them were just one person. When the lights went on at the end, she found him again as Tim; and she gave a little gasp of pleasure at finding him, but she was sorry that the other thing was over.

It had been daylight when they entered the theater. They emerged into a world that had grown magically dark in their absence, and then lighted itself like a million Christmas trees. "Lovely!" whispered Margot.

Tim smiled at her ecstasy, sharing it, but humoring it. They strolled, among strolling couples. Everybody had somebody with him at this hour; everybody had some delightful place to go, but was in no hurry about getting there. Blind beggars were doing a rushing business; for it was intolerable to this crowd to see anybody handicapped or alone. But Margot, dropping a coin into a blind man's cup, looked at her fellow revelers with scarcely less pity. All these thousands of couples, so important to each other, were only background for Tim and Margot.

At the foot of Times Square they turned and started back. "Hungry?" asked Tim.

A wave of compunction came over Margot. "I know *you* are."

"Well, so-so," he admitted. "Where shall we go? Mrs. Stanley's or O & W?"

Above the toot of taxi horns they debated, in the fullness of expert knowledge. In New York you may eat royally and indeed more than royally. King Midas couldn't eat his money, but on Broadway and Park Avenue you can eat yours. Yet, tucked away in the Forties and Fifties are hundreds of little restaurants, Italian and Hungarian and Armenian, where you can dine, and dine well, for eighty-five cents, and the standard tip is a dime. Tim and Margot had acquired so many favorite eighty-five-cent restaurants that their debate took them three blocks too far north, and they had to retrace their steps before they could leave Broadway.

THEY ate Hungarian that night, beneath the eye of an old waiter whom a lifetime of profits reckoned in dimes had made an expert at bringing in the soup before his diners had finished with the chopped chicken livers. But when Tim and Margot dined there, he lost his customary eagerness to get the table ready for the next customer. He delayed their check as if they had been guests of the house. Before it came, Margot passed her purse to Tim under the table. You often see a purse pass in those eighty-five-cent table d'hôtes. Girls earn so much money nowadays; but a man's pride must be spared before a waiter.

Margot loved lending to Tim, and admired the promptness with which he always repaid her. Tim without his scruples wouldn't have been Tim at all. Tonight he helped himself to a five-dollar bill. But as he passed back her purse, under the table, he said, "Pretty soon I may stop borrowing money. At the office they're talking about giving me a promotion."

"And you waited until now to tell me about it? Oh, Tim!"

"Well, so far they're just talking about it. But, at least, we've got bus fare."

"Then let's!" agreed Margot.

A professor of syntax would have been puzzled to keep up with them; but Tim, signaling for the check, went to the desk for dimes. "Sure you won't be cold?"

"Why, it's lots warmer!" said Margot.

They climbed to the open deck of a bus, and established themselves for the long struggle up Fifth Avenue, and the swift scoot along Riverside Drive, with the naked trees shivering in the night wind. There was no good reason why they should not have gone to Margot's apartment, and lighted some of her expensive logs, while Tim made an evening call in proper form. No reason, that is, except that they preferred to take their place with couples forced to court in public.

Margot and Tim smiled a little at them, and then followed their example.

The bus reached the end of its long gallop, and Tim shot more dimes into the guard's hand-grenade. Presently it turned again; and just about that time Margot went to sleep against Tim's shoulder.

She woke at last, exclaimed over the hour, and made him take her inside the bus. They rode back over the whole route once more; and then he had to take her home, because the bus was going to stop running. She wanted Tim to come in with her; but he shook his head. It was late, and she was tired; and there were times when he felt quite fatherly, from the height of six feet one and his seniority of three months, toward the child Margot.

"Tomorrow'll be another day," he said. "Didn't you get me an invitation to the Stauntons' for buffet supper?"

"Oh, they wanted you anyhow! They like you. But," pouted Margot, "tomorrow won't be Saturday."

"Silly kid! Saturday comes every week. It isn't like Christmas."

"It's just like Christmas." Margot gave a little chuckle. "When I really was a kid, every Christmas night I used to go to sleep counting the days until the next Christmas."

"Try that tonight," suggested Tim. "It's only six."

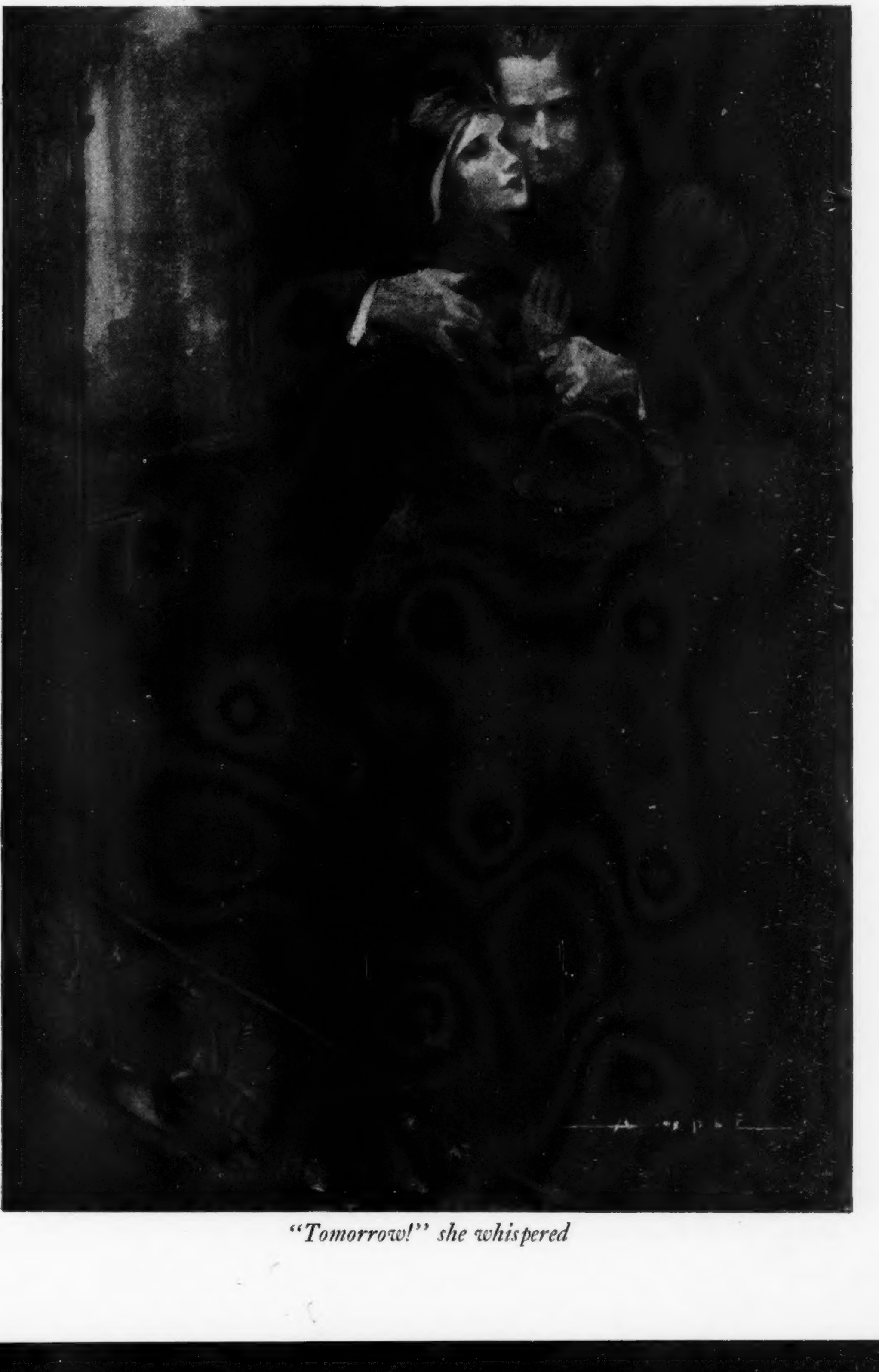
"One hand and a thumb," agreed Margot.

Sunday was all right in its way. The Stauntons always got together an interesting crowd, and Margot liked showing Tim off. But this was a secondary sort of enjoyment. There is plenty of second-rate happiness in the world; and you might get along very well on it, if you had never got into the habit of having Paradise set before you on a platter.

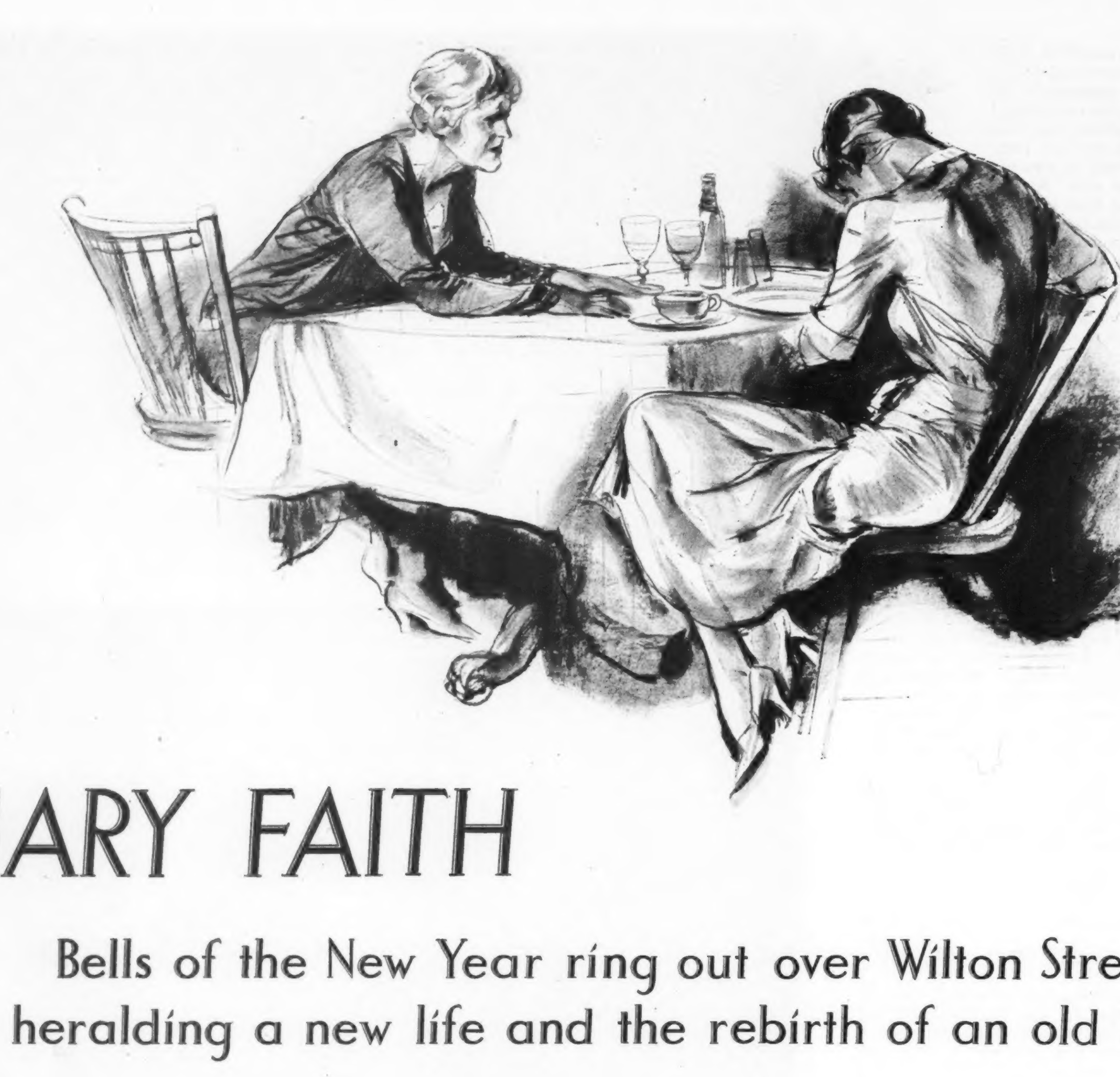
THE week was cluttered. Mrs. Staunton's bachelor brother took Margot to dinner one evening; and a friend from "back home" blew into New York for three days. But Tim telephoned her to say, "Saturday as usual," and that made everything all right.

It seemed ages since she had seen Tim. The day itself was wonderful—one of those New York spring days when the sky is a pure deep blue, and the wind is in the south. One such day atones for sweltering summer nights and penetrating fall fogs; and on this perfect day Margot bloomed forth in a soft deep blue that matched the sky, and her own blue eyes as well.

She was delayed a few minutes in leaving the office; she almost ran through the streets, dodging taxis, and jostling indignant suburban [*Turn to page 30*]



*"Tomorrow!" she whispered*



*"If you had any proper pride, you'd want to get out!"*

# MARY FAITH

## Bells of the New Year ring out over Wilton Street, heralding a new life and the rebirth of an old love

### By Beatrice Burton Morgan

*CLAIRE MALDON'S* all wrong about honeymoons, *Kim.* We've been married for almost two weeks and I haven't been bored a single second, have you?" "You haven't seen me yawn?" Kim's voice was soft and his eyes twinkled gayly. They sat before a great crackling fire, enjoying to the last minute this honeymoon that had threatened not to be.

Only a few weeks before *Mary Faith* had still been trying to forget that bitter night when Kim had told her their dream of happiness together was over. There was another girl. Mary Faith had accepted it with a philosophical, "Well—that's that." But the world lay in splinters at her feet. Above the click of her typewriter in *Mark Nesbit's* office, she had steeled herself against the thoughts of Kim's dearness. Romance, for her, was ended.

And then, out of the blue, she and Kim had married! Nobody could believe it, except *Claire* and *Jack Maldon,* who had seen Mary Faith and Kim stand before the altar in the little chapel, had heard the solemn words.

Back in the house on Wilton Street, *Mrs. Farrell,* Kim's mother, retired to her bed to sulk out her disapproval of the marriage. But while Mrs. Farrell was frankly querulous, it was Kim who caused the first shadow to fall across Mary Faith's new life. Something in her went cold when he admitted he had taken sixty dollars from his employers, McIntrae and Westover, that he had been dismissed. Later it was Mary Faith's savings that established him in an office of his own.

One night when he failed to come home to dinner, Mary Faith waited up for him. "I stopped at the Maldons'," Kim explained. She knew that he was lying. Hadn't Claire Maldon, that very night, told her she and Jack had not seen Kim for a week? Suddenly he was bending over her. "Look up here," Kim said, "and kiss me. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

## *Part IV*

MAY was a month of beauty even in Wilton Street, with its red brick apartment-buildings and its narrow sidewalks. The sun shone and the sky was blue. The brown grass under Mary Faith's kitchen windows began to turn green, and every morning and evening a robin sang there. To Mary Faith, hanging up clothes or shaking rugs on the porch, the tiny backyard seemed to hold the very heart of the springtime. And, at the very end of that month of beauty and promise, she realized that she was going to have a baby.

Late one Monday afternoon—afterward she always remembered that it was the twenty-eighth of May—she went to the Medical Building, where Dr. Thatcher had his office. It was five o'clock when she left him and came out into the sunlight once more—sunlight that seemed lovelier than any sunlight she had ever known.

She started toward the Towers Building. She was going to break Kim's rule, just this once, and go to his office to tell him about this wonderful thing.

Kim's office was at one end of a winding corridor on the eighth floor. As she walked toward it, her heart swelled with love and pride at the sight of his name on the door. It had a fine important look, painted there on the frosted glass in neat black letters:

Kimberley Farrell
Attorney-at-Law

She pushed open the door and went in. Kim was at his desk, his head and shoulders dark against the light of the window.

On the desk, with her feet braced against his chair and both of her hands clasped in his hands, sat a girl.

She jumped down when she saw Mary Faith and made a little inarticulate sound. She was a dark, pretty girl, plump and not very tall. All this Mary Faith saw in the one second before her eyes met Kim's eyes.

"Hello, there." She steadied her voice to get the words out. There was a chair beside the desk, and she sank into it. "I had to come downtown this afternoon and I thought I'd ride home with you."

She saw his lips move and she knew that he was answering her. But she couldn't hear what he was saying. There was a sudden loud ringing in her ears.

THE girl moved across the room and took her hat from the coat-tree in the corner. All her movements seemed very slow, like action in a nightmare. . . There was something bright on one of her fingers. It flashed as she raised her hands and pulled her hat down over her hair. . . Mary Faith leaned forward, her gaze fixed on it, her hands gripping the arms of her chair until the knuckles whitened.

It was a ring. A narrow, white-gold ring set with a modest diamond and two chips.

The last time Mary Faith had seen it was the rainy September morning in Haltnorth Park, when Kim had asked her for it and she had given it to him. It was the ring that she had worn every day for almost four years. Her engagement ring. . .

She heard Kim's voice, faint and thin, as if it came to her over a long distance. "Don't forget to drop those letters in the chute on your way out, Janet."

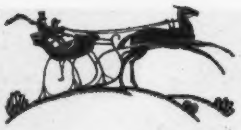
And then, after what seemed a very long time, the girl said, "Good night, Mr. Farrell." There came the click of the door as it closed behind her.

Kim cleared off his desk and swung around in his chair. He picked his hat up from the cabinet against the wall.

"All right, let's go," he said.

Mary Faith made a little negative movement with her head.

"No. Wait just a minute. I want to ask you something, Kim. Who is—that girl?"



Kim's mouth tightened. "Oh, you know as well as I do! You saw her with me that night in Armbruster's? Why pretend that you didn't—What are you trying to do? Trap me in some kind of a lie?"

Mary Faith shook her head.

"You're wondering what she's doing here, aren't you?—Well, I'll tell you!" Kim said roughly. "She was so doggone loyal to me that when I left McIntrae and Westover, she left too. So what could I do but give her a job when I opened this office?"

"That's why you didn't want me to come down here—because she was here," said Mary Faith, thinking things out. "You didn't want me to see her. But I didn't even know her, Kim. I didn't look at her that night when she was in Armbruster's with you. And I wouldn't have known who she was just now, if she hadn't been wearing my—ring."

With a great effort, she pulled herself up out of the chair and walked around the desk to him.

"Let's not quarrel about her, Kim." She bent over him and laid her cheek against his smooth blond head. "I came up here tonight to talk to you."

"You came up here to spy on me." He pushed her away from him. "And now that you've found out what you wanted to know, I suppose you'll keep nagging at me until I put her out of my office." His face was set to the mood of sullen anger.

"Have I ever nagged you, Kim?"

"Good heavens! You started before we'd been married three days! You nagged me about smoking cigarettes. You nagged me about taking a drink. You nagged me about the Maldons. . . You knew I liked to go to their house, but would you go there with me? Not on your life! And when I went without you, you nagged me about the wickedness of playing cards for a little money. To hear you talk, their flat was a gambling den!"

Mary Faith listened to him with a sinking heart. . . What was the matter with him? Why did he want to go on quarreling like this? And all about nothing, really. . .

"I never refused to go to the Maldons', Kim," she said. "I was perfectly willing to go, so long as I didn't have to take a drink or play cards for money. I told you that. Don't you remember?"

"Yes—you're a regular dead-game sport." There was biting sarcasm in Kim's voice. He pulled out his watch. "It's half-past five," he said. "Let's go. We can finish the battle at home. It'll be a swell way to spend the evening."

As they waited for the elevator, he looked at her suddenly, his eyes as cold as steel.

"You said you came up here to talk to me about something," he said. "What was it?"

Mary Faith didn't answer him for a minute. She stood looking at the bronze doors of the elevator-shaft. This, of all times, was not the time to tell him what Dr. Thatcher had told her that afternoon.

"Nothing—I'll tell you some other time," she said.

Mrs. Farrell was walking up and down in front of the apartment when they turned into Wilton Street. She was wearing an old golf cape and the chilly air had whipped some color into her face.

"How about a little drive in the park, Mother?" Kim asked her, and she beamed. It wasn't very often that he took her for a drive.

Mary Faith went into the flat and began to prepare dinner. She was setting the table when she heard Kim's car drive up. She knew the sound of the engine.

Mrs. Farrell came into the flat alone.

"Where's Kim? Putting the car away?"

Mrs. Farrell shook her head. "No. He said he wasn't going to have dinner with us tonight. He said something about a business engagement."

IT WAS nine o'clock when he came home. He walked out into the kitchen, where his mother and Mary Faith were at work, dampening and folding the clothes that they had washed that morning. The little room was filled with the fresh, sweet smell of clean linen, and the new Dutch clock above the sink ticked with a cozy, happy sound. The kitchen was a very pleasant place these days.

"I was afraid you two would be in bed," Kim said, pulling a chair out from the table and putting one foot on its seat. "I want to talk to you."

Mary Faith saw him brace himself to go on. "I've been thinking things over," he said. "I've spent almost half of the little bit of capital that I had to start with—and I haven't made a cent this whole month. I haven't had a single client. Not one."

"Well, I wouldn't be discouraged, Kim." Mary Faith looked up at him over the sheet that she was folding. "What's a month? It takes time to succeed."

He went on as if she had not spoken: "And so I've come to the conclusion that we'll have to give up this flat, if I'm going to keep the office open. If we don't, I'm just going to fail, that's all. I haven't the money to keep up both places."

"Why, you must be crazy!" His mother's voice was a wail. "I've lived in this flat for more years than I've got fingers and toes, Kimberley Farrell! It's my home, and I'm not going to break up my home for anybody! I can't. . . Why, where would I *go*, if I left here? That's what I'd like to know."

She sat down at the table and began to wring her hands.

"Why couldn't you go down to Garrettsville and stay with Aunt Ella for a while?" Kim asked her. "She'd be glad to have you, and you could put your furniture into storage. It would be a rest for you."

"And what about you and Mary Faith? Where would you go?"

Kim shrugged. "Oh, I'd get a room somewhere—and I imagine Mary Faith would go back to Mrs. Puckett's. You agree with me that this is the best thing for all of us, don't you, Mary Faith?— You and I have been married for five months and I don't believe that either one of us thinks that our marriage is a howling success."

Mary Faith caught her breath sharply. She put her hands before her face as if she were trying to protect herself from a blow.

"You don't mean that you think we ought to separate, Kim? You don't mean that you're tired of me?"

"Well, I think we're pretty tired of each other. We're on each other's nerves—and I know we'd be a lot happier if we didn't see each other for a while."

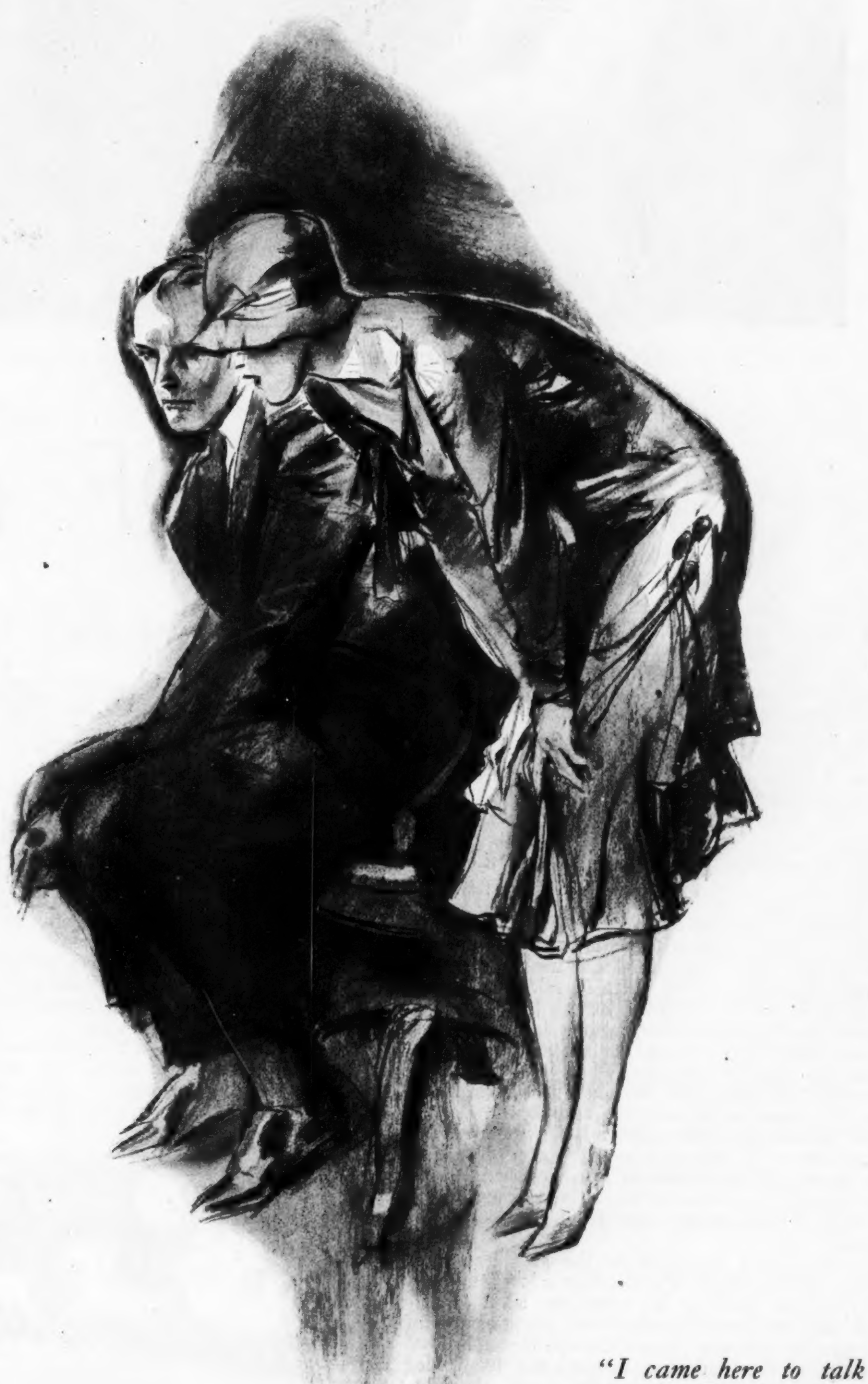
MARY FAITH closed her eyes. . . . Happy? Why, she never had been happier than she was at five o'clock that afternoon.

"Besides, I can't support you," she heard him say. "It's going to take every nickel I have to keep myself from starving for the next few months—and my advice to you is to go back to your friend, Nesbit, and ask him for your old job. He'll probably be more than glad to give it to you when you tell him you've left me."

"Left you?" She stared at him. . . . There wasn't a shadow in his eyes or a line of worry in his face. He stood there, breaking their lives to pieces as calmly as a willful child knocking over a tower of blocks.

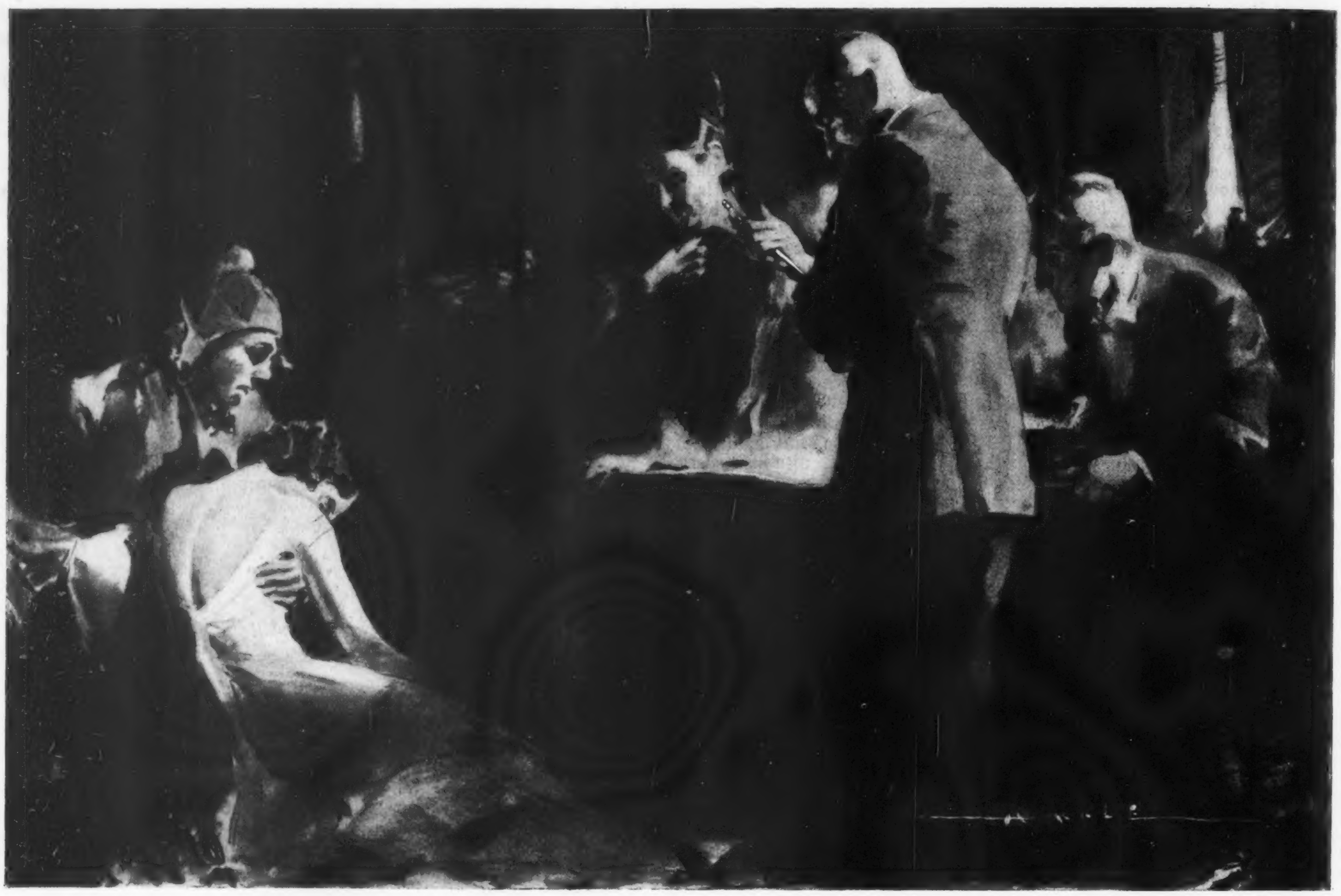
"The most unlucky thing that ever happened to us was seeing each other in Armbruster's store last Christmas. If that hadn't happened, everything probably would have turned out all right. You'd have married Nesbit, and I'd have stuck to Janet."

[*Turn to page 97*]



*"I came here to talk to you." "You came here to spy on me"*

*Illustrated by* JOHN LA GATTA



*"A little blade, Señorita Montega—a slender little knife in a girl's hand—"* A low cry cut across his words

# MOON OF DELIGHT

## By Margaret Bell Houston

## Illustrated by W. C. HOOPLE

"GET to your room," Juanita ordered sternly, pointing to the open door.

The Marquesa was stammering, "I only—what do you mean? I only came—" She could think of no excuse just now, in either Spanish or English. Another minute and she would have been in bed. She had unlocked and examined every drawer in the room. Apparently Juanita wanted no explanation. The Marquesa caught her purple kimono together and padded to her room, Juanita snapping out the light and following her.

Back in their room Juanita spoke again. "Put on your clothes."

"My—*clothes?*"

"*Ciertamente*. We are leaving."

The Marquesa faced her with lowered brows. "You can't do this," she said. "Besides, I was only looking for some sleeping powders. The maid said Mrs. Belaise kept them in the chest. Look here," as Juanita seemed unmoved by this explanation, "you're as much in this as I am. Anything you accuse me of, you accuse yourself of, too. Do you understand?"

Juanita was flinging the Marquesa's belongings into a bag. Her own bag had not been unpacked.

"We are leaving in five minutes," she remarked. "If you are dressed in that time, well and good. If not—"

At the end of five minutes the Marquesa had done no more than find her purse and put on her slippers. Juanita threw the red velvet cape about the Marquesa's kimono.

She opened the door and, as the Marquesa stood stolidly, "Will you go," she asked in a low voice, "or shall I call Mr. Stanard? I'd rather not, but I will."

The Marquesa went out the door, accepting one of the bags. She followed Juanita through the hall, down the stair, out the front door. In the street Juanita led the way toward town, watching for a taxi, the Marquesa stepping gingerly in her jeweled heels, striking the bag against the fences. After three blocks a taxi passed, and Juanita, hailing it, pushed the Marquesa aboard. "To the Tijon Hotel," she told the driver.

"My trunk!" whimpered the Marquesa, relieved nevertheless to know that their destination was only the hotel. Their trunks had followed them by train. It was a mere matter of telephoning the expressman. Juanita did not trouble to reply.

Flying through the quiet streets, her mind went back over the events that she understood in a breath as she beheld the Marquesa crouched against the chest. The necklace . . . The letter in code . . . The telephone call in which the Marquesa had mentioned the presence of the Fouchés in Biloxi on the very night that their house was entered and robbed . . . The robbery of the Stevens' home . . . the robbery of the Dubois's . . .

Juanita recalled what had seemed evidence of mere ill-bred curiosity on the Marquesa's part, an interest in the plans of houses they had visited, in doors and where they led, panels and cupboards and safes. It had disgusted her, nothing more. She had known people like that before. Inquisitive, meddlesome people they were, but not thieves or the tools of thieves. Even tonight she might not have suspected the Marquesa, or not have realized her office in so swift a flash, had she not remembered Nelly's jewel case being taken from that chest; had she not recalled also Madame Fouché's telling the Marquesa that Nelly kept her jewels there. Madame's conversation with the Marquesa had been in French, but Juanita had understood enough to remember now. The conversation had been quite audible at that point, and both she and Adrian had listened with interest.

The Marquesa had seemed incredulous at the time. Had she actually come later to believe that Nelly would leave the gems in the drawer during her absence? Probably the Marquesa had ascertained that they were not in Biloxi, was looking tonight only on the chance that they might be here. Juanita was convinced that the Marquesa herself would not rob, or assist in robbing, a house while living in it. Her stricken face had proclaimed her guilt, but undoubtedly she was searching the place only that she might report to her confederates —Divitt, Umberto, of course—Gabreau—Molly.

Juanita closed her eyes. Molly. Molly who had seemed so kind . . . "I've been blind," she thought. How could she have believed that Divitt and Molly were merely giving her a vacation? . . . Juanita laughed, her hand at her throat. The Marquesa looked up crossly.

The taxi had crossed Canal, had entered the dim and narrow precincts of Royal Street, halted before the Tijon. The driver carried in her bags, for the hotel seemed asleep. Juanita waited for [*Turn to page 102*]

**Your choice**

- Asparagus
- Bean
- Beef
- Bouillon
- Celery
- Chicken
- Chicken-Gumbo
- Clam Chowder
- Consommé
- Julienne
- Mock Turtle
- Mulligatawny
- Mutton
- Ox Tail
- Pea
- Pepper Pot
- Printanier
- Tomato
- Vegetable
- Vegetable-Beef
- Vermicelli-Tomato

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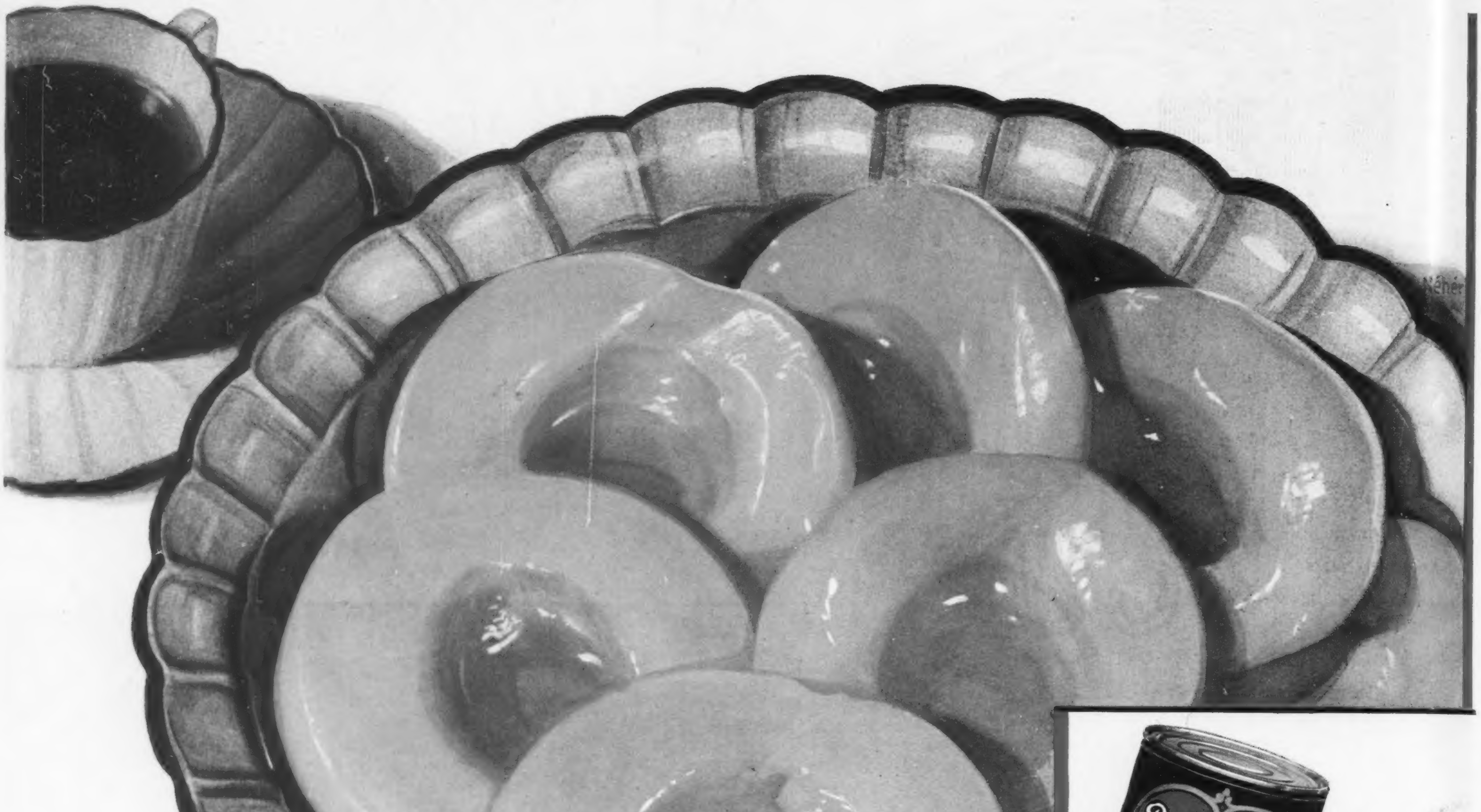

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# It isn't the time you've spent on dessert . . . . . . *it's the welcome it gets that counts!*

And what a welcome Del Monte Peaches *always* get! What a welcome this tempting fruit deserves!

Grown in California's finest peach orchards, under Del Monte's expert supervision, selected in the orchards for appearance and flavor—only the finest sun-ripened fruit ever comes to Del Monte canneries. Yet even then, scarcely *half* of this orchard-selected fruit is good enough to meet Del Monte's high requirements! Only the very pick of the crop—canned in just the right degree of pure, delicious syrup—comes to your table under this brand.

Here's a real treat for any meal, alone or in dozens of easy-to-prepare desserts and salads. The last word in fresh, inviting flavor. And so convenient, so economical, you'll want to enjoy them again and again.

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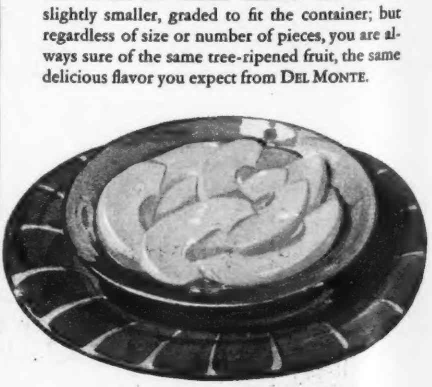
"Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Serve Them"—it's called. With it we'll send the Del Monte Fruit Book and five other useful Del Monte books and folders. All free of charge. Just drop a card, today, to Dept. 643, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

***Convenient sizes of containers***

Del Monte packs both Peach Halves and Sliced Peaches. Both come in four sizes of cans. In the large No. 2½ can (30 oz. net weight fruit and syrup) you can purchase three different sizes of Peach Halves—Banquet Halves (colossal fruit), Melba Halves (extra-large fruit) and Regular Halves (large fruit). The number of pieces in the can, of course, varies according to the size of fruit. The No. 2 can (20 oz.), No. 1 can (16 oz.) and Buffet can offer real convenience for smaller families. The fruit is slightly smaller, graded to fit the container; but regardless of size or number of pieces, you are always sure of the same tree-ripened fruit, the same delicious flavor you expect from Del Monte.

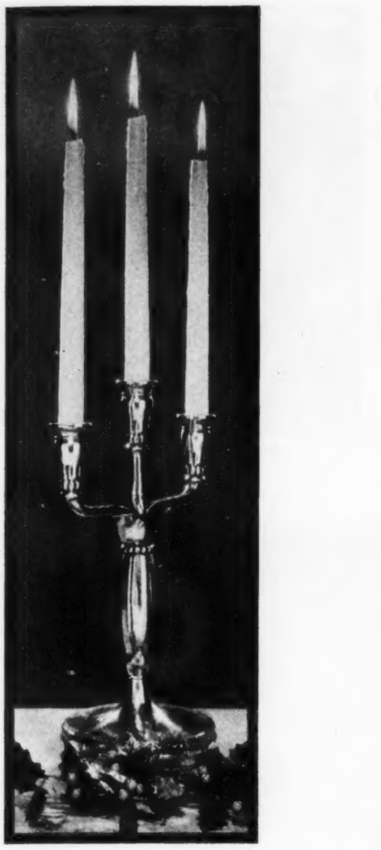


# DEL MONTE *Peaches*

# ALL KINDS OF YULETIDE FEASTS

## By Sarah Field Splint

Director, McCall's Department of
Foods and Household Management



ONCE upon a time there was a family whose children had married and settled down in homes of their own. And as they were all very fond of each other, each of them wanted to have Christmas dinner at his (or her) house and invite all the others to it.

Well, as you can imagine, a discussion started, which might have turned out quite unhappily if their mother hadn't had an inspiration.

"Let's *all* have a party," she said. "Suppose, Jim, that you and Elizabeth ask the whole family to supper on Christmas Eve; then all of you come to your Father and me for Christmas morning breakfast; and you other two children decide between yourselves which meal you'd rather invite us to—Christmas dinner or supper."

Of course, not all families would want to follow their plan, but *every* family wants to have at least one gala meal at Christmas time. So here are five menus, and there's a sixth on page 56. Take your choice—and a merry, merry Christmas!

### CHRISTMAS EVE SUPPER

The foods planned for this meal are special but simple, merely suggesting the treats in store for the morrow.

Cream of tomato soup
Scalloped oysters or Veal and ham pie*
Watermelon pickle Celery Peas
Hot cheese biscuits
Spiced peaches Coffee Raspberry roll

### CHRISTMAS MORNING BREAKFAST

This is a wholesome, appetizing breakfast, not too hearty to spoil appetites for the real event of the day.

Grapefruit in chilled orange juice
Oatmeal with raisins and dates
and heavy cream
Broiled country sausages
Doughnuts Coffee Honey

### DINNER—MENU 1

Simplicity is the keynote for the main dishes, but the accessories can be as elaborate as your fancy dictates.

Hors d'oeuvres*
Consommé with whipped cream
Hot bread sticks Celery hearts Queen olives
Roast stuffed turkey, giblet gravy
French potatoes* Baked parsnips* or Squash puff*
Cranberry jelly Mixed nuts
Asparagus salad, piquante*
Plum pudding with golden sauce*
Marrons glacé Black Coffee Green Mints

### DINNER—MENU 2

This menu is for the homemaker whose time and income are limited. Most of the preparation can be done a day or two before Christmas.

Vegetable soup
Olives Celery Crisp crackers
Roast fresh ham,* brown gravy
Pineapple slices Cranberry jelly
Baked potatoes Braised whole carrots
Hot apple pie with cheese
Salted peanuts Coffee Hard candies

### CHRISTMAS NIGHT SUPPER

A light meal to which relatives and friends drop in and drink to Health and Happiness in Christmas Wassail.

Tomato juice cocktail
Cold sliced Virginia ham Potato and olive salad
Crusty rolls Mustard pickles
Vanilla ice cream or Coffee mousse*
Wassail* Fruit cake

## *Roast Fresh Ham*

1 leg pork (fresh ham)
2 onions
4 tablespoons fat
1½ teaspoons salt
⅓ teaspoon pepper
3 cups soft bread crumbs
1 large tart apple

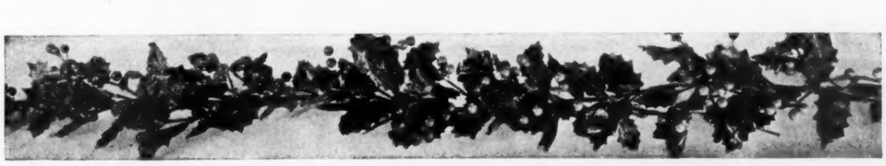
Have the butcher bone the leg of pork and remove the skin. Score the fatty side of meat in small squares and sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour. Chop one onion fine and fry in fat until a delicate brown. Add salt, pepper, bread crumbs and grated apple and mix well. Put the stuffing in the meat and tie twine around to keep the stuffing in. Slice the other onion and lay in bottom of roasting pan. Put the meat in pan with a little hot water. Roast in a very hot oven (525° F.) 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate oven (375° F.) and cook until tender, basting occasionally. Allow 25 minutes to a pound. When ready to serve, insert small grapes or cranberries at intersections where the meat has been scored. Arrange pineapple slices around roast and place individual molds of cranberry jelly on the slices.

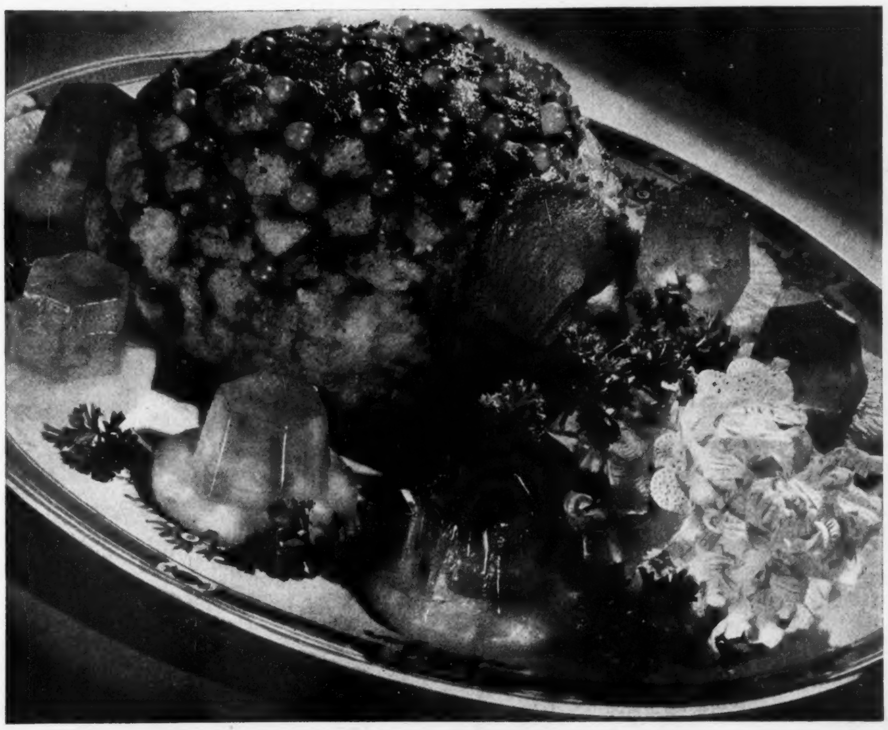
## *Veal and Ham Pie*

1½ lbs. veal, shoulder
1 lb. ham
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 bay leaf
1 onion, sliced
6 tablespoons flour
3 cups broth
2 hard cooked eggs
Pastry

Cut veal and ham in small pieces and cover with boiling water. Add pepper, bay leaf, and onion and cook slowly until meat is tender—about ¾ of an hour. Mix flour to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Add to the broth (water in which the meat was cooked) and bring slowly to the boiling point, stirring constantly until thick. Add meat and more salt, if needed. Pour into a shallow casserole and arrange thin slices of egg on top. Cover top with pastry and prick well with fork to allow steam to escape. Bake in a quick oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 400° F. and bake 20 minutes longer.

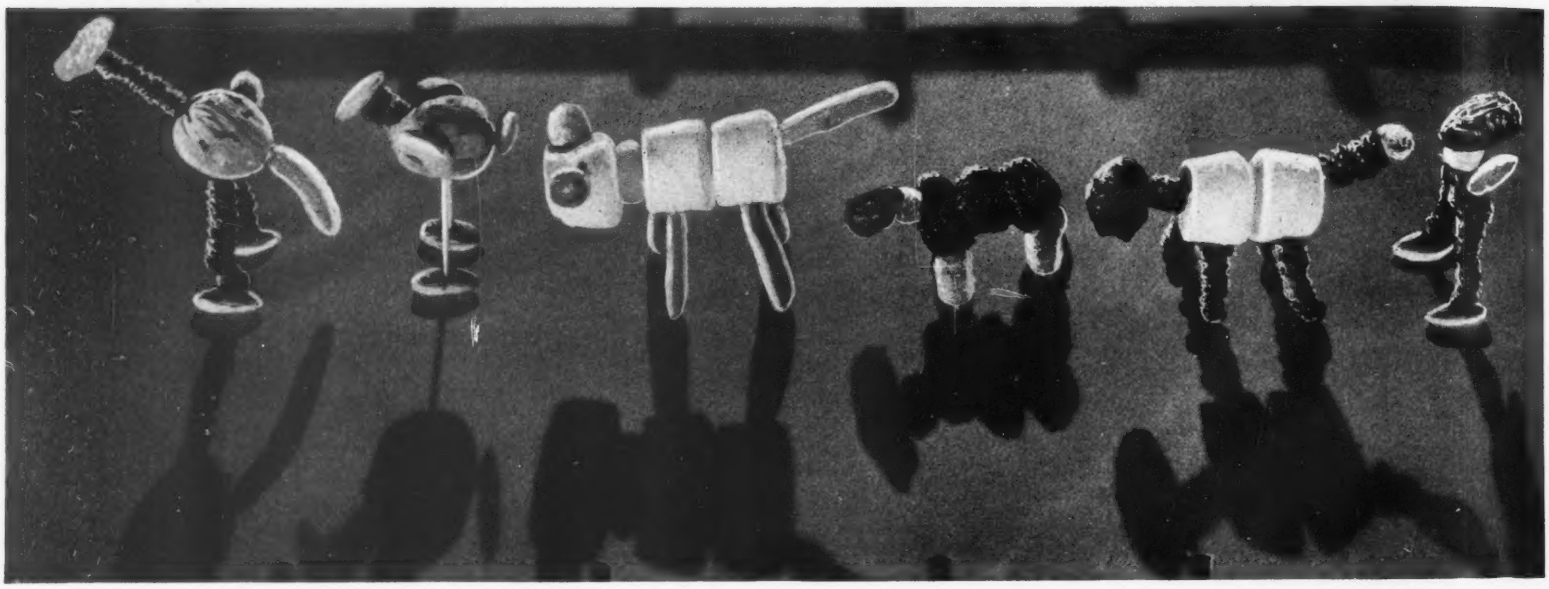
[*Turn to page 32*]





*Roast fresh ham is decorated with grapes and garnished with pineapple slices and jelly*

# PARTY SURPRISES FOR CHILDREN



IT TAKES so very little to delight the heart of a child . . . . a new dress, a paper hat, amusing favors. And though it is many years since we were children, we must confess that these foods in party dress enchant *us*.

The tiny Christmas tree cut from green pepper immediately transforms the simple dish of Chicken in Rice Ring *(upper left)* into something interesting and new.

Orange and Marshmallow Whip *(upper right)* is always a favorite, but it is the orange basket with the jagged edge that makes this dessert irresistible.

The funny animals-on-parade *(center)* have not escaped from the zoo. They are quite harmless and very appealing, for they are made of raisins, marshmallows, gumdrops, and nuts. It is our guess that the children will find them too entertaining to eat . . . . for a while, anyway.

At the *lower left* we have a Candlestick Salad which may be served as a dessert with a pineapple dressing, or as a salad with a French dressing made of lemon juice and oil. A frill of lettuce, a slice of canned pineapple, half a banana with a cherry perched on top, a curve of green pepper for the handle—and there you are.

But it is the Ice Cream à la Cart *(lower right)* that delights us most. Gumdrop rings make the wheels, a graham cracker becomes the sturdy chassis, a paper cup decorated with red crêpe paper is the body, and two animal crackers bravely draw the load of pistachio ice cream. Wait until the children learn that the cart may be eaten, too!

*All these foods in party dress are simple to prepare . . . . and such fun. We will be glad to send you recipes and explicit instructions for making the animals. Write to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, Dayton, Ohio, enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage, and ask for our free leaflet,* PARTY SURPRISES.

# *Thanks to* 2 famous ingredients..

## red, chapped hands *smooth and white for evening. . . .*

Smooth Jergens Lotion on when you dress for the evening. It makes your hands adorably soft and white.

THE TWO MOST effective ingredients known to science for softening and whitening the skin—combined in one marvelous preparation!

A wonderful healing power, instantly soothing to a skin that is the least bit chapped. That is what you find in Jergens Lotion.

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Because of its marvelous whitening quality, many women use Jergens Lotion regularly on their neck, shoulders and back to keep the skin fine-textured, appealingly white. And they say, because of the way it smooths the skin, it's wonderful as a powder base.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today and see what comfort and loveliness it brings to your skin in cold weather. How it keeps your hands adorably soft and white all winter! Relieves them instantly from chapping! Jergens Lotion is fifty cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Economical size $1.

FREE.. *new trial bottle • beautiful booklet!*

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Facial Soap

### *Gift Box for Men*

*For Husbands... Brothers... Fathers!* Protection against chapping—this gift package of shaving luxuries. Woodbury's Shaving Cream, Talc and Soap (guest size) and a bottle of soothing Jergens Lotion to smooth on the face after shaving. Or the box may be obtained with Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion instead. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters, $1.

Jergens Lotion

## Jergens Lotion

***LEAVES NO STICKINESS***

# ONE PORTION OF PARADISE

[*Continued from page 21*]

matrons. In the hotel lounge she sat down to catch her breath. At three o'clock she was still waiting. She bought an afternoon paper, and read it through. With a flash of indignation at missing the sunshine, she strolled out into the street; five minutes later she rushed back, for fear she should miss Tim. But there was no Tim to miss.

Couples were meeting now for tea; and still he didn't come. He must have been run over and killed; nothing else would have kept him like this. She was as good as a widow, then; she would never, never marry anyone else.

At five minutes before five, he came. A little hurried, but beaming all over as he sank into a chair beside her. "Such luck, Margot! That promotion is actually coming through!"

"But where have you been?" demanded Margot.

"At the office, of course. Talking things over with the big boss."

"Haven't they any telephone at your office?"

"I kept thinking he'd finish with me in a minute. But he kept going into more and more details. I'm to be out of town a good deal, but, of course, that's good experience."

Good experience? Didn't he realize it would take him away from her? She tried to make her voice sound cordial. "You've earned your raise, Tim."

"I'm to have a hundred and twenty-five a week now. And this is just the first step. One of these days I'll be earning real money. Oh, that reminds me!" He plunged a hand in his pocket. "Don't I owe you something this minute?"

"Never mind that now," began Margot.

But Tim thrust a five-dollar bill at her. "Thank goodness, this'll be the last of that," he said. "No more loans now, and no more debts."

She had always admired his scrupulousness in repaying her; but she had liked lending him money. Why hadn't he taken it as she meant it, instead of thanking goodness that those days were over? Margot had had no lunch, and her head was beginning to ache. Her first relief at seeing Tim was swallowed by resentment. He hadn't even said he was sorry for her wasted afternoon.

Only a week ago the two of them had been young and poor and boundlessly in love. All at once those dear careless days were buried under a mountain of dullness. And Tim was stamping on the grave. "When you feel hungry for dinner, say so," he announced complacently. "We'll go to a decent place tonight, to celebrate."

A decent place! He meant one of those places where you ate your money, and it choked you. Margot had got over being hungry, even if she could have swallowed past the lump in her throat.

"The first thing I want to do is save some money, and get ahead of the world," he went on. "I've had enough of being poor."

"Has it been so bad?" asked Margot forlornly.

"Oh, you've been a good sport! I wouldn't have blamed you, if you'd ditched me for some fellow who could take you around decently."

"I never added you up in dollars and cents."

"You couldn't," said Tim. "It's been a cut-rate courtship. But now we can tell people we're engaged and begin to make real plans—"

REAL plans!" The words echoed in Margot's head like a brass gong. And "Tell people we're engaged!" They two, who had sat together in a crowd, with their arms just touching, and mysteriously grown one—they must go around proclaiming that they were "engaged," as if that was anything! They, who had dipped deep in Paradise, and looked down on everybody just for not being *them*, must begin to "make real plans," and "do things decently."

Margot seethed inwardly; and Tim, conscious that something was wrong and not knowing what it was, planned more and more definitely for their future! As if any girl wanted to begin a new life by stamping the beautiful old one to bits!

Yet he was Tim, and she loved him. When, in the taxi he insisted on taking, he ran out of plans, Margot began to love him again. And when they stood together at her door, in the quiet of late night, he laid his cheek against hers, with one of his old dear tricks. All his dear tricks were old, but new again each time. A half-portion is better than no Paradise at all. "Tomorrow!" she whispered.

"I'm not sure about tomorrow. I'm supposed to telephone the general manager at his house. I'll have to go all over with him what the big boss said today," began Tim brightly.

Margot bit her tongue and cut him short. "Tomorrow I have an engagement to go motoring."

"Not in the evening, have you?"

"Yes," she lied and waited to be teased out of it.

But Tim didn't say, "Break it!" He said, "Then I'll call you during the week."

It happened that she did go motoring the next day; Mrs. Staunton's bachelor brother telephoned early in the morning. He was a likable soul, and the very fact that she wasn't in love with him made him easy to get on with.

Wednesday Tim telephoned to explain how busy he'd been, and to ask her for dinner Thursday evening. Margot said she couldn't make it Thursday. She could have—this was discipline.

"Then Saturday. The usual time and place," said Tim, taking her consent for granted.

Saturday morning saw a sunlit world—spring had decided to stay a while. Through the scramble of the crowded half day, Margot hummed to herself; yet once or twice a little line came between her eyebrows. And she had gone back to her green costume. The heavenly blue hadn't brought her any luck.

Just as she was putting on her hat, the phone rang. It was Tim. "Margot, about this afternoon—"

*The Curfew Shall Not Ring*

*on the night*
*of the day*
*you get your*

McCALL'S
1931

*for there's*

YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN TO A MOTHER

*(which we all know by this time) a story of two young things—how they loved each other madly behind a curtain of hate; by Fannie Kilbourne, and—*

IT HAPPENED IN PARIS

*You will say, given the time and the place and the girl, it* MIGHT *have happened anywhere else. But we'll take Reita Lambert's word for it that Paris is still the mother of romance. Then comes*

CONDEMNED

*Shirley Seifert's story of a woman who loved one man too little and another too much. Followed by*

A PATCH OF SUNLIGHT

*A peep into the dazzling underworld in which you share the keyhole with Octavus Roy Cohen*

FOUR IMPORTANT STORIES
FOR ONE IMPORTANT EVENING

"Yes, Tim! I'm just leaving."

"I'm afraid I can't make it this afternoon, Margot."

"You mean you'll be late?"

"I'm leaving for Chicago on the Twentieth Century. The new job, you know."

Margot's smile faded; she calculated ahead from Saturday afternoon. "Do they work in Chicago on Sunday?"

"I want to get there well in advance, and get all set. I've a big week ahead of me."

"Indeed?" asked Margot icily.

"You'll see me off, won't you? I'll be on the first section; pulls out at 2:45. Meet me near the—"

Margot didn't say she wouldn't. She simply hung up.

The telephone rang several times after that, but she made a face at it and ignored it. Going into her room, she threw herself upon the bed and cried. The sound of the telephone bell came faintly through the closed door. She buried her head in the pillow and went on crying.

But there was no sense to this. She got up, changed her dress, touched up her make-up, put on her hat. She went out into the spring sunshine, but it neither warmed nor brightened her. He could just as well have left Saturday night, or even Sunday morning. It wouldn't have been so bad, even, if he had let the suggestion come from her. But to just calmly—!

She hated the sunshine; she took refuge from it at a matinée. When she was half-way up the gallery stairs, she reflected that she might as well have sat downstairs today—no one's feelings had to be spared.

But she sat alone, where she had so often sat with Tim. Alone, incredibly alone; she might as well get used to it. The deadly chill crept down from her head to her heart.

SHE emerged into a world lighted like a million Christmas trees, with just a touch of dying day in the western sky. Her lips were set. Her mind was made up. She must wait to announce her decision till Tim got back from a "good week's work" in Chicago. But this was no longer a quarrel. It was a definite breach.

Her feet were taking her toward the "usual place," though the "usual time" was long past. When she discovered where she was going, she gave a single sob. Then, indignantly, she went on. This was like a visit to a cemetery; here she could ceremoniously say goodbye to the beautiful past, and admit that, outside of her own mind, it hadn't existed anyhow. He never had cared. Not as she cared.

She sailed into the lounge, where women were already beginning to meet other women for dinner. In Margot's usual chair a girl sat smiling up at a young man, as if he could bring her Paradise in his bare hands.

The knife was turning in the wound, and Margot wished she hadn't come in. But she forced herself to march clear to the other end, where strangers sat in her place. She might as well get used to the company of ghosts.

She almost fell over the feet of one, and murmured "Sorry" without ever glancing at him. The ghost drew back his long legs, and then surprisingly called her by name. In every man's voice she still heard echoes of Tim's. Margot turned impatiently.

There *was* Tim, springing to his feet and looking down at her. But Tim was on the Twentieth Century, speeding through the center of the state. Margot was seeing things.

"I've waited all afternoon," he said, in a perfectly life-like voice. "I've called your office, and I've called your apartment, and I've come back here twenty times, just on the chance—"

"A slim chance!" said Margot. "I don't even know why I came here—"

"Well, you did come." He slipped a hand under her arm, as if he feared that she might take to her heels. She had scarcely got her breath again when they were outside, and he was signaling a bus.

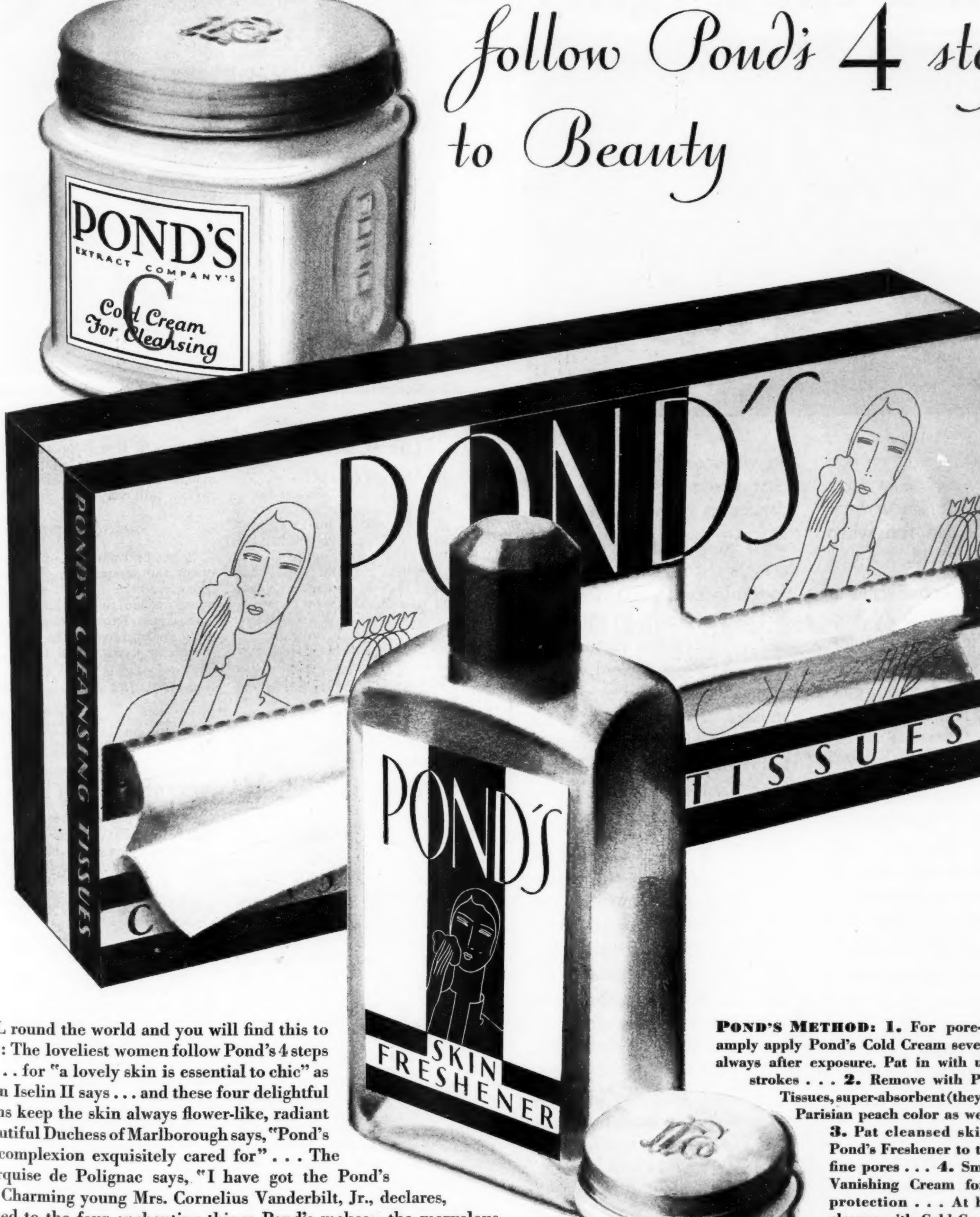
They climbed aloft, and the bus lumbered forward. The last glow of day had died in the western sky, and Fifth Avenue was lighting up softly. "Did you miss your train?" asked Margot.

"I let it go. You rang off on me without a word of explanation, and you weren't at the train."

Margot drew a long breath, and prepared to let him have it. "Too bad you upset your arrangements. But I may as well tell you now as later—"

[*Turn to page 33*]

# The Loveliest Women in the World... follow Pond's 4 steps to Beauty



TRAVEL round the world and you will find this to be true: The loveliest women follow Pond's 4 steps to beauty . . . for "a lovely skin is essential to chic" as Mrs. Adrian Iselin II says . . . and these four delightful preparations keep the skin always flower-like, radiant ... The beautiful Duchess of Marlborough says, "Pond's keeps my complexion exquisitely cared for" . . . The lovely Marquise de Polignac says, "I have got the Pond's habit!" . . . Charming young Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., declares, "I'm devoted to the four enchanting things Pond's makes—the marvelous Two Creams, the exquisite Tissues, the invigorating Tonic" . . . Pretty Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II says, "Just the four steps of Pond's Method, faithfully followed every day and never omitted, will keep one's skin smooth, fresh and clear" . . . Your own experience will prove this . . . Swift, simple, scientific, Pond's Method assures the pore-deep cleansing, the gentle bracing and toning, the exquisite protection from wind and weather that are essential to preserve the youth and beauty of your skin.

**POND'S METHOD: 1.** For pore-deep cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes . . . **2.** Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, super-absorbent (they come in the new Parisian peach color as well as white) . . . **3.** Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to tighten, tone, refine pores . . . **4.** Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection . . . At bedtime, always cleanse with Cold Cream and Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PRODUCTS

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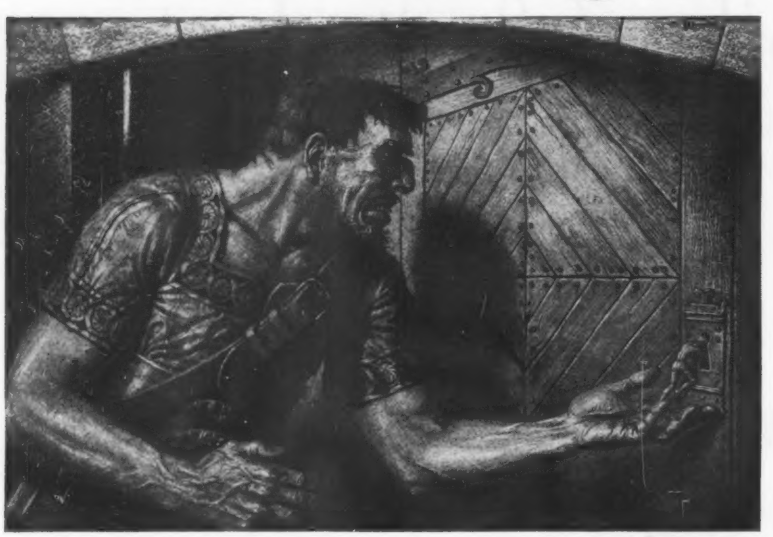

# The Giant and the Pygmy

© 1930 M. L. I. CO.

EITHER from your own personal experience or from observation you know how miserable one can feel when suffering from a cold.

Of course you know some of the causes—chilling drafts, wet feet, over-fatigue, balky digestion, or an invading germ. You know it is harder to fight a cold when you are run-down. Keep yourself fit.

For the sake of your own personal comfort you want to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time. For your own personal safety and that of your friends you *ought* to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time.

There are many different kinds of colds—hard to distinguish one from the other. All of them are threats and one leads to another.

The original cold, if not promptly cured, breaks down resistance and is sometimes followed by a second cold more stubborn and oftentimes more treacherous than the first. The mucous membrane of the nose and throat is so weakened by Cold No. 1 that the way is opened for dangerous germs to enter.

Cold No. 1 is the Pygmy that crawls through the keyhole and unlocks the door for Cold No. 2, the Giant, to enter. In fact, to carry the picture further, the Pygmy Cold, which may be nothing worse than snuffles, a slight cough, a bit of an ache or a pain, may be followed by any one of several Giant Colds—influenza, pneumonia or tuberculosis.

Take no chances the next time that symptoms of catching a cold are shown by you or someone in your family. Consult your doctor and dispose of the Pygmy quickly, before he can open the door for the Giant. At such a time a skilful doctor is your best ally and you will be wise in following faithfully his orders.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail free, its booklet, "Just a Cold? Or"—to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department 1230-M.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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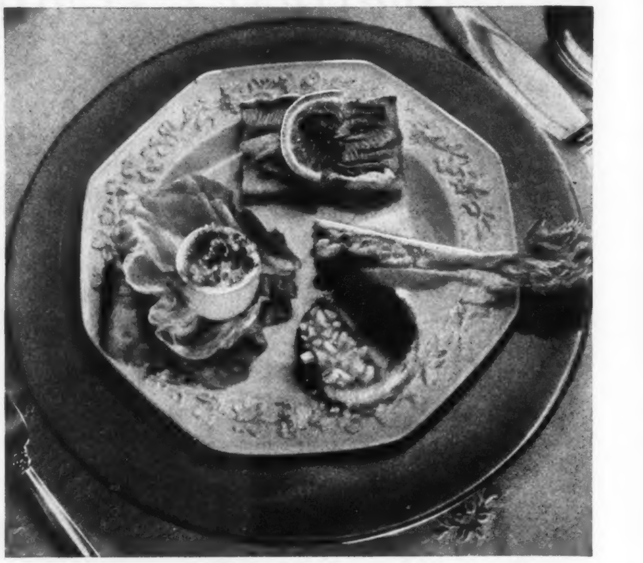
## ALL KINDS OF YULETIDE FEASTS

[*Continued from page 27*]



*Assorted appetizers, prepared in advance, are a practical first course*

### *Hors D'Oeuvres*

Cut hard cooked eggs in halves. Remove yolks and mash. Season highly with salt, pepper, cayenne and mustard. Beat in mayonnaise and whipped cream until mixture is very light. Pile into the whites and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve on crisp lettuce.

Lay large skinless sardines on oblong pieces of toast. Add a drop or two of lemon juice and one of Worcestershire. Sprinkle with chopped pimiento.

Cut small circles of bread and sauté in butter until brown. Cover ½ of the circles with minced onion and the other half with caviar. Lay a thin strip of green pepper between the two mixtures.

Serve one of each appetizer on a plate. Garnish with sprays of parsley and thin slices of lemon.

### *Coffee Mousse*

½ tablespoon gelatine
2 tablespoons water
½ cup strong, clear coffee
2 cups cream
Few grains salt
½ cup powdered sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water 10 minutes, add hot coffee and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Cool until mixture begins to thicken. Add salt and sugar to the cream and whip until stiff. Add coffee mixture and vanilla and mix well. Turn into a mold and cover tightly. Pack in 1 part salt to 2 parts cracked ice and let stand 4 hours. Or put in trays of electric refrigerator.

### *Squash Puff*

Select a fine, dry Hubbard squash. Cut in pieces and remove seeds. Steam until soft. Scrape from the shell and mash until smooth. Season with salt, pepper and a little sugar. Add enough cream to get a nice consistency and beat until fluffy. Set in oven to heat.

### *French Mashed Potatoes*

Wash and pare potatoes and boil in salted water until tender. Drain and dry over a low fire, shaking gently. Mash until free from lumps and season with butter, milk, salt, pepper and a dash of nutmeg. Whip with a wire whisk until very light and frothy.

### *Baked Parsnips*

Select firm parsnips of uniform size, wash and scrape them. Parboil until slightly tender but not soft. Arrange them around turkey during last hour of roasting. Bake, basting occasionally, until golden brown. The parsnips give a delicate flavor to the turkey.

### *Asparagus Salad, Piquante*

½ cup cream
¼ cup catsup
¼ teaspoon salt
Few grains paprika
¼ teaspoon sugar
2 teaspoons lemon
Asparagus tips
Lettuce

Chill all the ingredients thoroughly. Whip cream until stiff. Add salt, paprika, sugar and lemon juice and mix lightly with catsup. Arrange asparagus tips which have been marinated in French dressing, on leaves of crisp lettuce. Pour cream dressing over them.

### *Golden Pudding Sauce*

½ cup butter
1 cup confectioners' sugar
1 egg
2 tablespoons cream
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and add sugar gradually. Add beaten egg and cream and mix well. Add vanilla and beat over hot water until creamy. Serve hot with hot plum pudding.

### *Wassail*

2 qts. cider
½ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons allspice
1 teaspoon ground clove
4 2-inch sticks cinnamon
Juice 4 oranges
Juice 2 lemons
1 cup sugar
4 tart apples

Remove cores from apples and cut in rounds. Bake until tender but not too soft. Add the spices, fruit juice and sugar to the cider and bring to the boiling point. Put the baked apples in a punch bowl and pour the hot cider over them. Serve hot.

### HAVE YOU A CURTAIN PROBLEM?

**We have a booklet which gives just the help you need. It tells how to make curtains and draperies and how to hang them; and discusses the different types of window treatments. It is so complete that we call it *All About Curtains*. Send twenty cents in stamps to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, Dayton, Ohio.**

# ONE PORTION OF PARADISE

[*Continued from page 30*]

"What?" asked Tim. And without waiting for an answer, he kissed her. "It's a week since I've seen you," he whispered.

"Whose fault is that?" thought Margot. Thought it—and didn't say it. For as she sat beside him, their arms were just touching, and the miracle was beginning. They were like one person again. She didn't know which was Margot and which was Tim.

"Did you notice where this bus goes?" she asked, in a small voice.

"Doesn't matter. We've missed the best of the afternoon," said Tim. "But it's afternoon until dinner-time."

"We can let dinner go till we've settled things," said Margot.

"Why?" asked Tim. "What did you want to settle?"

Now she was on the wrong side of the fence; she was talking sense, with one portion of Paradise set out for them, and the spoons all ready for their clutching fingers. "You must know," she said desperately. "Else why did you miss your train—on purpose?"

"Oh, I couldn't go off that way—as if we'd quarreled!"

"As if!" Didn't he realize how close to the precipice they had skated? But he always put things so feebly: "I think Saturday afternoon is the nicest time of the week," he was saying now.

"Nice?" echoed Margot. "It's like Christmas Eve when you were a kid. Christmas Eve—with Santa Claus twins."

Tim had no gift for words; but he too had walked with ghosts that afternoon. Now he dipped his spoon deep in Paradise.

"With you here, and me here," he said, "I guess Santa Claus is triplets."

# ON THE STAGE

[*Continued from page 3*]

pictures will hardly be able to appreciate the humor and the pathos of *Merton of the Movies*. But at least two plays, written by living authors, are perpetuating themselves through a flood of adaptations and imitations. When a new comedy is announced for production, you can be almost certain that its vital dramatic scene will owe something to Shaw's *Candida* or to Colton and Randolph's *Rain*.

EACH playwright made a discovery in psychology which startled the theater-going public and continues to do so. Mr. Shaw, with a single scene, destroyed the masterful man idea so long popular in our plays and fiction. Since then all popular heroes of the stage have been actors of the type calculated to appeal to the maternal instinct. Force had to step aside and give its place to the fugitive charm of the helpless male. Instead of the aggressive matinee idol of another era, we have the clinging oak, and all because Bernard Shaw wrote eloquently to prove that woman is likely to choose the weaker one, if there are two contenders for her love.

The theory upon which *Rain* is based can hardly be called a discovery. After all, to name but a single fictional treatment of the same theme, there was *Thais*. Broadway theater-goers are hardly bookworms, however, and it came to them as a great surprise to be told that religion and physical love may be closely interwoven in a man's emotions. From this it was an easy step to arrive at the kernel of the idea that animates Kenyon Nicholson's exciting play called *Torch Song*. Mr. Nicholson merely had to figure out the proposition, "It is also possible that religion and physical love may be closely interwoven in a woman's emotions." In *Rain* there was a missionary. In *Torch Song* it is a Salvation Army girl.

Moreover, Mr. Nicholson was hardly required to figure out this reversal of the familiar dramatic scheme, for it was employed effectively a few seasons ago in *Bride of the Lamb*. But it is a mistake to assume that a good idea, novel or familiar, inevitably makes a good play. Hundreds of productions die in spite of the fact that they have been built around a fundamentally dramatic scheme. On the other hand, many a success has had no greater plot than may be summed up in the words, "It seems there was a young man who fell in love with a young lady." The background, the mood, the pace, and the invention of incident may be much more vital to success than the basic idea.

Though it may be true that *Torch Song* is built upon a simple foundation, there is much ingenuity in its development. First of all, there is the interesting atmosphere of a small town hotel, with its contingent of lonely traveling men trying to seek lively adventure in soil which seems unpromising. Right at the start, Broadway found a performance which may well endure as one of the best in the whole season. And to add to the interest in such a feat, the actor is a man of middle-age who never before appeared in a New York production. Arthur Hopkins has always been notable among managers for his skill in finding unknown people who fit precisely into the requirements of certain rôles. It may seem a little provincial to speak of an actor as "unknown" simply because he never played in any Broadway theater, but, whatever its other limitations, New York does remain the capitol of the amusement world.

The performer who sprang to metropolitan acclaim in a single evening is Guy Kibbee. He takes the part of a veteran salesman who, at the moment, is traveling for morticians' supplies. It falls to his lot to become the life of the party in the small hotel of the small town. In Mr. Kibbee's career as an actor, beyond the boundaries of New York, he must have visited on many occasions just such a hostelry as the play puts forth. He knows his way about the set. His performance is animated by experience and understanding.

I WOULD also commend the work of Mayo Methot who plays the Salvation Army girl. She acts with fine restraint. At least one spectator accepted wholly the fact that she was a Salvation Army girl and not merely an actress playing at it. Briefly, *Torch Song* concerns a girl in a cabaret who is deserted by a man and turns to religion. By chance they meet a year later and, in an effort to convert him, the girl becomes entangled again. A more or less happy ending is pasted on by having the girl extricate herself immediately and return to her faith. And if you want to know what *Torch Song* means, I can explain that it is a name used for a popular ballad of a sentimental and slightly tragic nature—a song to stir a crowd. The play does that in at least half the time it consumes. Half a good play is much better than none.

FELS-NAPTHA

## . . . and what is that one on the end for?

THAT big package is easy to guess. It's a pair of slippers for Grandpa. Hope they're big enough. And that next gift is a collar-box for Dad. Maybe he'll be able to find a clean collar now without the help of the whole family. Then there are silk stockings for Sally. And a book for Cousin Clara.

But that bar of Fels-Naptha. Of all things! Standing there with those other gifts as though it belonged with them. Surely you're not giving that to Mother? . . . No, I didn't think so. She deserves something expensive and pretty—something sort of luxurious.

But you say that bar of Fels-Naptha is really a gift? For whom? . . . Oh, ye-es. Say, that's cute. And thoughtful, too. Giving the family clothes a Christmas present! That's splendid!

The clothes have done their best under the circumstances. But watch them now! With the good soap and plentiful naptha in Fels-Naptha working together to loosen the dirt and wash it away—the family wardrobe is in for a sure-enough happy New Year.

Mother will be pleased, too, with Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. Clothes clean and white and sweet—without hard rubbing on her part. Dad's shirts will last longer now. Junior will get more mileage out of his rompers. . . Fels-Naptha, move right up to the head of the line! You *are* a gift—even if you're not a Christmas gift!

◆ ◆ ◆

Seriously, we hope that this coming year you'll give *your* clothes the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha's generous bar. You'll get a lovely clean wash without hard rubbing—whether you use washing machine or tub; whether you soak or boil the clothes; whether you use hot, lukewarm or even cool water. And Fels-Naptha will help keep your hands nice! And now . . .

**FELS-NAPTHA HAS A GIFT FOR *YOU!*** Whether you have used Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'd like to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail the coupon with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon — mail it now! © 1930, FELS & CO.

MCC.—12-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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*City* __________ *State* __________

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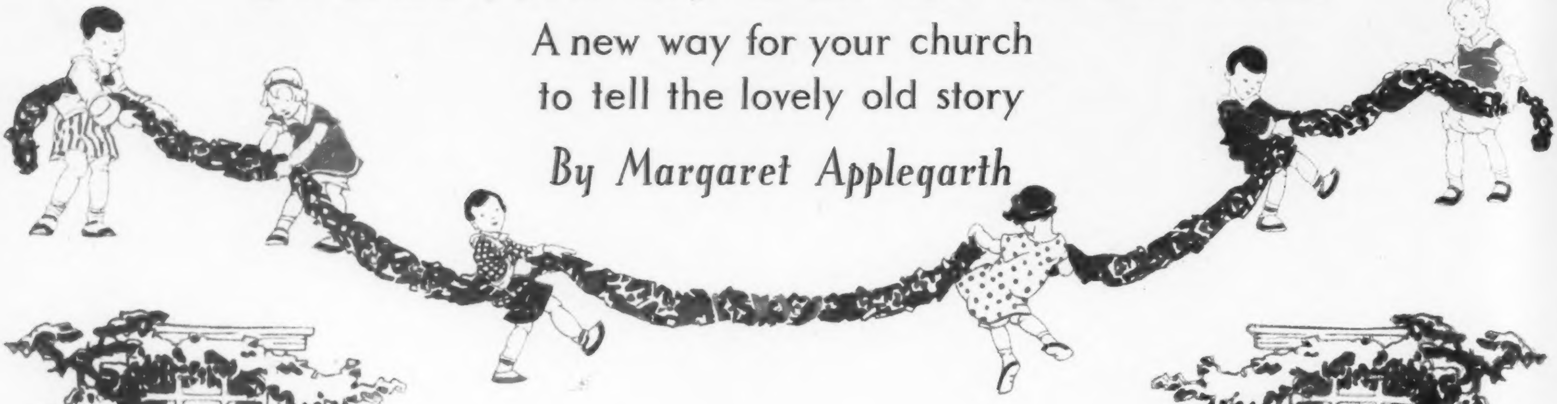
# CHRISTMAS, DEAR FRIENDS



## A new way for your church to tell the lovely old story

### By Margaret Applegarth

PROGRAM

HYMN: "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful"

PRAYER

RESPONSIVE READING: "Mankind's First Christmas Candle" (see page 46)

HYMN: "Hark the Herald Angels Sing"

TALKING TABLEAUX: "When The Christ Child Passed Through"

RECITATION: "The Christmas Street" by Margaret Prescott Montague

SERMON *or*
A CHRISTMAS STORY: "The Legend of the Black Madonna" by Margaret Applegarth

HYMN: "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

BENEDICTION

THE smaller church often feels itself handicapped when it tries to plan services that will make the matchless story of the Christ Child live again for children and grown-ups. Perhaps it is natural that this feeling should exist because the great city churches, with their paid workers and larger funds, can do spectacular things. But often the spiritual effect upon their members is not as deep as in the smaller places where many members of the congregation and Sunday school are called upon to take an active part in the working out of the celebration.

There are many things that the small church can do. The first thought that occurs to me when I think of Christmas, is the decorations; they can be as simple or as elaborate as we choose to make them. And it is a fact that the simpler they are, the more effective, provided real thought and planning have gone into the work.

Avoid indiscriminate scattering of material. One of the easiest and most effective ways of decorating any room, whether it be the church or living room, is to study and follow the architectural lines. If some of the lines are not good, ignore them. But emphasize the good lines strongly and you will have splendid effects. For instance, ropes of evergreen following the lines of windows and doors and twined around pillars give simple dignity to any room.

Greens are still the most abundant and the best material for decorations. They lend themselves well, too, to the making of wreaths and bouquets. Fruit wreaths (like the famous Della Robbia wreaths) are lovely and easily made, using evergreen boughs and small clusters of winter fruits—lady apples, pomegranates, tangerines, small oranges, lemons, kumquats, grapes; or imitation fruit from the ten cent store can be wired in place with marvelous effect. If they are too garish, they can be gilded.

Such wreaths, and those made with winter vegetables (red and green peppers and small cucumbers) are particularly appropriate in Sunday school rooms.

FOR the church itself, wreaths made with greens and dried flowers, seed pods, and pine cones are effective, if used sparingly. Then, of course, there are the bayberry, holly, juniper, and other berries that are indigenous to your section of the country, and that can be used both in bouquets and in wreaths. The pulpit, choir loft, and altar can be given emphasis through a restrained use of ropes of evergreen and the placing of a few very small trees in tubs, the tubs covered with dull green or neutral-colored crêpe paper. But here, as elsewhere, architectural lines should be followed, and grace and beauty attained through balanced placement rather than through overcrowding.

It may seem superfluous to speak of Christmas trees, but there is one beautiful way of using them of which many people do not know. That is the Traveling Christmas Tree, which visits the poor, the sick, and the fatherless. A tree is firmly mounted on an open truck, large enough to accommodate, also, the best singers in the Sunday school. The truck is then driven very slowly to various points in the town that seem most to be in need of Christmas cheer, and one or two carols are sung at each stopping place. It is a particularly happy way of calling on sick members of the school.

MISS APPLEGARTH is an experienced church worker whose inspiring ideas are enriching the spiritual life of many a Sunday School and church. In this Christmas program, prepared especially for McCall's Magazine, she recaptures for a modern audience the tender beauty and deep meaning of that message the Shepherds heard two thousand years ago.—THE EDITORS.

The operation of the Traveling Christmas Tree is simplicity itself. The tree can be trimmed in the conventional manner, with electric lighting sets attached to dry or storage batteries, for which room is made on the truck. Such lighting sets are now made for the outdoor Christmas trees that have become so popular everywhere in recent years. (When buying the equipment for the tree, it should be borne in mind which kind of electric connection is to be used, since the various kinds are wired differently and are not interchangeable.) A really superb effect can be achieved by draping the tree thickly with silver tinsel, permitting it to hang singly or in clusters, the only other decoration being very large silver ball ornaments. For illumination, one or two spotlights could be focused on the tree to bring out the unusual beauty of the decorations.

I spoke of carol singing. Of course, every child should know the old familiar Christmas hymns, but it is just as well to teach the class one or two new carols, quite as old and quite as beautiful as the ones they already know. There are two excellent collections which can be bought for a small price: "World Famous Christmas Songs," compiled and edited by the Reverend George Rittenhouse; and "Sixty Christmas Carols of All Nations," compiled and edited by Eduardo Marzo. Both of these collections have words and music.

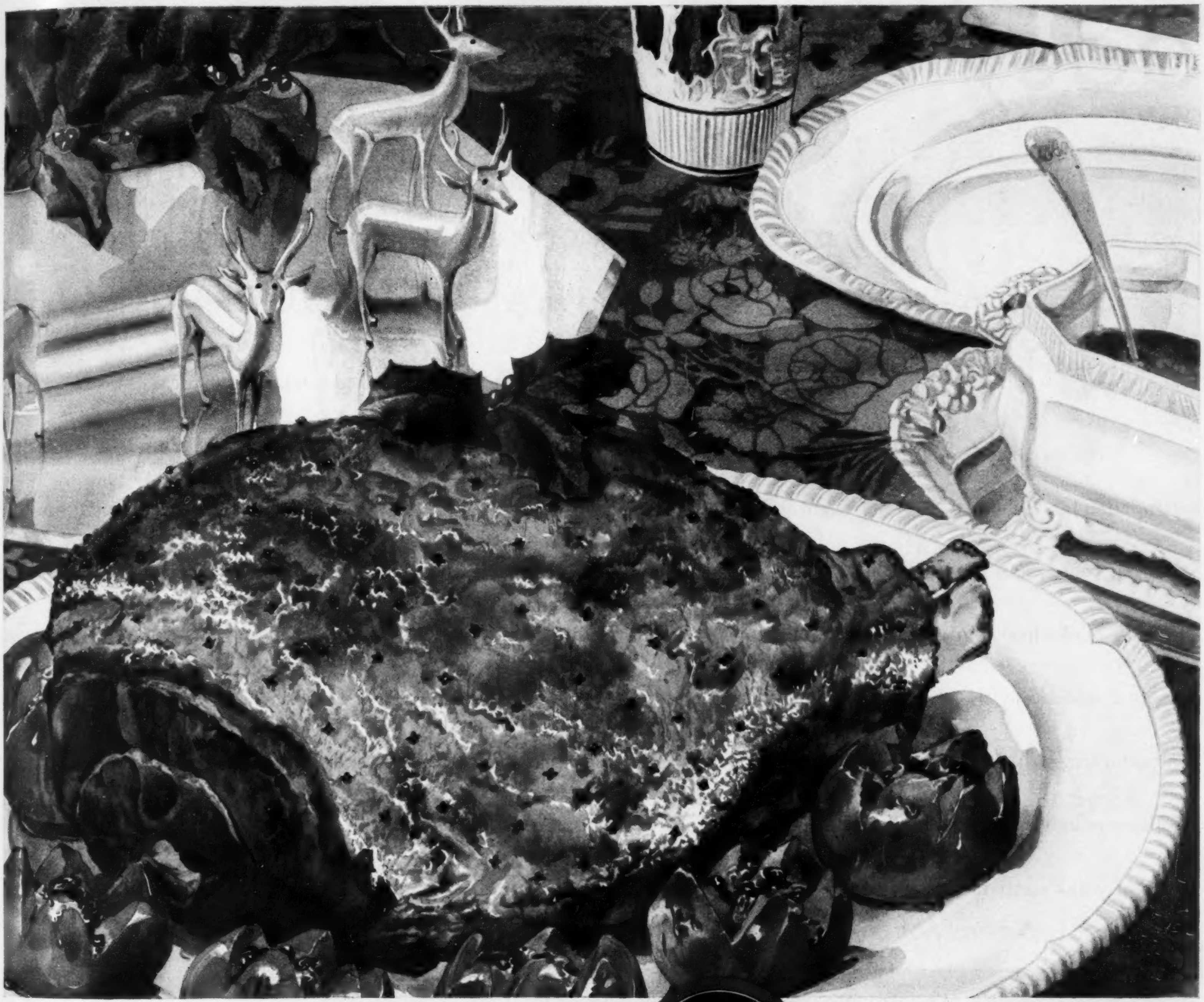
A CUSTOM that is spreading rapidly over the whole country is the making of *crèches* (cribs) or mangers at Christmas time. I can think of no more beautiful way of impressing on children the story of the birth of Christ. A crib may be as large or small, as elaborate or simple, as the teacher chooses. The important thing is that the children be given an intimate part in the making of it.

I saw a beautiful crib, a year or two ago, that was made for a total cost of less than two dollars. The teacher had borrowed from her small niece a doll that had a particularly Madonna-like expression. This doll was draped in blue handkerchief linen (rescued from a scrap-bag) and around her head was banded a white linen handkerchief. When her head was bent, and arms curved about the Child, she made a lovely Mary, straight from an old religious picture. The teacher had already raided a ten cent store and had obtained a small "baby" doll, which she wound, mummy fashion, with white linen and placed in the arms of the larger doll.

Around these figures she built the rest of her simple crib. The ten-cent store also provided the animals—ox, ass, and three woolly white sheep. The shepherds, Wise Men and Joseph were also dolls, gladly and proudly lent by children in the class. Of course, their faces were not exactly right, but by a judicious use of voluminous beards and beautiful flowing costumes on the Wise Men and Joseph, and the placing of shepherds with their faces to Mary and the Child, a reverent and appealing picture was achieved.

The crib itself was a wooden box that had once held canned peaches; but now with one side knocked out and the three remaining walls papered with tan crêpe paper, and the floor strewn with straw, its likeness to the lowly stable was obvious. The costumes were made from bits of brilliant silk such as [*Turn to page 46*]

# For Christmas—Premium Ham, baked this new way!



AN escort squad of cinnamon apples, generously stuffed with mincemeat . . . a rich hot sauce tasting of spices and of currant jelly . . . and then, the Ham itself—golden brown, fragrant, topped with a saucy sprig of holly! A Premium Ham, of course. Mild and sweet and savory as only hams cured Swift's Premium way can be. And this one is prepared according to a special Christmas recipe, given here in full.

Swift & Company

Swift's
Premium
Ham
S
Swift & Company

*Swift's Premium seal—which identifies the largest selling ham in all the world.*

### Christmas Baked Ham

*Place Swift's Premium Ham on rack in roasting pan; add 1 cup water, cover and bake in a slow oven (300°F.) allowing about 20 minutes per lb. Remove from oven, skin ham, stick cloves one inch apart on fat surface. Return to oven and baste with a syrup made by dissolving ½-lb. cinnamon drops in boiling water; boil until smooth, then add a glass of currant jelly and baste ham frequently until surface is well browned (45 minutes). At same time bake half apples, cut as shown here, and baste with cinnamon syrup until done. Then stuff with mincemeat and bake for a few minutes longer. Serve apples around ham on large platter. Serve separately the sauce in which ham was cooked. Garnish with holly.*

# Swift's Premium
## Hams and Bacon

*A welcome gift—and unusual! A Premium Ham, gaily wrapped in special holiday parchment within an attractive re-shipping case, will solve many of your Christmas gift problems. Your dealer will be glad to send one to any address on your list.*

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## to make these real old-fashioned buckwheat cakes with ready-mixed AUNT JEMIMA FOR BUCKWHEATS

The first frosty days . . . how good these old-fashioned buckwheat pancakes taste! • Their tang, their syrup-and-buttery goodness bring back childhood days . . . Memories of mother setting the buckwheat batter the night before, remixing it the next morning . . . Sizzling sausages, steaming coffee, and the promise of that lusty buckwheat "kick" . . . • Now when your husband asks for old-time buckwheats, just add milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats. It will take you exactly *2 minutes* by the clock to mix and bake this boyhood treat! • Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats is Aunt Jemima's famous pancake recipe with just enough choice buckwheat flour added. Mixed, as she did it, in just the right proportions for tender wholesome lightness. • Ask your grocer for Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats (in the yellow package). If it is not wholly satisfactory, your grocer will refund the purchase price. The Quaker Oats Company.

AUN
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BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

NEW RADIO THRILLS!—MORNING—*While you're enjoying your breakfast of Aunt Jemima Pancakes, tune in on the Quaker Man. Every weekday morning at 8:00 to 8:15 Eastern and Central Time.*—EVENING—*And don't miss the coast to coast evening program at 7:30 Eastern Time*

# THE DUDE RANGER

[*Continued from page 8*]

"Pard, I'd not care to win Anne that way," replied Ernest, ponderingly.

"See heah, young fellar, what difference does it make *how* you win a woman, so long as you get her?"

Whatever Nebraskie's philosophy, at times it was unanswerable. As they rode on into the night Ernest fell to revolving his situation. Whatever the angle from which he viewed it, he certainly sustained a thrill. But the actual winning of Anne Hepford's hand had no place in his calculation. In the first place it seemed preposterous: in the second, he did not feel sure that he wanted her. Ernest had bitter misgivings about the girl. He could overlook her father's undoubted iniquity; he could forgive her vanity, her coquetry; but if she had gone too far with other boys, then she was not the girl he wanted to love permanently.

"I better stay away from her," he soliloquized, aloud.

"What's thet?" inquired Nebraskie.

"Gosh, I was talking to myself."

"Wal, reckon you was tellin' the truth then. Heah's the brook, Ioway. We'll turn off into them cedars, hobble the hosses, an' snooze till daylight."

ERNEST arose before break of day, and had the horses in shortly. While he was building a fire Nebraskie awoke.

"Rustle, you lazy hombre," sang out Ernest, cheerfully. "The day's busted and we may find we're tracked."

For breakfast they had fried potatoes, hot coffee, and hard biscuits, and shortly afterward the two of them were mounted and riding out of the cedars to meet the red glow of sunrise. Nebraskie never thought to look back over his shoulder, but Ernest did, more than once. No dust puffs showed back down the long pass. Before the sun got hot they had entered the forest, taking a trail far to the left of the cattle road.

At sunset they camped at Aqua d'Oro Spring, which up to the present, was the wildest and most beautiful spot Ernest had seen.

"Mighty nice rondevoo fer lovers," Nebraskie remarked, sentimentally.

They had supper, unrolled their beds, haltered the horses with a nosebag of grain, after which tasks they climbed up and out on the rim of the cliff that overlooked the valley. Twilight lay shadowy and mysterious beneath them. The slope was a deep blue. Across on the other side red crags stood up, sunset-flushed and marvelously vivid. The silence was profound. Ernest could not detect a single sound, except the beating of his heart. The sweet solitude of that height settled upon him like a restful mantle. He resolved to come to this place often.

Next morning Nebraskie had the laugh on him, for when Ernest awoke, the cowboy was up, and there stood the horses saddled and ready, coffee steamed on the fire, and the bacon was sizzling.

"Mawnin' kid," drawled Nebraskie. "Wake up an' heah the birds. Roll your bed an' get outside some provender. An' we'll rustle down to see what gazaboo has made love to Anne last."

"You're certainly a joy-killer, Nebraskie," taunted Ernest, with a wince.

They were half way down the zigzag trail by the time the sun rose over the eastern foothills. And they got in just as Jeff, the cook, was calling the outfit to breakfast. Ernest leisurely slipped the saddles and turned the horses loose in the corral. When he came back Nebraskie was waiting for him.

"Reckon it's nuthin' to make you feel tight," said that worthy; "but the outfit's sore as a boil. Hawk has a long face. I'll bet two-bits Hepford has been razzin' them."

They went in to breakfast, and straddled the long bench to face some of the cowboys on the other side. Ernest shouted a cheery good-morning to everybody. Shep Davis and Steve Monell replied, as did the foreman, Siebert. But Hyslip, with his cronies, Lunky Pollard and Bones Magill, never even batted an eye. Hyslip could not very well have batted one of his, for it appeared to be hidden in a large black swelling.

"Gee, Nebraskie, but this outfit is plumb glad to have us back," Ernest said, quite loudly.

"Shore we're glad," returned Shep. "We haven't seen a smilin' face fer days."

Hawk Siebert fixed his penetrating gaze upon Ernest.

"You can hitch up the big wagon an' rustle fer Holbrook. I'll give you an order on Babbitt."

"Fine, boss. I sure am de-lighted. It'll be great to see town again. All the stores—and the girls."

"Haw! Haw!" laughed Hyslip, cold and hard, without looking up. It was a mirthless laugh, full of contempt.

"Come back sort of cocky, didn't you?" said Siebert, shrewdly. "What happened over at Blue?"

"We got shot at and chased off the ranch," replied Ernest, laconically, acting upon the cue he and Nebraskie had agreed upon.

"Say, cowboy, you're loco," declared the foreman. "How aboot it, Nebraskie?"

"Fact, boss. An' if you don't believe it I can show you some black and blue shot marks on my legs."

"Shot marks! From a shot gun?"

"Shore. An' before thet we heerd the real old colt slugs zippin' along."

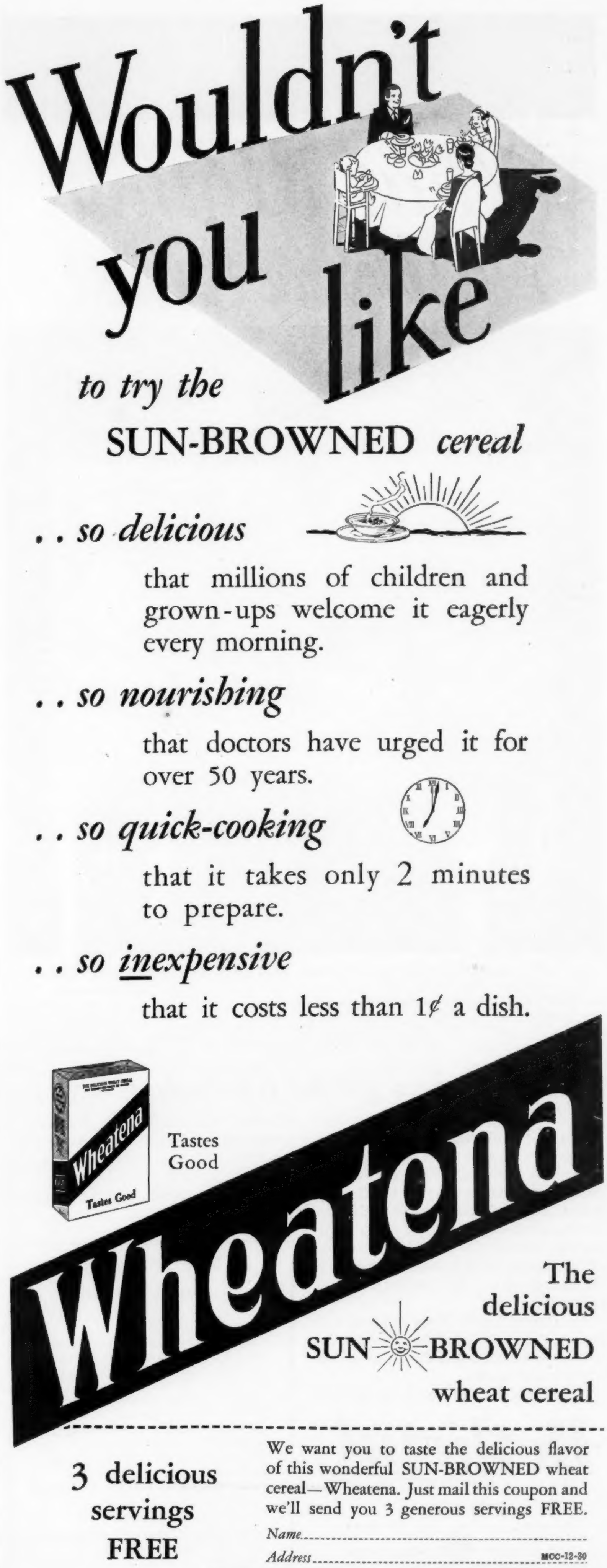
Hawk leaned forward. All the other cowboys were now tensely interested. "What fer? Who shot at you? Why?"

"All fer nuthin', boss," replied Nebraskie, coolly. "Anderson an' his outfit was mean as hell to us all the way across. An' once we got there why they didn't even ast us to get down an' eat."

THAT sort of thing, in the hospitable range country, was to cowmen a heinous omission. More than one muttered curse struck Ernest's ear.

"Wal, Ioway an' me busted into the kitchen anyway an' sat down. They had to feed us. Afterward we was walkin' around the ranch, smokin' an' talkin' aboot our gurls, which my pard shore likes to do, an' we goes by the open door of the ranch-house. Ioway stopped to listen, an' course I did too . . . . Wal, we get ketched an' it was either run or flash guns. So we

[*Continued on page 38*]



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***Surprisingly Economical.*** Less than one cent a meal per person.

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# THE DUDE RANGER

[*Continued from page 37*]

run . . . . Did they shoot at us? Wal, I should snicker to snort they did!"

Siebert banged the table till the cups jumped and clanged. "Nebraskie, what'd you hear them talkin' aboot?"

"Wal, boss," drawled the cowboy, "if you'll 'scuse me, thet's our bizness. It concerns Mr. Hepford, an' when he gets wind of our little fracas an' is aboot to fire us, then we may tell *him.*"

Ernest detected a slight gray shade stealing under Siebert's tan. It made the blood surge through him. The foreman was not blind to Hepford's dereliction, perhaps was a party to it. This occasioned Ernest keen regret. He liked Siebert and did not want to lose him.

"Aw, I see," returned Hawk, slowly, and he certainly controlled whatever it was that had actuated him. "Wal, if it's none of my bizness, I've no more to say."

BUT half an hour later he pushed open the door of Ernest's bunkhouse and, entering, closed it behind him.

"Where's Nebraskie?"

"Wrangling the horses."

"Iowa, suppose you lay the cairds on the table," went on Siebert, brusquely.

"What cards, boss?" inquired Ernest, innocently.

"Them cairds Nebraskie was braggin' aboot."

"Hawk, you've been a good friend to me and I like you," rejoined Ernest, sparring for time.

"Shore I've been your friend, more'n you know. I've kept you on heah, when the outfit was agin it. An' I'm shore goin' to take you an' Nebraskie with me."

Right there Ernest had an inspiration. With gaze hard on the foreman he shot the query: "You're leaving Red Rock soon because Hepford is crooked?"

The shot went home; but Siebert was an old hand on the range. Certain that Ernest knew something, he overcame his slight perturbation.

"Where'd you ever get thet idee, cowboy?" he queried, coolly.

"Nebraskie told me."

"Hell you say! So you're two bright cowpunchers? I told the boss he was makin' a big mistake on this last drive. He cussed me an' told me to run the outfit an' not him."

"Hawk, don't tell me you're in with Hepford on this queer cattle-dealing," said Ernest, his hand going to the older man's shoulder.

"No, by Gawd, I'm not," Hawk cried, as if the words had been dammed up. "I've only been on to Hepford fer a couple of years; an' he's begun to suspect me. Shore, if the new owner of Red Rock would drop in on us sudden like, Hepford would implicate me. An' Iowa, I'd have a hell of a time provin' otherwise. I don't believe I'd risk goin' into court."

"Hawk, whatever kept you stayin' on here, after you were sure Hepford was not a rancher you could respect?"

Siebert laughed, though the red came up in his swarthy cheeks. "Iowa, I was an old fool. Sweet on Anne!"

"For heaven's sake! Not you?"

"Shore. Anne wasn't above bein' nice to me, if there was no other rider aboot. I got over it, Iowa; an' then I jest stuck on heah."

"Hawk, do you think—Anne's absolutely no good?" asked Ernest, his voice breaking.

"Anne's all right—jest boy crazy. If she ever finds the right feller an' gets jarred into knowin' it, wal, she'll be as big an' true as this heah west."

"I'd like to be that fellow," replied Ernest, with a sigh. "But to come back to our senses, Hawk . . . . Now just between ourselves, how could Hepford ever be apprehended on whatever slick deals he's making."

"Wal, I doubt if we could ever *prove* anything," replied the foreman, dubiously. "These court proceedin's aboot cattle most go up in smoke. Talk is cheap. If one witness swears there was two hundred haid of stock sold or stole an' another witness swears there wasn't, where does the court get off? But I'll allow if we could compare the report of this drive Hepford sends back east to the figures we know *right now* it'd be mighty ticklish for Hepford. He'd sweat blood. On the other hand, if weeks an' months went by an' then we compared notes on this last drive, wal, it wouldn't phase him. He's sold a dozen bunches of cattle this summer."

"Humph, he's a track-covering hombre," rejoined Ernest, succinctly.

Nebraskie came tramping in, his eyes bright.

"Ernie, you're elected to be mail-carrier fer Anne. She sent word down by Jeff fer you to call to take her letters. An' aboot some errands, too."

"Anne!"

"Thet's what I said. Don't look as if I'd punched you one in the gizzard."

SIEBERT laughed and went out. Then Ernest dashed speedily into the task of changing, washing and shaving. Never had he covered the distance to the ranch-house in such short time. As he turned out of the pines he espied Anne sitting on the steps. His heart leaped.

Then he did not look up until he stood in front of her. He smiled as he bade her good morning.

"Mawnin', Iowa," she replied. "You look fresh and rosy for an overworked cowboy."

"Oh, I'm fine. Had a good trip. That's wonderful country. Did you ever see Aqua d'Oro Spring?"

"Yes, but not for a long time. It is beautiful. I'd like to ride up again sometime. We'll go someday, when Dad's away."

"I know I'm not one of his favorite riders," replied Ernest, dryly.

"You shore are not. But you're mine," she said, with a bewildering smile. Then she beckoned for him to come up the high steps. "Mail these. Fetch any letters for me, of course. Never mind any others. Dad is fussy aboot his mail. He's going in himself next week. And here's a list of things to buy. All written out with money inclosed."

Ernest received the packet of letters, and the thick envelope, tinglingly conscious of the fact that Anne's cool fingers touched his and were not hastily removed.

[*Continued on page 40*]

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# THE DUDE RANGER

[*Continued from page 38*]

"Anything more?" he asked, looking up at her.

"Well, is there? You're going to town," she drawled, her eyes holding his.

"I'll see—if there is," he rejoined lamely.

"Iowa, I believe you are trifling with my young affections."

Her eyes were full of mischief, and laughter, too.

"*Your* young affections! Gee, that's a good one!"

"What do you mean, sir?" she demanded, instantly suspicious and proud. "I'll have you know there's a vast difference between the mooing of a lot of cowboys and *my* affections."

"I hope so. Well, anyway, *I* didn't moo you," he returned, with a glance as full of pride as hers.

"You bet you didn't, you Iowa railsplitter. Look heah!" She rolled up the loose sleeve of her jacket to expose a beautiful arm, round and firm, the opal whiteness of which was marred by black and blue marks. "You did that!"

"No! . . . Aw, I couldn't have been so rough!" protested Ernest, honestly. "You've got me mixed up with some other—"

ERNEST HOWARD! Say you don't mean that, you don't believe it!" Her words, passionate and ringing as they were, did not convince Ernest, because somehow he had conceived an idea that all her speech was insincere. But her eyes convinced him. They were big, wrathful, different.

"I'm sorry, I don't believe it," replied Ernest, hastily.

"You're the only cowboy who'd dare insult me," she declared, her lips trembling. "That's what I get for—for not fighting you . . . You believe *any* cowboy can take liberties with me!"

"I did," said Ernest, deliberately, his eyes piercing hers.

"Yet you asked me to marry you," she went on, in wonder and scorn. "Shore I should think you wouldn't want a girl who'd been that free."

"I wouldn't; but I could forgive you and forget it."

"Well, sir, you're as mistaken aboot me as I was aboot you," she retorted.

"What'd you take me for, Miss Hepford?" asked Ernest gravely. "That first meeting of ours in Holbrook you're referring to, I'm sure, aren't you?"

"I took you for a tenderfoot country-jake, masquerading as a cowboy."

"And you were perfectly right."

"Shore you're frank aboot it," she rejoined, and again she betrayed her increasing interest in him. "What did you take me for, that day?"

"A wonderful western girl, frank and democratic, free as the winds of her ranges, sincere and genuine as she was beautiful."

"Humph! You shore didn't show any of that opinion . . . And after you got to Red Rock—to see things going on—to heah these tow-haids talk—what'd you take me for *then?*" she asked.

"An insatiable coquette! Vain as a peacock! Dead set to make every male in sight crawl at her feet! Not particular about preserving her charms for the *one* lover who might come to awaken the best in her! . . . A lovely girl who didn't need to be brazen and calculating to make men kneel!"

While Ernest delivered this scathing speech he saw her face go scarlet, and at its close two blazing eyes transfixed him. "I'll never forgive you. I hate you," she cried, and leaping up, graceful as a panther, she ran into the house.

ABOUT midday on the third day out from Red Rock, Ernest drove into town, and found the store where he was to purchase what Siebert had sent him for. The wagon was soon loaded; then Ernest drove back to the corrals on the outskirts, unhitched, watered and fed the horses, after which tasks he repaired to town again.

His next move was to call upon the lawyer Smith, who received him with great interest. They had an hour's colloquy, the upshot of which was that Smith was to write to Ernest's solicitor in the East, and instruct him to send urgent request to Hepford for a report of all cattle sales up to date, and of all other necessary details important to the new owner, who would soon be out to take over the ranch.

After that decision, Ernest sallied forth to make Anne's purchases. In the envelope there were forty dollars in paper money, and a formidable list of articles. What puzzled Ernest most was the last item on the list, if such it could be called. Below the last written word Anne had left a space, then a well-defined dash, and opposite it a question mark.

"What the dickens did she mean by that?" he soliloquized.

After a little Ernest correlated those thought-provoking marks with Anne's reply when he had asked her if there was anything more he could do for her. "Well, is there? You're going to town." What a very significant reply. Transparent as crystal! He laughed. But she had written the list and made her remark before he had offended her so grievously. Nevertheless, Ernest found two enormous boxes of chocolates, wrapped in fancy colored paper and tied with scarlet ribbons. He bought them both, one for Anne and the other for Daisy Brooks, and carried these back to the wagon and stowed them away with the other things.

Then he caught his horses, watered them at the trough, hitched up and drove out of town, just as dusk was falling. He placed a goodly number of miles behind him before he made camp for the night. Next day he drove fourteen hours, with a couple of rests, but as the road was bad his mileage did not mount up considerably. The following day, early in the afternoon, from the top of the hill that looked off into beautiful Red Rock Valley he espied a buckboard, drawn by black horses he knew, coming toward him.

He halted the team at a wide space to let Hepford drive by. The rancher's driver was a Mexican lad, who at a word from his employer, reined in the horses.

"Hello, Howard. You're making a quick trip; Siebert didn't expect you until late tomorrow," said Hepford.

"I didn't stay long in town, sir; and I've been coming easy, camping where I happened to be—driving early and late."

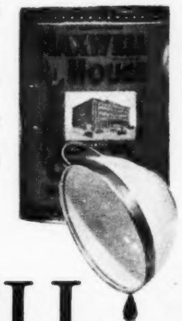
[*Continued on page 44*]

# *Hundreds of* French *and old-time Southern dishes, but only this one* COFFEE!

IN the old days of luxurious living, the proprietors of the old Maxwell House were not content that their guests should enjoy the finest Southern cooking in the land. They desired to also offer them as distinguished a French cuisine as if Nashville were Paris.

And so they prevailed upon Antoine, a famous French chef, to come from New Orleans to Nashville and preside over the immense roasting jack, the gridirons upon railways, the huge copper boilers that stood in the Maxwell House kitchen. Thus the old Maxwell House offered a choice of *hundreds* of zestful French and old-time Southern dishes. Why then did it serve only *one* coffee?

Because the rare and mellow blend which was the pride of the old Maxwell House was—and is—unique in the richness of its flavor. No other coffee in the world so nobly topped off the prize specialties of Dixie and of France, provided so triumphant a climax to each memorable meal. No other coffee won such high praise from the distinguished men and women who gathered to enjoy the delicious cooking of the finest hotel in the Old South.



Do you know that this same superb coffee blend can now be had in a cheerful blue tin at your grocer's? Try it for breakfast tomorrow.

Try it without risk of disappointment—for if you are not fully satisfied with Maxwell House Coffee, your grocer will unhesitatingly return your money.

## MAXWELL HOUSE

## *Coffee*

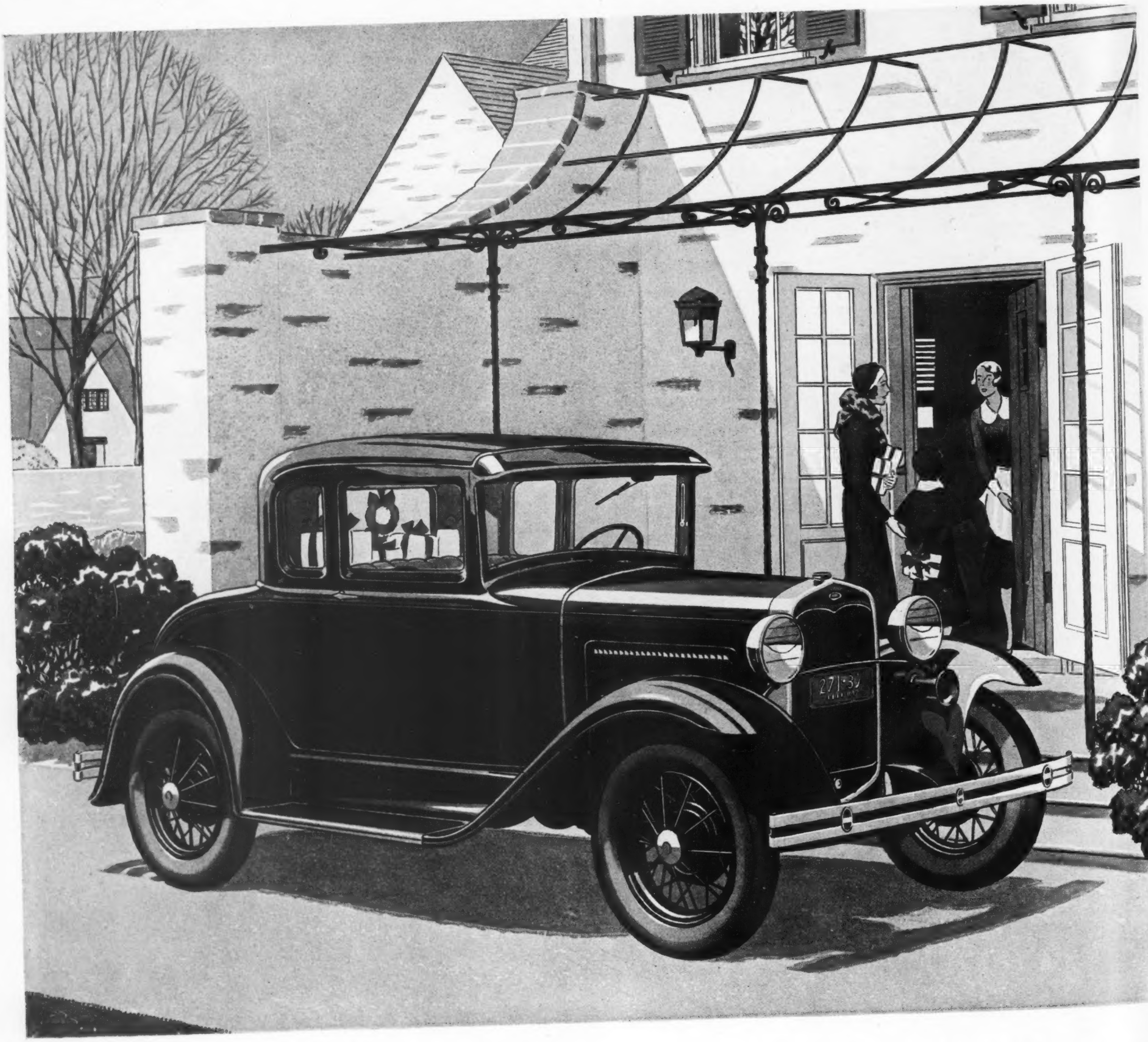
A PRODUCT OF
GENERAL FOODS
CORPORATION

GOOD
*to the*
LAST
DROP

*Don't miss the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time. Broadcast from WJZ in N. Y. C. over National Broadcasting coast-to-coast hook-up.*

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

# A Treasured Gift at Christmas Time

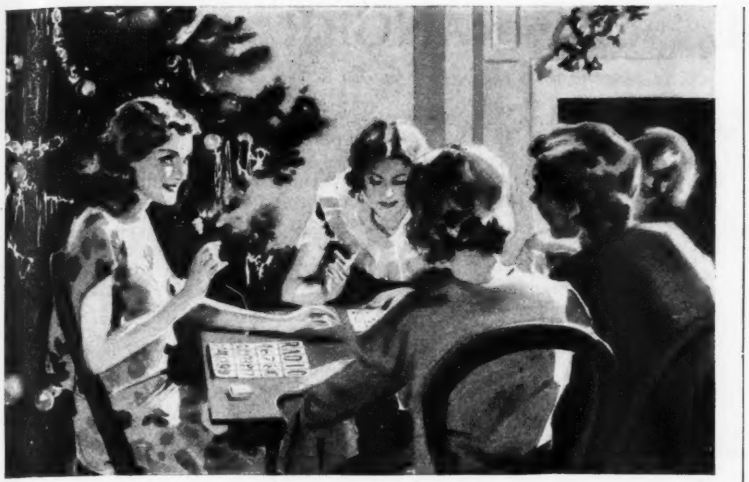


DREAMS will come true in many homes this Christmas. For there, among the holiday gifts, will be a gleaming new Ford. From Dad to Mother. Or from Mother and Dad to Son or Daughter.

Not a gift for the day only, but one that will be treasured through the year. A practical, useful gift that will bring countless happy hours and shorten the miles to friends and distant places.

Illustrated above is the new Ford Coupe. There are many other body types to select from, in a variety of beautiful colors. A choice of mohair or Bedford cord upholstery is offered in the Town Sedan, the De Luxe Sedan, and the De Luxe Coupe.

Ford



*"Isn't it exciting to have something new?" said Isabel*

# DAN CUPID ANNOUNCING

### By Vera Harrison

*Helen*

EXCITEMENT ran high in the Adams' household on Christmas night. What a day it had been! The tree, the presents, the friends stopping to wish *Merry Christmas,* the big Christmas dinner; and, to top it all, Helen's engagement to Ned.

Mother and Helen sat talking over plans for the announcement party during Christmas week. The others were laughing over the games which the twins had found in their Christmas stockings. Every so often there would be a cry of "Radio" and a whoop of laughter. Helen turned to Mother excitedly, eyes sparkling, "Now why wouldn't that be a good game to build my party around? Instead of the hackneyed bridge party, I can have a Radio Party. And what a chance for something new in invitations and favors."

The next morning found Helen in the telegraph office. When she told the operator why she wanted the radiogram blanks he couldn't refuse to give them to her, and by noon the invitations were ready to be delivered. Helen had typed them like a real radiogram:

RADIO PARTY MY HOUSE TUESDAY
DECEMBER THIRTIETH TWO OCLOCK
PLEASE COME

When the girls arrived they found two card tables placed end to end, and the numbered charts of the Radio game laid in place. There was a murmur of surprise: "Oh, something new!" "How nice!" "What, NO bridge?" The novelty of the game appealed to them and there was much laughter and noise.

All this time there wasn't a breath of suspicion that this was an announcement party and not until the girls were seated at the dining table did they realize the reason for the party. The table was most attractive and Helen had shown real ingenuity in the decorations. She had spread the table first with pink crêpe paper; over this was a layer of white tarlatan on which was pasted a border of zigzag air waves, tall broadcasting spires in each corner, and horns and saxophones from which notes of music were floating. These were cut from black crêpe paper. The centerpiece was a shoe box which had been covered with black crêpe paper with two silver disks, numbered to represent dials, pasted on the front. At each end of this improvised radio were two wooden sticks standing upright in button molds and stretched across these were strings of thin wire. On top of the radio was a kewpie doll announcer with a program in his hand.

At each place stood a folded card of pink paper. On the front was pasted a little gold Cupid and the title *Radio News.* Inside was the story: *Station L. O. V. E.—Dan Cupid announcing. We have just received the important news from the Honeymoon Press that Helen Adams and Ned Norris will broadcast the happiest moment of their lives through this station exclusively on June 10th, 1931.*

On the back was the novel menu:

Engagement Ring Salad
Heart Flutters
Lovers' Delight Diamond Cakes
Cupid's Nectar

Everyone was delighted with the news for they all knew Ned and liked him. Helen showed them her ring, blushing happily as she accepted the good wishes of her friends.

The December Entertainment Letter will give you the full details of Helen's party . . . . where to buy the game, how to make the decorations and the foods. Even if you aren't planning an announcement party, you might like to give a Radio Party for your club. Write to the Entertainment Editor, McCall's, 230 Park Ave., New York, and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Next month we'll tell you what happened at the New Year's Eve dance—"Under the Desert Moon."

¶ *1930 is the 150th anniversary of Walter Baker & Company*

From the kitchen cupboard came an old family friend *to boost Bobbie's weight*

BOBBIE'S family lived in an old New England cottage which had been built in the days of Bunker Hill. Almost since then, Baker's Cocoa had stood in the cupboard.

Great, great, great grandmother had thought cocoa about the best drink in the world for a child's health and had served it regularly to her youngsters. So had great, great grandmother — and, in turn, many who had come since. And now, Bobbie's mother, finding him five pounds underweight, was following the up-to-date advice of the young family doctor—so once again Baker's Cocoa came forth from the kitchen cupboard.

Then Bobbie's weight started to climb. Soon it had reached the healthy side of normal.

Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk is a unique food drink with benefits needed by *every* child, by *your* child. This fact seems quite understandable when you learn its ingredients — all the food values of milk, plus the added nourishment of Baker's Cocoa itself. Each wonderfully flavored cupful contains a whole host of nutritious benefactors for the growing child—not only carbohydrates and proteins, but calcium, phosphorus—as well as vitamin A and vitamin B.

In a recent survey, 77% of the dietitians, professional nurses, editors of women's magazines said "Baker's Cocoa is best." It is roasted from the choicest cocoa beans that cargo ships bring across the ocean from the West Indies. Its blending is guided by matchless skill and knowledge which have taken 150 years to accumulate. That is why Baker's Cocoa is so delightfully rich in flavor. That is why its mellow, chocolaty goodness is just as much of a treat for grown-ups as for children.

*Write for 60-page illustrated Cocoa and Chocolate recipe book: Walter Baker & Co., Dept. C-12, Dorchester, Mass. If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.*

BAKER'S
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
COCOA

*A Product of General Foods Corporation*

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

TANGEE
LIKE NATURE'S OWN GLOW

VOGUE TELLS
"WHAT MEN DISLIKE IN WOMEN"

"Men no longer beam with approval," says this world famous fashion magazine, "at the sight of a schoolgirl complexion guiltless of any make-up. On the contrary they may even find it wan and dull. But there remains always the distinction between art and artifice, and a patently artificial beauty leaves them quite as cold. Avoid therefore lipsticks that do not match one's natural coloring." ©

• • •

Tangee, the world's most famous lipstick, leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Tangee is entirely different from any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips . . . and blends with your own natural coloring, no matter what your complexion. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial!

*Tangee Lipstick*, $1. The same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. M.-12
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name ..........................................

Address ......................................

# THE DUDE RANGER

[*Continued from page 40*]

"Any mail for me?" the rancher inquired as he drove off.

"No, sir. I was instructed to call only for Miss Anne's mail."

"Quite right; and you'd better rustle along with it."

Ernest was so preoccupied that he drove by the Brooks' lane before he remembered that he had a package for Daisy. Whereupon he halted the team, wound the reins round the brake handle, and securing the box of candy, jumped off the wagon and strode down the lane toward Daisy's picturesque home. Someone had left the bars of the gate down. Ernest's quick eye espied fresh horse-shoe tracks in the sand. A rider had gone in there not many hours before and had not come out. Perhaps it was Nebraskie.

Then down by the brook, in a clump of cedars, Ernest saw a white pinto mustang. He could have recognized that calico-marked pony a mile away. Dude Hyslip's! Ernest did not like this at all.

THE living room door was open, and he rapped and called. He got no reply, so he stepped to the threshold. At first glance he thought the room was empty; then he heard stentorian breathing. He entered. The room did not have its usual neat appearance, and he smelled whiskey. On the table lay two empty bottles, and beside them a third bottle stood upright, half full of liquor. Ernest's eyes swept the room. Behind him on the floor lay Brooks, plainly in a drunken stupor.

There were only three rooms in the house. He peered into the kitchen, which was vacant, with the outside door wide open. The third room had a curtain over the door. Ernest called again, then peeped in. Indeed this tiny, colorful, tidy little place was Daisy's; it spoke of her; but it, too, was empty. He strode outdoors to look around. She might have gone down to Red Rock. No! Ernest refused to deceive himself. The very air seemed heavy with suspense and suggestion.

In the bare ground near the kitchen door he espied small sharp tracks, made by the heels of a cowboy's boot. Ernest grimly ascertained the direction of the boot tracks and strode that way. He had been over the ground once with Brooks. He well remembered it, by reason of its beauty. The cedars and junipers along the bank of the brook made a delightful shade, but Daisy was not to be seen. Ernest went on, around and above the big spring-hole, where the water roared out from under the gray, lichened cliff, and up to the pine knoll. There, coming suddenly out of the covert into a sylvan glade, amber-mossed and flower-dotted, he espied the two he was seeking.

Daisy, catching sight of him, uttered a little cry and ran to him. Her pretty face was pale, streaked with dirty marks, and her hair had tumbled down. One white shoulder gleamed through a wide rent in her blouse.

"Daisy, tell me what's happened," Ernest implored, realizing that not only the girl's honor, but his friend, Nebraskie's, as well, was involved.

"Ernest—I—I couldn't handle him," she faltered, wringing her hands. "When he came—I wouldn't see him—I ran in the kitchen. He and Dad got to drinking . . . I—I should have gone down to Red Rock, but I didn't think. He came in the kitchen—grabbed me, an' packed me up heah. Oh, Ernest, I'm so glad you came!"

Ernest felt a tigerish leap of every fighting instinct in his blood.

"If I had my gun I'd shoot you, Dude Hyslip," he declared, passionately.

"What business is this of yours?" retorted Hyslip, hotly.

"Nebraskie is my friend."

"What of thet? If Daisy loves me better than she does him?"

Ernest turned to Daisy. He did not need to question. Her face was flaming and her eyes were electrifying to look into. "I—I never loved him. . . . I hate—hate him!" she panted.

This is the Lady
who got caught in the Christmas rush because she didn't know Christmas shopping can be a matter of only a few minutes at one's desk in the quiet of one's own room

*You'll find how to get around Santa Claus by reading page 107*

"You hear that, Hyslip?" snapped Ernest. "Dude, the handsome! The lady-killing cowpuncher! You're sure a fine specimen of a man!"

"Howard, I won't take much more from you," returned Hyslip, red in the face.

"You'll take a lot more from me before we're through! You pick on a slip of a girl like Daisy, who has no more strength than a kitten. What'd you get when you tried it on Anne Hepford?"

THIS was only a random shot of Ernest's, but it brought the dusky red to Hyslip's handsome face.

"What'd you get?" went on Ernest, following up his advantage with a fiendish satisfaction. "I know what you got. Anne *told* me! I had the laugh on you, Dude Hyslip; and you bet I know what you'll get if you ever lay another hand on her again."

"You're a liar!" ejaculated Hyslip, in dark gathering fury.

"How'd I know if Anne hadn't told me?" queried Ernest.

"Prove thet—you—you—" burst out Hyslip, in jealous shame and rage. "Prove thet aboot Anne Hepford—or I'll choke it out of you."

"Aha! That sticks in your craw, eh? Well, what do you say to *this?*" Ernest leaned toward the livid-lipped cowboy. "It was *I* who gave you the black eye for trying to force your vile love-making on Daisy—that night at the dance. It was *I*. And *I* told Anne . . . And *she* was so tickled she . . . well, let your jealousy run wild—and then you'd never guess what she said!"

Hyslip leaped up as if he had been spurred.

"So thet was what she meant this mawnin'!" he exclaimed, in utter amaze and chagrin. Then rage followed, riotous and ungovernable. "An' it was *you* hit me? . . . An' it's *you* she—"

Quick as lightning Ernest leaped to pinion Hyslip's arm as the cowboy reached for his gun.

"Daisy, grab his gun!"

Daisy flashed up, her face white, her hands flying. She tore at Hyslip's right hand, that clutched the gun handle.

"You damn little cat! I'll fix you fer this," raged Hyslip, straining to free himself.

"Bite him, Dais, bite him!" cried Ernest, squeezing Hyslip with all his might. The cowboy could not break that binding hold on his right arm, but he began to beat Ernest with his left fist. Daisy was dragged to her knees. Then suddenly Hyslip let out a strangled sound—*"Agghh!"*

Daisy fell away from him then. She had the gun.

"Run with it, Dais. Run!" yelled Ernest.

But Daisy was not of the running kind. She flung the gun far from her. Ernest saw it turn over and over in the air, gleaming blue in the sunlight, and disappear over the cliff. Releasing Hyslip, he leaped up. The cowboy, face working malignantly, held out a bloody hand.

"DAIS BROOKS, I'll treat you low-down proper next time," he ground between clenched teeth.

"Dude, there'll never be any next time," sang out Ernest, and he swung with all his might and fury. The blow landed on Hyslip's still discolored eye. The cowboy went bowling over the mossy stones, to alight on his back and slide half his length. He bawled like a half-grown bull. Wrestling to his knees he bounded from them, erect and flaming. As swiftly as that an egg-shaped lump puffed out over his eye.

"Ho! Look at your pretty eye, Dude! . . . Now for the other," shouted Ernest, in diabolical glee. But Hyslip parried that blow, and then they went at it hammer and tongs.

It was Hyslip who gave ground most. Twice he went sprawling headlong, to jump up bloody-faced and savage. A third time, under a sledgehammer blow, he crashed against a pine tree, which saved him from falling.

Suddenly he reached down to snatch up a goodly club. He swung it with a hoarse yell. It struck Ernest square on the head and cracked to bits. It was a piece of rotten wood. If it had been solid, that blow would have meant the end of Ernest. One thing it served, however, and that was to revive Ernest. Instead of backing from Hyslip's onslaught he met it with such blows as again upset the cowboy.

Daisy's high-pitched voice pealed out, almost a scream: "Beat him—smash him—kill him!"

That wild appeal from sweet, gentle Daisy Brooks goaded Ernest into a last infuriated attack. The fight degenerated into a beating, rolling, wrestling, tearing bear-fight. It ended with the collapse of Hyslip on the edge of the brushy slope, where Ernest, in grim and final intent, swung from his knees—biff!—bang!—smash! to the raw red visage, until Hyslip stretched out and slid down over the steep bank. He crashed through the brush and landed on the rocks below with a thud.

[*Continued in* JANUARY McCALL'S]

# 5 o'clock · MIXED . .

# 6 o'clock jelled!

**LIME LOUISE,** ***a delicious new dessert—at trifling cost***

- 1 package Royal Gelatin Dessert (lime flavor)
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cold water
- ½ cup canned cherries
- 1 banana, sliced

Dissolve Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert in the boiling water; add the cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken. Mix in the fruits. Pour in mould and chill until firm. Serve plain, with whipped cream, or with custard sauce.

Canned seedless grapes, drained from syrup, may be used in place of cherries, if desired. Serves 6—8.

***Approximate cost—16¢***

ROYAL
Quick Setting
GELATIN DESSERT
LIME FLAVOR

*Six delicious flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Lemon, Orange and a brand new flavor — Lime.*

## This new Royal Quick Setting Gelatin Sets in half the Usual Time

IMAGINE! A gelatin that sets in an hour. That's good news, you'll agree, if you have meals to prepare in a hurry.

You mix this new Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin just before the rest of the meal is put on to cook. Then slip it in the ice box. At dessert time it's ready—perfectly set—tender-textured, quivery, smooth.

What a convenience! No more bother about making your gelatin hours ahead. No more uncertainty, wondering if it will "jell" on time. When you're ready to serve dessert—Royal is ready, too.

Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin is something entirely new—made by a formula recently developed in the laboratory of the famous Royal Baking Powder Company.

So please don't confuse it with any other gelatin you have used or may be using. Royal sets nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts.

And, in addition to this convenience of rapid setting, you get a full-bodied, richer flavor.

You notice this difference the minute you try Royal—the natural taste of red raspberries, scarlet strawberries, ruby cherries. The ripe juiciness of orange . . . the tang of lemon . . . the refreshing coolness of lime.

Remember, mothers, that gelatin is good for your children. It's a growth food. And it aids digestion.

So be generous with Royal. Serve it often. Two or three times a week. As a salad. As dessert. Plain—or with cream. Combined with fruits, nuts—or bits of left-overs. Its possibilities are almost endless . . . for giving zest and variety to your menus.

But when you buy — insist on getting the *quick setting* kind — in the red box, the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can.

Ask for it by name—Royal Gelatin. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

**ROYAL** *Quick Setting* **GELATIN DESSERT**

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

Diamonds sparkling in her eyes precious . . precious Health

*The Saline Method is the natural way to beauty and to health*

THERE is a sesame to beauty—a simple secret that should be your own. Its cost is trivial and its dress is plain, but its magic none can question. It is your familiar bottle of Sal Hepatica.

No rival to your cosmetics or to your creams is Sal Hepatica. Rather it aids and it augments them. So protect the texture of your skin with the choicer creams and favorite treatments. But look to Sal Hepatica for the glorious, glowing health, the serene, unblemished beauty that comes only through internal cleanliness.

For Sal Hepatica sweeps clean the system of the poisons and the wastes that dim your eye and cloud your cheek. It's a tonic to your system, a boon to health and beauty.

Long have physicians, here and abroad, recommended the saline waters of the European spas. There they send their wealthy and fashionable patients to drink the famous waters, to renew their vigor and restore their charm.

Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for rheumatism, indigestion, colds, constipation, etc.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to exuberant health and beauty.

Sal Hepatica

*At your druggist's* *30¢, 60¢ and $1.20*

*SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-120
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*__________
*Street*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________

# CHRISTMAS, DEAR FRIENDS

[*Continued from page 34*]

are to be found in the silk-bag of any self-respecting home.

We hear each year that Christmas is for the children, but to most persons that means that it is a day devoted only to their pleasure. On the other hand, every Sunday school teacher is anxious to make of Christmas the one day in the year on which the true spirit of the Christ Child is apparent and alive. They want to do something new and yet old, to bring the Child freshly to the minds of the children. But it is not always easy to find the material that will be at the same time simple to carry out and inspiring to attend.

So I have ventured to prepare a program (page 34) which teachers with even very limited resources can carry out. It is built around the idea of the coming of the Christ Child to six non-Christian nations. The responsive reading is given here:

### *Mankind's First Christmas Candle*

**Leader:** And Jesus said, I am the light of the world.

**All:** That was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

**Leader:** In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.

**All:** But men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil.

**Leader:** The people that sit in darkness have seen a great light.

**All:** The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.

**Leader:** Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a lampstand, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

**All:** Ye are the light of the world.

**Leader:** Arise, shine, for thy light hath come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

**All:** For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people.

**Leader:** But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and the glory shall be seen upon thee.

**All:** And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and Kings to the brightness of thy rising.

**Leader:** For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

**All:** He was a burning and a shining light: and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in His light.

**Leader:** Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me; let them bring me to Thy holy hill.

**All:** And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

**Leader:** The voice of him that cried in the wilderness. Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert the highway of our God.

**All:** And Jesus said: I am the way . . . no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

**Leader:** For unto us a Child is born, for unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulders.

**All:** And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace.

**Leader:** Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace among men of good will.

*The talking tableaux, practical suggestions for costuming, and information about the song collections and the recitation are free. Send a two-cent stamp for postage to the Entertainment Editor, McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York, and ask for "When the Christ Child Passed Through."*

## WORDS AND MUSIC

[*Continued from page 3*]

become a concert pianist, and is not yet quite certain how she came to go on the stage.

Ethel Barrymore Colt, who made her stage début this season, playing with her mother in *Scarlet Sister Mary,* was also destined for the concert platform. At school and conservatory she took all the piano prizes in sight, and is a particularly gifted Bach player.

H. L. Mencken, given his choice, would probably much rather be an orchestral conductor than the editor of the American Mercury. He plays in a mad sort of amateur orchestra that meets once a week in Baltimore. The foundation of this organization is a piano, a four-hand arrangement of some standard symphony, and a set of orchestra parts. The piano, of course, furnishes the nucleus of the music. The other parts are played by whatever instrumentalists happen to be present. Some evenings there will be two flutes, six violins, one bass, two cellos, and a trumpet. The following week may see a clarinet, two violins, four violas and a bassoon. It all sounds quite horrible (the description, I mean), but the players have a wonderful time.

The music critics seem to favor the piano. Perhaps it is not quite fair to call them amateurs, but inasmuch as they play for enjoyment, and not as a career, it seems permissible. The late James H. G. Huneker was a fine pianist, and taught the piano at one time. Olin Downes, of the "New York Times," is an enthusiastic amateur performer, and has given joint recitals with John Erskine. Samuel Chotzinoff, of the "New York World," and Olga Samaroff, late of the "Evening Post," are barred from this discussion, inasmuch as the former was for years Jascha Heifetz' accompanist, while the latter is as well known a pianist as she is a critic.

Ludwig Lewisohn, the millionaire philanthropist, although in his eighty-second year, is a singer. I don't know how good he is, but I do know that he takes a vocal lesson every day. Then there is former Vice President Dawes, who, as you probably know, is a violinist and composer. Robert Nathan, the novelist, Rupert Hughes, and Owen Wister, are all composers.

And did you know that Calvin Coolidge used to sing in a church choir?

### THE UP-TO-DATE HOSTESS

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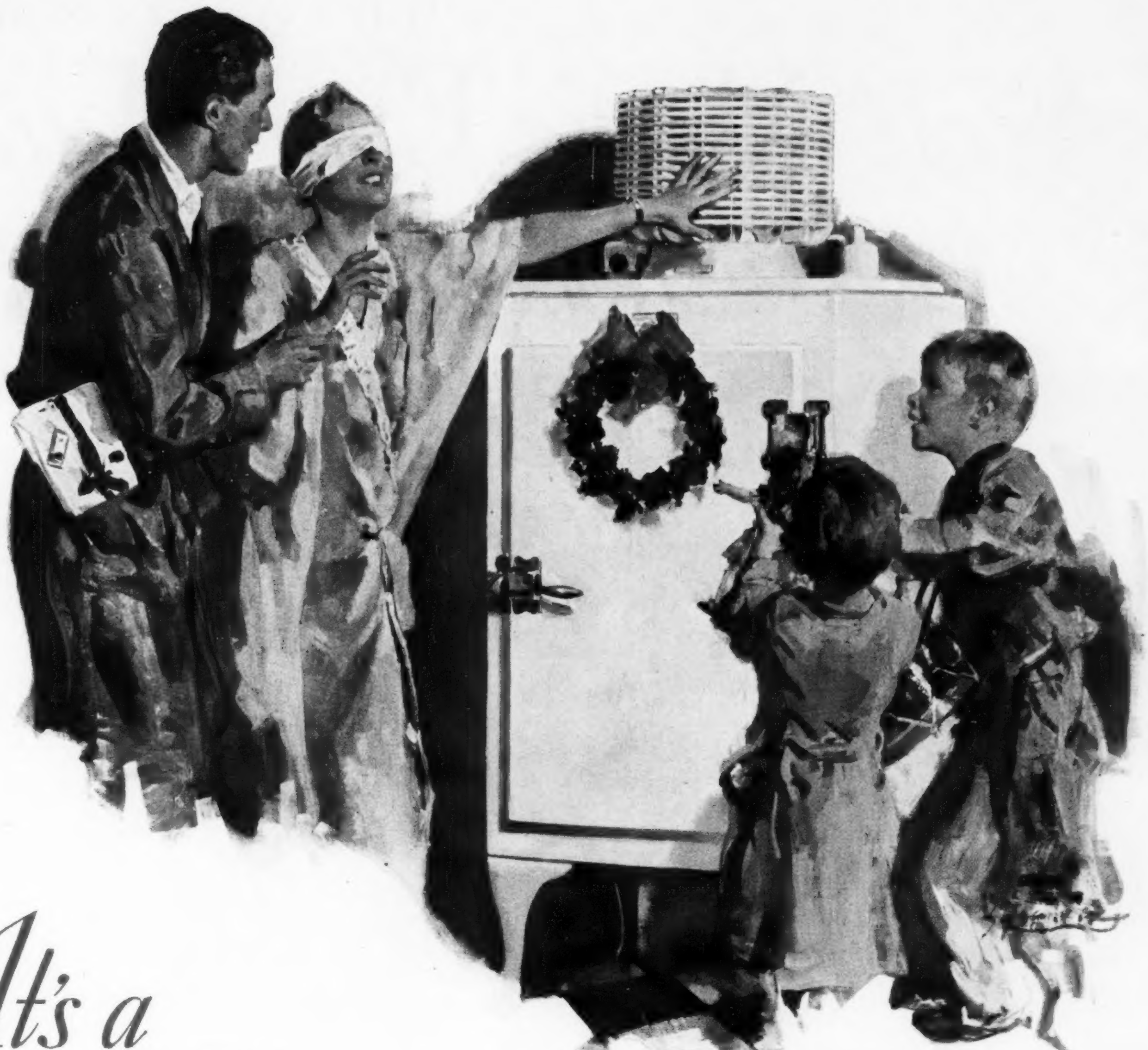
THE SERVICE EDITOR, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio



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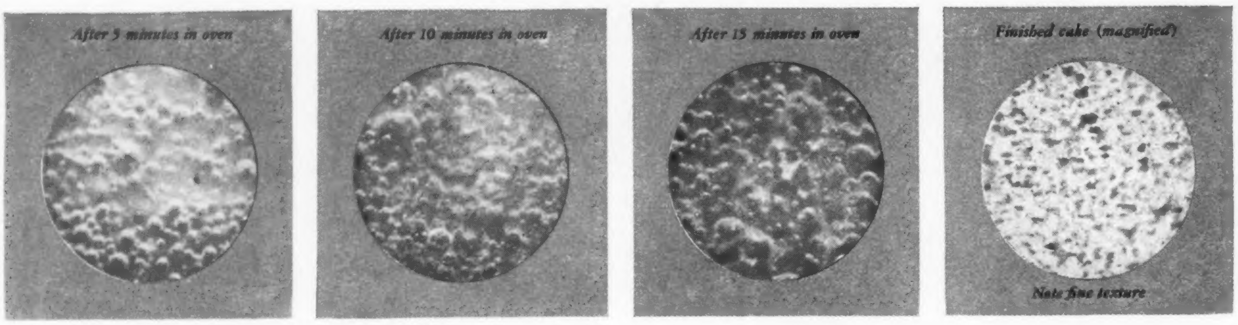
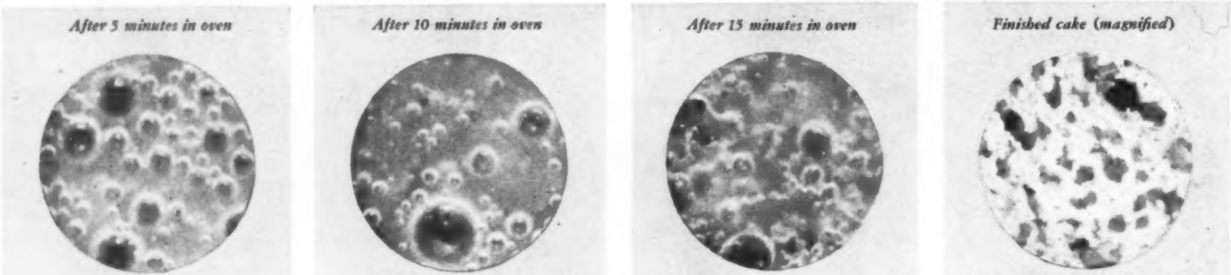
"SILENT AS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

# The First Movie Ever Made of Cake Batter.. DURING THE BAKING



*Royal-baked cake... viewed through the microscope*



*Cake made with a cheaper, ordinary type of baking powder*

## These photographs show why cakes baked with Royal stay moist and fresh longer

A BAKING CAKE . . . in slow motion pictures! You see the tiny bubbles rising steadily—the batter puffing up.

These pictures were taken by a group of scientists and dietitians who determined to find out why some cakes are coarse-textured and dry out quickly . . . while others are light and even-grained, and stay fresh and delicious for days.

Two cakes were made—one with Royal, the other with an ordinary cheaper brand of baking powder. (Otherwise, they were made alike, under identical conditions.)

Then, with microscope and moving picture camera — and scientifically controlled oven — the cake batter was actually photographed *during the baking.*

The pictures above show what happened.

The Royal cake rose gradually, evenly . . . building up a fine, even texture.

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Big gas bubbles — mixed in among the smaller, medium-sized bubbles — produced a coarse texture . . . full of "air holes." This cake soon dried out . . . and lost its flavor.

Long after the second cake had lost its freshness and flavor the Royal Baking Powder cake was still moist and deliciously tender.

These tests merely confirm what millions of housewives have known about Royal for the past 60 years.

. . . That cakes, biscuits, waffles baked with Royal are always finer textured, better flavored . . . uniformly light, fluffy and delicious. And Royal cakes retain their moist freshness for days.

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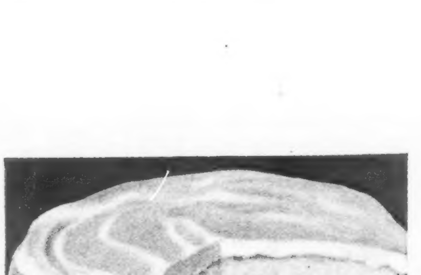
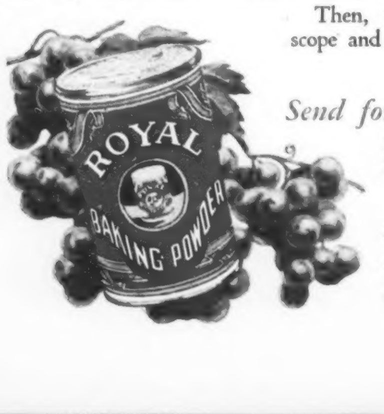


### *Warning to Housewives who bake from recipes*

**If you bake at home, it is important to realize that the baking recipes in practically all modern authoritative cook books are planned for Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. When you use a cheap, ordinary type of baking powder, you risk having a coarse-textured cake that becomes stale quickly. Don't take chances! Always use Royal, the standard for 60 years.**



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# A MAN CAN'T LIVE ON HYACINTHS

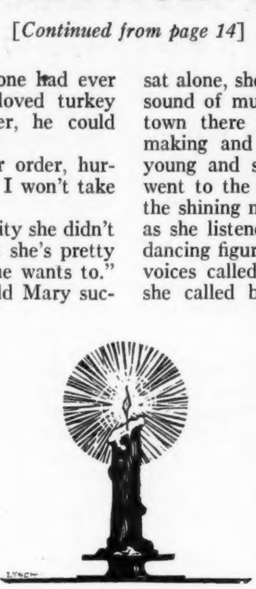
[*Continued from page 14*]

know how to cook. No one had ever taught her. And if he loved turkey better than he loved her, he could roast it himself!

She countermanded her order, hurriedly. "I think after all, I won't take it," she told the butcher.

He stared after her. "Pity she didn't know her own mind. But she's pretty enough to change it, if she wants to."

"She's married," said old Mary succinctly, "and she's got a husband that's one of God's own."



Old Mary really knew very little about the young couple. Her own poor room was at the top of the house, but now and then she met Terry on the stairs. He always had a smile for her. Sometimes he carried her parcels up and stood, hat in hand, at her door and talked. But of late his smile had been less radiant, and old Mary had wondered whether his depression had to do with the small butterfly person who danced out to meet him in strange, unmaidenly garments.

A girl like that had no business to meddle with a man's happiness, old Mary thought as she went on her way. Then as she came to the flower market, she forgot everything in the rapture of bloom and fragrance.

She bought herself a pine wreath and a branch of holly. Then laden and happy, she hurried home.

As she climbed the stairs, she told herself that she should have bought a Christmas log for her fireplace. Old Mary rarely used the fireplace, for her oil-burner was cheaper. But she meant to have a Christmas fire.

On the stairs she met Terry. "Merry Christmas," he said, and took her bundles from her.

"You're early," she said, "with your wishes."

"I'm happy." And he went whistling up the stairs.

When he had put old Mary's parcels on the table, he stopped to explain. "My wife is going to cook our Christmas dinner," he said. "Perhaps you think that's a simple thing. But it isn't. It's more than a dinner—it's a symbol."

Then, as he saw her daze, he touched her lightly on the shoulder. " 'Homekeeping hearts,' " he said, " 'are happiest.' Years ago I learned that out of Longfellow." And still laughing, he ran down the stairs.

THE next morning when old Mary went to church, the snow was spitting hard round flakes on the sidewalk. But old Mary liked the snow. It belonged to Christmas day, and her shabby coat was snug, so she trudged on, her cheeks redder than ever. And coming into church it was wonderful to meet the golden light of it, and the warmth and fragrance, and there was a great star overhead, and presently the choir was singing, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," and then the sermon began.

Old Mary followed the sermon intently. The minister was young and eager. And he told them the story of the wise shepherdess who had the flock in her care, when her husband went out one Christmas night to search for a lost sheep. And because it was Christmas night, as the shepherdess sat alone, she heard in the distance the sound of music, and knew that in the town there was dancing and merrymaking and a great feast. She was young and she wanted to go, so she went to the door and looked out into the shining night. The music was loud as she listened, and presently she saw dancing figures come over the hill, and voices called, "come and dance," and she called back, "I must watch my sheep." Then they went away, and the music grew faint and fainter, but the heart of the shepherdess was torn with desire—"If I only dared," she said, and looked out over the sleeping flock. "They will be safe," she said, "alone."

So she braided her hair and wrapped herself in a soft blue cloak, and stepped out under the stars. When she had walked a little way, she looked back, and there was no sound from the flock—and she lifted her face to the stars and said, "Keep them safe." Faint and far off, as if wafted from ineffable heights, a Voice came down to her, "You must keep them . . ." So she turned and went back to the cottage. As the night wore on, she heard the howl of a wolf, and then of other wolves, and she rose and lifted out of the fire a flaming brand, and went to where the sheep were plunging and bleating in deadly fear. She set the flaming brand before the fold, and the wolves dared not pass it. All night she watched, and brought other flaming brands, and when the morning came and the shepherd returned, the shepherdess showed him what she had done, and he said, "You saved the flock." But she did not tell him of the dancing and the music, for she was wise in more ways than one.

OLD Mary thought about the story on her way home—of the sheep in the fold and of the young shepherdess holding the flaming brand high.

And as she passed a door on the second floor, voices rang out in the clamor of quarreling, and to old Mary, fresh from the peace of the golden-lighted sanctuary, and from the music of the great organ, it seemed dreadful to hear the anger and hate in those voices.

"It's as if they didn't love each other," she said, and she went upstairs, and stood looking out at the falling snow. Suddenly she found herself saying, as the young shepherdess had said, "Keep them safe," and again from ineffable heights a Voice came down, "You must keep them . . ."

And all at once, old Mary found herself going down the stairs, and when she came to the door, she listened, but all was still, and at last she turned and went away.

Yet if she had looked on the other side of that door, she would not have gone away. For Terry was packing his bag in an awful silence, and Mazie, in a negligee of jade green, was watching him with hard eyes.

When Terry had finished his packing, he threw a little box into Mazie's lap. "It's your Christmas present," he said. "You'd probably rather have it than have me, and I'll see that you get a check every month . . ." In spite of himself, his voice shook, and he turned

[*Continued on page 50*]

# Improve the taste of milk this way—

## *and your children will drink more of it*

**ONE of America's leading physicians says: "Two tablespoonfuls of Karo in a glass of milk not only improves the taste of the milk but *doubles its energy value.*"**

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**"Serve plenty of Karo to the kiddies—especially underweight children, in milk, on cereals, on sliced bread. Watch their weight increase!"**

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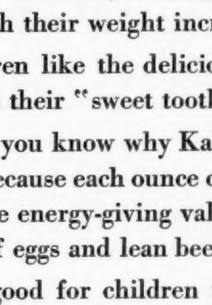
**And—do you know why Karo is so splendid for children? Because each ounce of Karo contains 120 calories—the energy-giving value of Karo is nearly twice that of eggs and lean beef, weight for weight.**

**What is good for children is also good for the entire family.**

**Make Karo and pancakes a frequent breakfast habit.**



THE GREAT AMERICAN HEALTH FOOD

"Look what's in MY Lunch-

**Brer Rabbit Gingerbread**

**Cream together 3 tablespoons butter and ½ cup sugar. Add 1 beaten egg. Sift together 1½ cups flour, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon each ginger, cinnamon and soda, and add to first mixture alternately with a mixture of ⅓ cup milk and ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Pour in a buttered shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 45 minutes.**

*Gingerbread!"*

VINCENT'S father owned a Cadillac. Edwin's mother had two maids. The Johnson twins had all their clothes bought for them in one of the grandest New York shops.

But what were these compared with the things Jimmy had?

Jimmy knew a secret for taking off warts . . . and he owned a real Indian arrowhead . . . and his father let him have a trapeze in the barn and practice tricks on it . . . and his mother—well, if you could have seen the things she put in Jimmy's lunch basket—

She knew just the kind of things a hungry boy wanted.

There was one day when she always put in fresh gingerbread—great big luscious, spicy squares of it, so richly golden brown in color, so tender and tempting and fragrant that the other children's eyes nearly popped out of their heads when they looked at it.

On gingerbread day she would put in three big delicious chunks . . . And then the other boys all hung around and offered to lend things to Jimmy, and said, "*You know* ME, *Jimmy*." And the rich little Johnson twins sat watching him eat so solemnly and wistfully that in the end he always gave them each a piece.

"That's nothing," he would say proudly, "Gee, my mother makes me gingerbread any time I ask her to!"

• • •

Brer Rabbit gingerbread, made with Brer Rabbit Molasses—the real old-time New Orleans molasses—there isn't anything better for children!

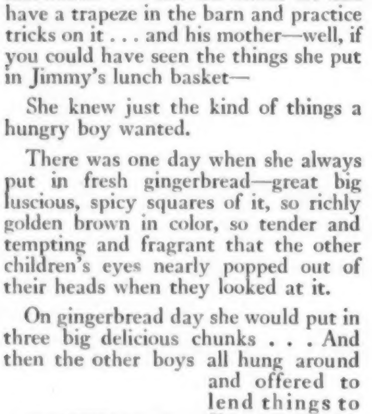
Brer Rabbit Molasses is rich in iron and lime . . . iron for building good red blood . . . lime for making strong bones and teeth. There's more than twice as much iron, more than four times as much lime, in a tablespoonful of Brer Rabbit Molasses as in a serving of fresh spinach.

Children and grown people alike love its matchless flavor.

Brer Rabbit Molasses is made from the very cream of the fresh-crushed Louisiana sugar-cane juice—that's why it gives your gingerbread such a gorgeous tang, such delicious golden goodness.

There are two grades of Brer Rabbit Molasses: *Gold Label*—highest quality light molasses for fancy cookery—delicious on pancakes, waffles, biscuits; and *Green Label*—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

Get a can of Brer Rabbit Molasses at your grocer's today, and make your family some delicious Brer Rabbit gingerbread for tomorrow's supper!



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# A MAN CAN'T LIVE ON HYACINTHS

[*Continued from page 49*]

away quickly, that Mazie might not see the tears in his eyes.

And Mazie said, "To think you should make such a fuss about a Christmas dinner. To think that you'd leave me because I wouldn't roast a turkey—!"

And Terry, turning to face her, said, "It isn't that. You know it isn't that. It's the things you said—about hating it all—after you came home from market—"

MAZIE knew that she had said sharp things. They had talked for half the night and had waked to say everything all over again in the morning, and at last Terry had said, "I thought I had married a wife, not a parasite." And Mazie had flung out, "I wish I had never seen you." It was then that Terry had begun to pack his bag.

Mazie, watching him in startled silence, felt that if Terry left her, she should die. But she felt that if she gave in now, she would always be doing it.

So when Terry left, she still stood there in her green and gold and watched him, and he went away without a wave of the hand.

When he had gone, Mazie opened the little box, and there, on a bed of white satin, lay a bracelet—jade and gold—and much more expensive than Terry should have afforded. And Mazie remembered that when she told him she wanted it, he had said, "When I'm rich enough, darling . . ." She remembered that of late Terry had been doing without things he needed, and now she knew the reason why. Suddenly she flung the bracelet from her, and all that afternoon and all that night, she lay in her green and gold, prone upon the bed, while the Christmas bells rang out.

Upstairs, the next morning, old Mary put the soup on to boil, and stuffed her chicken, and made a mince pie, and then she went out to order wood for her fire.

As she passed the door on the second floor, she heard the sound of sobbing. She knocked and waited, and at last the door opened, and in the door stood Mazie in her pomegranate pajamas and Chinese coat.

"What do you want?" she demanded, and old Mary said, "I heard you crying, dearie."

"If I want to cry it is my own affair."

Old Mary would have gone on, but a Voice spoke to her heart, "You must keep her safe from the wolves."

So old Mary said, "No, it isn't your own affair, dearie—not on Christmas day, with all the bells ringing. . . ."

"I hate the bells," said Mazie, and with that, she slammed the door.

When old Mary went downstairs, all the happiness she had felt in her simple feast had fled. For there had been a look of tragedy in the disordered room that she had glimpsed, and her intuition told her that young Terry had been driven forth, and that the joy which should have been his on Christmas morning had been stolen from him by this sleek-haired child in the pomegranate pajamas. Old Mary hadn't much patience with the sobbing Mazie. She believed that a wife should buckle on her husband's armor. Her own life had been one of giving. To her parents, to her husband, to the son who had died in the war. Yet she had always given whole-heartedly, never in servile self-sacrifice, but with a sturdy sense of the rights of others.

And here was this child wringing the heart of the best young husband in the world. Old Mary was sure of it, and so preoccupied was she with the thought that when she reached the corner shop and the man who sold wood said to her "Merry Christmas," she answered him abstractedly, "The same to you." She made her purchase and said, "You are to leave it at the door of the room on the second floor. And I wish you'd take it now."

The man walked on ahead of her, and when he had placed the sack against the wall, and had gone, old Mary knocked again at Mazie's door, but there was no answer.

She knocked again and again, and at last the door was opened a crack, and Mazie peeped out. "Go away," she said, and, of course, old Mary should have gone, but she didn't. For Mazie's eyes were frightened and her chin quivered. So old Mary said, "It's none of my business, but I'm coming in." She said it with such firmness that Mazie gave way before her, and when the door was shut, the young wife clutched the old woman's hand.

"Terry's left me," she said, "he told me he wouldn't come back, and I didn't believe him, but now. . . ." She broke into helpless weeping.

And old Mary said: "You ought to be glad he didn't come."

And Mazie stared and said, "Why?"

"Because this is no room for a man to see on Christmas morning."

It really was a dreadful room. It was as disordered as Terry had left it, and the shades were down, so that the light of the somber day was deadened to a dull murkiness like the dreariest depths of the sea. The room was cold with a cold that struck at one's bones. Mazie was wrapped in an old bathrobe of Terry's which obscured the gorgeousness of the pomegranate pajamas and the Chinese coat.

LOOKING about her, Mazie saw that what old Mary had said was true, but she was still sorry for herself, so she said, "He left me because I wouldn't cook his Christmas dinner."

And old Mary said, "He left you for more than that."

And Mazie whispered, "What do you mean?"

"He left you because you let the fire go out on your hearthstone," old Mary explained.

"But we've never had a fire."

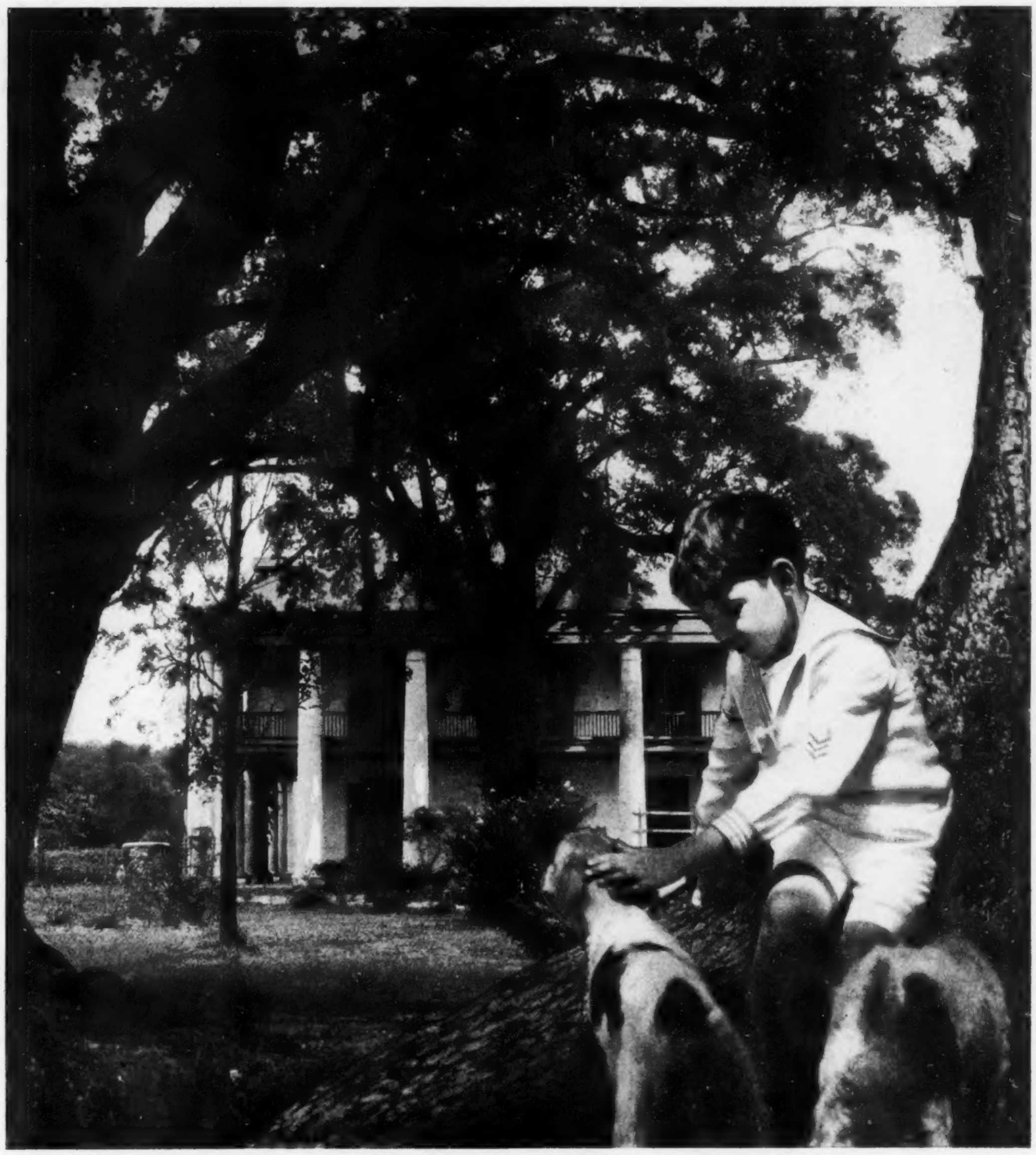
"It's the fire in your heart I'm talking about."

Mazie stood there, Terry's old bathrobe slipping back from her shoulders and showing the satin sheen beneath, so that the bathrobe seemed like the sheath of a cocoon from which her slim pomegranate-clad figure emerged shining. It was as if, at the same moment, her soul emerged and met the soul of

[*Continued on page 52*]

# A drowsy old Louisiana plantation and a very alert small boy

## ALFRED OLIVIER HERO, Jr.



● The mellow old plantation bell rings out, and a little boy comes running. Alfred Olivier Hero, Junior —in whose veins runs the proud French blood of Jean Baptiste Olivier of old New Orleans.

Week days Alfred spends in New Orleans, a decorous six-year-old going to school. But weekends! Then he roams over Stella Plantation.

So much to see! From his front gate, ocean liners, sweeping down the Channel where once the polished and piratical brothers Lafitte plied their trade. At the back, the old slave quarters of bygone days, standing under great live oaks.

Young Alfred's black lashed violet eyes miss nothing. His tanned legs are sturdy. He has the endurance befitting a small descendant of many famous soldiers.

His charming young mother supervises everything concerning the little boy. She watches particularly the matter of a hot cooked cereal. Alfred eats Cream of Wheat as part of his regular routine.

"Alfred has had Cream of Wheat since he was six months old," says Mrs. Hero with her soft Southern accent, "All the finest child specialists recommend it, don't they?"

They do! In a recent investigation—in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto—221 leading specialists were asked their opinion about cereals. One and all, they approve Cream of Wheat. They rely upon its marvelous ease of assimilation. In Cream of Wheat no harsh part of the grain is retained. They value its rich supply of energy. They know that it is an economical food, *with forty generous servings to a package.*

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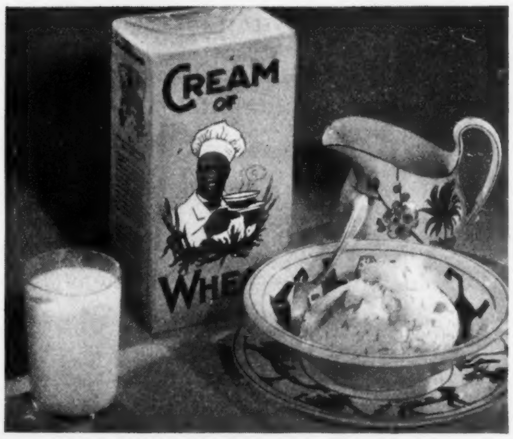

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All children love the H. C. B. Club, with a secret meaning, a badge to wear, and different degrees of membership. It makes them eager to eat their morning cereal. All the wonder-working material is free—badges, gold stars, and big new colored posters with stirring scenes of Roland and Oliver, Joan of Arc, Richard the Lion Hearted. Mail this coupon to Dept. G-48, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*Child's name*...................................................................

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*The Gift that only you can give*

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MEMBER

# A MAN CAN'T LIVE ON HYACINTHS

[*Continued from page 50*]

the red-cheeked old woman in the awful hat. Her breath came quickly as she said, "I love him."

"If you love him, make a home for him."

"How can I make a home, when he isn't coming back?"

"If he comes, he must have a fire to welcome him," said old Mary. She went to the door, and brought in the wood and built a fire on the empty hearth. When the flames were leaping, she and Mazie worked together until the room was in order. They pulled up the shades, and the white light of the snowy day came in through the windows, and was warmed by the golden light of the fire.

Then Mazie said, "Everything is ready. . . ."

But old Mary said, "Everything is not ready. You must cook his Christmas dinner. I will bring down my little chicken and the other things and help you. But when he comes, you must not ask me to eat with you. This will be your first Christmas with your husband, and you must be alone, as I was on that first Christmas day, with the man I loved."

Mazie knelt beside her and said, "Tell me about it. . . ."

So old Mary told her. "We were very poor, but we worked together. And we always played fair."

"What do you mean by playing fair?"

"We each gave as much as we asked."

"I've always asked, and never—given. . . ."

"You've got to play fair with men like Terry. The other kind don't count. A man's like a little boy in many things. He wants just a fire and food and a woman's love. And I don't care how far he goes away, he'll come back if you are square with him."

AFTER a little silence, old Mary said, "The next year our little son came to us . . . . and I felt like Mary—the Mother of God. . . ."

Mazie spoke in a breathless whisper, "I should like to be—like Mary. . . ."

After that there were no words between them, but their hearts spoke.

The morning passed, and Mazie said, "I told you he would never come."

"If he won't come, we must find him."

"I don't know where to look. I've called his club and called his office."

"Call them again."

So Mazie called the club, but he was not there. Then she called the office, and when Terry's own voice answered her, she said, "Oh, Terry, Terry, come home. . . ."

As Terry replied, old Mary saw Mazie's face turn white. Suddenly the girl hung up the receiver. "He says this isn't home, and he isn't coming."

Old Mary stood up and said, "I'll go and bring him."

But first she went upstairs and brought down her Christmas dinner, and told Mazie how to cook it. Then she put on her hat, and her warm coat, and went out into the whirling storm.

It was the worst blizzard in years. Traffic was practically at a standstill. Old Mary was strong, but the struggle tired her. She hated the howling wind. "It's like the wolves," she told herself, and thought of the shepherdess with her burning brand.

She came at last to a tall building, and on entering was greeted by a heavenly stillness. The elevator boy helped her shake off the snow. "You're a brave soul, Mother," he said, and old Mary said, "I've weathered worse storms than this." Then she went upstairs and found Terry.

She did not knock at his door. She walked straight in, and there was Terry at the window, looking out. . . . He whirled about when he heard her step, and said, "For Pete's sake, it's old Mary. How did you get here?"

"I walked through the snow."

He stared at her. "Great guns. . . ." Then, "What can I do for you?"

"You can go home, to your wife."

Terry froze at that. "Did Mazie send you?"

"Nobody sent me," said old Mary. "But I have talked with Mazie, and she is sorry."

"Words are cheap," said Terry.

Then old Mary told Terry about the wise shepherdess. "She was young, and I am old, but she guarded her sheep. And this morning I prayed for you and your wife. I said, 'Keep them safe,' and a Voice said, 'You must keep them.' "

When she had finished, Terry lifted her hand and kissed it. Then there was a long silence.

And out of that silence, Terry said, "I dreamed a dream, and it was shattered. How can I put it together?"

"Life isn't a matter of making our own dreams come true," said old Mary. "It's making others dream with us."

And Terry said, "Can I ever make Mazie dream?"

And old Mary said, "Yes. She loves you." Then she told him what Mazie had said on her knees beside her.

At that Terry put on his coat and picked up his hat, and said, "I'll find a taxi or break a blood-vessel."

He went out and came back with a taxi, and put old Mary into it, and they puffed and snorted through the drifts until they reached home. While Terry paid the man, old Mary went upstairs, and presently young Terry followed her. The door opened and there was the golden-lighted room with the leaping flames, and with the little feast set forth, and there was Mazie in a little frock, her face lighted by a look that clutched at Terry's heart. He took her in his arms and said, "Forgive me."

THEY went in together, and old Mary closed the door after them. She climbed the stairs to her own cold room, and took off her wet hat and her wet coat, and set her pot of soup on the stove, and wrapped herself in a blanket and sat looking out at the whirling snow.

Presently she would have her simple dinner, and she would envy no man anything. For life is not all food and drink. And Old Mary had kept the wolf from the door of happiness. Sitting there wrapped in her blanket, she saw herself no longer old and wrinkled, but young and straight, with her hair streaming and her soft blue cloak about her, holding high her flaming brand against the darkness of the night.

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# "Take a look at *this* Fruit Cake"

***Says the Uneeda Boy***

"Here's a Fruit Cake to crown any Holiday Feast! For it's the richest, *fruitiest* cake you've ever tasted . . . chock *full* of nuts and pineapple, citron, raisins, cherries . . . Sealed tight in a cellophane wrapper that keeps it moist and fresh . . . And packed in this merry red tin, as cheerful as the Holiday season itself! Look for it on your grocer's counter . . . And buy it as a joyous gift to friends or family . . . In 2 and 5 lb. tins at your grocers."

If you can't purchase this cake at your grocer's, clip this coupon and mail it to "Uneeda Bakers," 449 W. 14th St., New York City, who will be glad to see that your order is filled.

________2 lb. cake________5 lb. cake

Name________Address________

Grocer________Address________

*Baked by*
**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY "Uneeda Bakers"**

# "Uneeda Bakers" Fruit Cake

# "Red, luscious tomatoes . . rich, thick cream . . spices so delicate, so flavorful

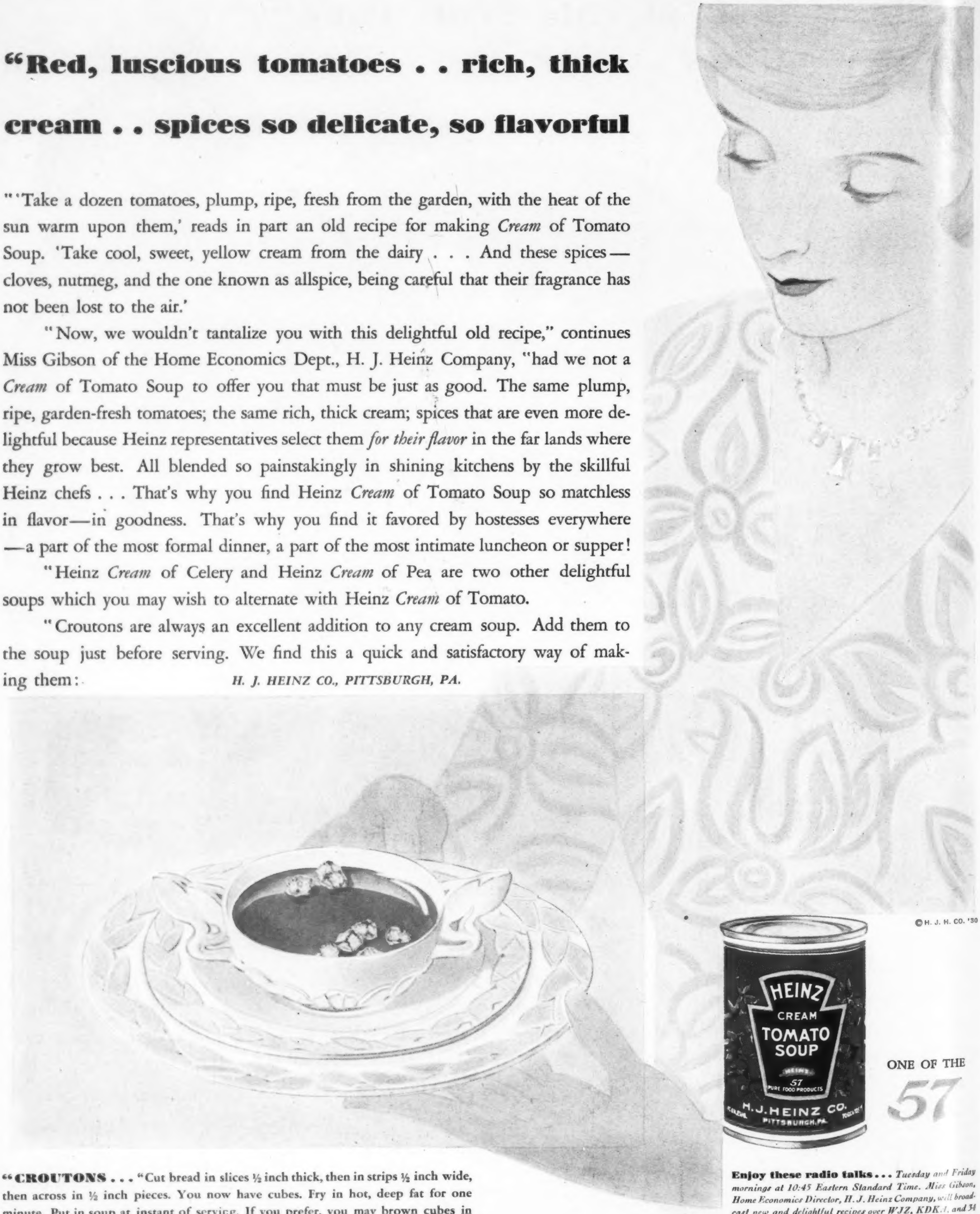
"'Take a dozen tomatoes, plump, ripe, fresh from the garden, with the heat of the sun warm upon them,' reads in part an old recipe for making *Cream* of Tomato Soup. 'Take cool, sweet, yellow cream from the dairy . . . And these spices—cloves, nutmeg, and the one known as allspice, being careful that their fragrance has not been lost to the air.'

"Now, we wouldn't tantalize you with this delightful old recipe," continues Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Company, "had we not a *Cream* of Tomato Soup to offer you that must be just as good. The same plump, ripe, garden-fresh tomatoes; the same rich, thick cream; spices that are even more delightful because Heinz representatives select them *for their flavor* in the far lands where they grow best. All blended so painstakingly in shining kitchens by the skillful Heinz chefs . . . That's why you find Heinz *Cream* of Tomato Soup so matchless in flavor—in goodness. That's why you find it favored by hostesses everywhere—a part of the most formal dinner, a part of the most intimate luncheon or supper!

"Heinz *Cream* of Celery and Heinz *Cream* of Pea are two other delightful soups which you may wish to alternate with Heinz *Cream* of Tomato.

"Croutons are always an excellent addition to any cream soup. Add them to the soup just before serving. We find this a quick and satisfactory way of making them:

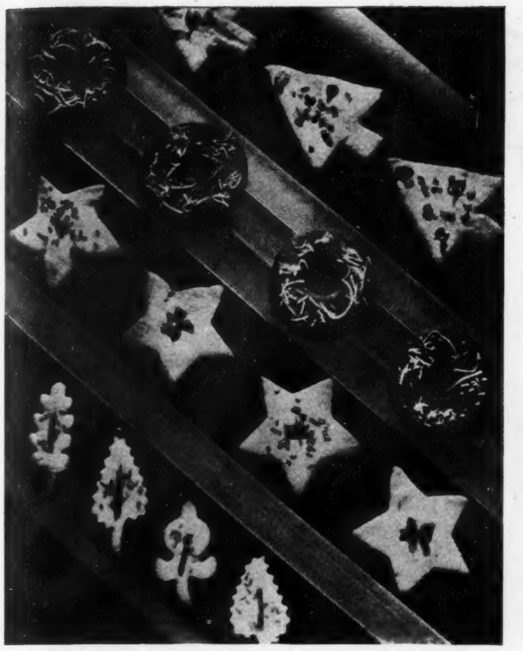
*H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.*



**"CROUTONS . . .** "Cut bread in slices ½ inch thick, then in strips ½ inch wide, then across in ½ inch pieces. You now have cubes. Fry in hot, deep fat for one minute. Put in soup at instant of serving. If you prefer, you may brown cubes in the oven. Buttering gives them a quicker and better brown."

**Enjoy these radio talks . . .** *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time. Miss Gibson, Home Economics Director, H. J. Heinz Company, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.*

# HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP



*Attention, amateurs! Even you can make them*

# HOLIDAY CAKES AND COOKIES

By McCall's Food Staff

### *Christmas Trees*

1 cup shortening
⅔ cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
3 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
Candied cherries
Pistachio nuts

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Add vanilla. Mix and sift flour and salt and add to the first mixture. Mix thoroughly and add more flour if necessary. Chill. Roll out thin on a slightly-floured board and cut with a tree cutter. Brush with milk and sprinkle with chopped cherries and nuts. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 10 minutes. (Illustrated 1st row.)

*Holly Cookies*—Use the recipe for Christmas Trees. Roll out thin and cut with a round cooky cutter. Decorate with bits of candied cherries and angelica arranged to represent holly.

*Colored leaves*—Use recipe for Christmas Trees. Roll out thin and cut with a leaf cutter. Sprinkle one-half of the cookies with green shot and rest with red shot. (Illustrated row 4.)

*Lemon Crescents*—Use the recipe for Christmas Trees. Substitute 2 tablespoons lemon juice and grated rind of 1 lemon for the vanilla flavoring. Roll out thin and cut with crescent cutter. Brush with beaten egg and sprinkle with lemon sugar.

*Orange Wafers*—Use the recipe for Christmas Trees. Substitute 2 tablespoons orange juice and grated rind of ½ orange for the vanilla. Roll out thin and cut with round cutter. Brush with beaten egg yolk and sprinkle with orange sugar.

*English Goodies*—Use the recipe for Christmas Trees. Roll out very thin and cut with a round cutter. Put a teaspoon of marmalade in the center of one round and brush edge with milk. Cover with a second round and press edges tightly together with the tines of a fork. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

### *Butterscotch Stars*

¾ cup butter
⅔ cup brown sugar
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg yolk, beaten
Citron

Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream together. Add sifted flour and vanilla and mix until smooth. Chill. Roll out thin on a slightly-floured board, cut with a star cutter. Brush with egg yolk and place a small star, cut out of citron, in the center of each cooky. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 10 minutes. (Illustrated row 3.)

### *Chocolate Sticks*

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
3 sq. (3 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
2 eggs
2¼ cups flour
¾ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon salt

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together. Melt chocolate over hot water and add to the first mixture. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Add sifted flour and the soda dissolved in a little water. Add vanilla and salt and mix thoroughly. Chill. Roll out thin on a slightly-floured board. Cut in strips one by three inches. Sprinkle with sugar or chopped almonds. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 8 to 10 minutes.

### *Combination Cookies*

Use the recipes for Christmas Trees and Chocolate Sticks. Roll dough very thin. Cut the light dough with a large round fluted cutter and brush with milk. Cut the chocolate dough with a doughnut cutter and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Place chocolate cookies on vanilla cookies and put a candied cherry in the center. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

### *Date Favorites*

½ cup shortening
⅔ cup sugar
1 egg
¼ cup milk
1¼ cups flour
1 cup oatmeal
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup dates, cut in pieces

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together. Add beaten egg and milk. Add flour, oatmeal, soda, baking powder and salt and mix well. Add dates. Drop by teaspoons on a greased baking sheet about 2 inches apart and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 10 minutes.

### *Molasses Jumbles*

⅔ cup shortening
¾ cup molasses
3 cups flour
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons soda

Cream shortening, add molasses and mix until smooth. Mix and sift flour, ginger, salt and soda together. Add to the first mixture and mix well. Chill for several hours. Roll out thin on a slightly-floured board and cut with a doughnut cutter. Sprinkle with coconut and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 10 minutes. (Illustrated row 2.)

### *Honey Cakes*

¾ cup strained honey
1 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons water
1 egg
4 cups flour
½ teaspoon soda
⅛ teaspoon clove
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cook honey, sugar and water together 5 minutes. Cool. Add beaten egg with the flour, soda, and spices sifted together. Mix well. Chill in the refrigerator 2 days. Knead and add more flour if necessary to make a stiff dough. Roll to ¼ inch thickness. Cut in oblong pieces 2 by 3 inches. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes. When cool cover with

### *Frosting*

1 cup confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
Boiling water

Mix sugar with enough boiling water (about 5 teaspoons) to make it the right consistency for spreading. Add vanilla and mix well.

Let the cakes stand until the frosting hardens.

### *Coconut Macaroons*

3 tablespoons condensed milk
1¼ cups coconut
½ teaspoon almond flavoring
1 egg white

Beat egg white stiff. Moisten coconut with the condensed milk and add flavoring. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg white. Drop by teaspoons on a greased baking sheet about 2 inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 10 minutes or until a delicate brown.

### *Pecan Puffs*

2 eggs
1 cup light brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
7 tablespoons flour
⅓ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup pecans, broken

Beat eggs and add sugar, salt, flour and baking powder. Mix well and add pecans. Drop batter into very small greased muffin pans. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 10 minutes. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar pressed through a sieve.

[*Turn to page 72*]

WHAT A LOT YOU CAN DO *with one pound of Limas!*

*Limas with Bacon*
*Recipe Book Page 14*

**ENOUGH FOR THIS MAIN-COURSE DISH**

*Savory Lima Salad*
*Recipe Book Page 22*

**AND 6 SALADS LIKE THIS**

*Cream of Lima Soup*
*Recipe Book Page 24*

**AND 6 BOWLS OF DELICIOUS SOUP**

HERE'S an easy way to save time and labor: Cook up *two cups* (a pound) of Limas while you're at it, and you have the makings for three days' dishes—a main-course treat tonight, a luncheon salad tomorrow, a delicious soup the day after.

All "feature dishes"—and so healthful, too, with their rich supply of protein, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts. And, since Limas are highly *alkaline*, they *balance* the acid-ash of many common foods.

For the *best* Limas, ask for SEASIDE BRAND (either Large or Baby Limas), carefully selected from the finest of California's crop.

*famous for their nut-like flavor*

CALIFORNIA SEASIDE Limas

Look for this 100-pound SEASIDE bag before you buy.

CALIFORNIA
SEASIDE LIMAS
SEASIDE
California
Limas

New!—the same *highest quality* Dried Limas in cans—ready-cooked. Just heat and serve.

**SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK**

For free booklet of tested Lima recipes by nationally known Food Editors, just address Department 179, CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN GROWERS ASSOCIATION, OXNARD, CALIF.

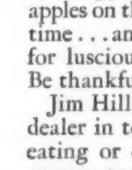
And the fruit bowl piled high with . . . Jim Hills

PERFECT complement to a glorious Thanksgiving dinner . . . or *any* dinner . . . these gorgeous apples, gleaming rosy red, and full of tangy juice! You must have apples on the table at Thanksgiving time . . . and you'll need them, too, for luscious pies, salads, baking. Be thankful for Jim Hills!

Jim Hills you'll find at the best dealer in town. A *perfect* apple for eating or cooking . . . perfectly grown, perfectly packed, and perfectly shipped to your dealer's counter. *See* them . . . *smell* them . . . *taste* them . . . full-fleshed, fragrant, snappy-flavored! Only Jim Hill can assure you of such perfection. For Jim Hills are grown, picked and packed in the world's most famous apple land, the State of Washington.

Look for the Jim Hill name . . . your guarantee of the finest in each variety . . . Jonathan, Delicious, Spitzenberg, Rome Beauty, Stayman, Winesap, in season.

Jim Hill
the World's finest
Apples



*Send for "Adventures in Desserts," containing a host of delightful apple recipes . . . new and different!*

Wenatchee District Co-Operative Association
Dept. M2, Wenatchee, Washington

*Gentlemen:* Enclosed is 10c in stamps. Please send me "Adventures in Desserts."

Name__________

Address__________

# "AT HOME" ON CHRISTMAS DAY

### *By Abbie Throop Butler*

*Tall red tapers and a tiny glistening tree formed the centerpiece of our table*

THERE could hardly be a better time than Christmas Day for a gathering-together of our friends, we decided. For then our house would be gay with garlands of living green, wreaths of bright-berried holly, and a Tree, standing tall and shining and bright. So two weeks before Christmas I telephoned or wrote the invitations, asking our guests to come in any time between four and seven o'clock. They came, and many of them stayed, and we spent an absolutely perfect Christmas afternoon and evening together.

Perhaps, you'd like to have such a party this year.

Lay the table with your loveliest cloth; and in the center, place a tiny tree decorated with silver ornaments and packaged "rain"; surround it with a holly wreath. If possible, use platters or trays of silver or crystal, and on them arrange sandwiches cut in fancy shapes, light and dark and white fruit cake, and all sorts of Christmas confections. Light the table with slim red tapers. Serve coffee at one end and punch at the other.

## *Cream Cheese Sandwiches*

- 2 cakes cream cheese
- 4 tablespoons stuffed olives, minced
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons finely-chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise

Mash the cheese, add other ingredients and blend well. Spread small slices of graham or whole wheat bread lightly with mayonnaise, then with cheese mixture. Place a thin slice of stuffed olive in center. Makes 50 small sandwiches.

## *Christmas Pin-Wheels*

Cut thin slices lengthwise from a ten- or twelve-inch loaf of white bread, removing all crusts. Mix finely minced parsley and soft butter in the proportion of 1½ parts parsley to 1 of butter. Spread this rather heavily at one end of a slice for about 1 inch. Spread rest of slice with deviled ham reddened with paprika. Beginning at parsley end, roll up and wrap in oil paper. Put in refrigerator for filling to harden. When ready to serve, slice very thinly across the roll. Each roll should make 12 to 15 slices. Allow one 2¼ oz. can of the ham to each roll.

## *Chicken Sandwich Spread*

- 1 cup minced chicken breast
- ⅓ cup tender asparagus tips cut in ½ inch pieces
- 1 tablespoon crushed pecans
- 1½ tablespoon mayonnaise
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon each celery salt and onion salt
- Dash cayenne pepper
- Few drops lemon juice

Mix all together thoroughly and spread on white bread lightly buttered. Place a thin slice of small fresh tomato on top, and a dab of mayonnaise in center. Makes 50 sandwiches.

## *Stuffed Dates*

Pour boiling water over dates, let stand one minute, rinse in cold water and spread on soft towel to dry. Remove stones and fill cavities with marshmallows or walnut meats. Roll in sugar.

## *Light Fruit Cake*

- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups light brown sugar
- 5 eggs
- 2½ cups flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon rum flavoring
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 teaspoon each vanilla and cinnamon extract
- ¼ lb. each citron, crystallized cherries and pineapple
- ½ lb. blanched almonds
- 1 lb. white raisins

Cream shortening and sugar together, add eggs, beating them into batter one at a time. Add baking powder to flour and sift into batter alternately with orange juice, to which the vanilla and cinnamon extracts have been added. Stir in the fruit and nuts last. Bake in well-greased, deep pan in slow oven 250° F. 3¼ hours, turning off heat the last 15 minutes.

## *White Fruit Cake*

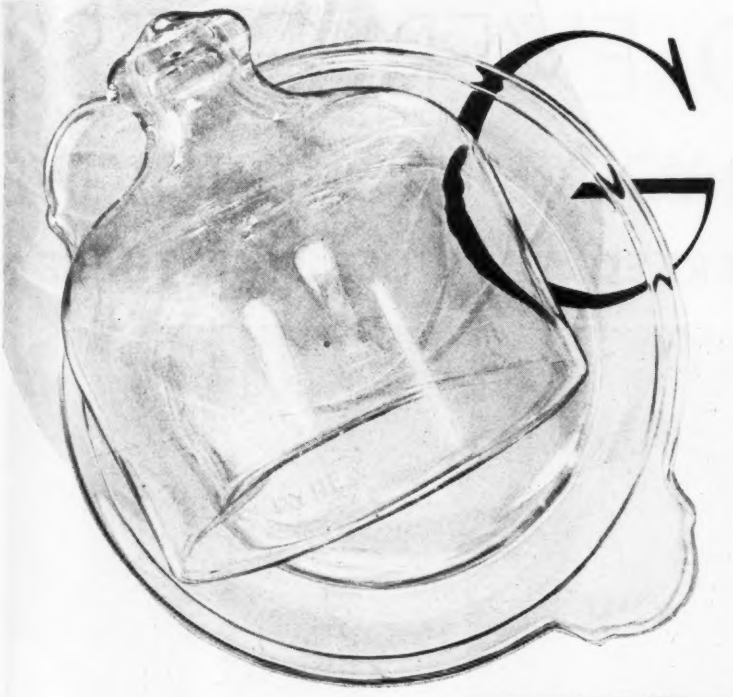
- ½ lb. shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 4½ cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ cup milk
- 12 egg whites
- 3 cups grated coconut
- ½ lb. shelled, blanched almonds
- ½ lb. crystallized pineapple
- ¼ lb. citron

Cut almonds lengthwise, slice fruit thin and dredge with a little of the flour. Cream shortening and sugar until very light, add milk and about ⅓ of the flour. Add coconut, almonds and fruit and mix well. Fold in, alternately, the stiffly-beaten egg whites and remaining flour. Put heavy paper in bottom of well-greased pan and bake in oven 250° F. 2½ hours.

## *Dark Fruit Cake*

- 1 lb. shortening
- 1 lb. brown sugar
- 1 lb. pastry flour
- 10 eggs
- 1 tablespoon each cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 cup strawberry jam
- 3 lbs. raisins
- 1 lb. each figs and dates
- ¾ lb. each crystallized cherries and pineapple
- ½ lb. citron
- ¼ lb. each orange and lemon peel
- ¼ lb. each pecans and walnuts

Cream the shortening and sugar and add the beaten yolks gradually. Add the jam. Use a little of the flour to dredge the fruit. Sift soda, cinnamon, nutmeg, and allspice with remaining flour and add alternately with beaten egg whites. Add the fruit and nuts. Bake in deep, well-greased pan in a slow oven 250° F. about 3 hours.



# GIFTS

## *sparkling with beauty that work menu-magic*

THESE shining gifts of Pyrex ovenware enable good cooks to work veritable menu-magic by bringing extra flavor to everyday foods... cutting dishwashing time almost in half, and adding new beauty to the dinner table.

The luscious dishes baked in gleaming Pyrex resistant glass have a savory taste that the cookery of old-style kitchenware can never quite duplicate.

Foods baked in Pyrex ware go proudly... directly... from oven to table, eliminating many pots and pans. And each one is served at its peak of perfection. Stuffed tomatoes, baked apples, crumb-crusted dishes au gratin, cooked *and served* in Pyrex dishes, run no risk of breaking apart before they are passed!

These good-looking gifts that never wear out will cost you as little as 10¢ apiece for the popular custard cups, or $5.15 for the 10-piece set that completely equips the bride's kitchen for all regular baking needs.

In the center illustration at the bottom of the page are the new Refrigerator Dishes...each one designed to do the work of three. The lucky lady who finds these under her Christmas tree can prepare dinner foods in the morning . . . keep them iced and fresh all day...bake them to succulent goodness . . . and serve in tempting style . . . all in the same dish!

**PYREX BELL-TOP DISH** seals in the juice and flavor and serves foods piping hot. Eggs, fruits, mushrooms and meats cook to perfection in this graceful dish. Both pieces, $1.25.

**COVERED CASSEROLES** are ideal for savory meat dishes, baked fruits or vegetables, deep-dish pies. Two-quart size, round, square, or oval, is $2.00. At slightly higher cost you may order engraving on entire dish or cover only, as shown here.

The new Divided Dish and the Pyrex Two-Piece Dish are winning a golden reputation for usefulness . . . and the captions under their pictures give just a hint of the menu-magic that they hold for clever cooks!

Among the glass and china of the hardware and department stores in your own city, you will find all these Pyrex dishes and a host of others. Many pieces are engraved in graceful designs similar to that shown above . . . a smart touch for Christmas giving.

Each piece of Pyrex ovenware is a gift of sparkling beauty, well suited to the Christmas season . . . a gift of so many uses that it belongs to every season!

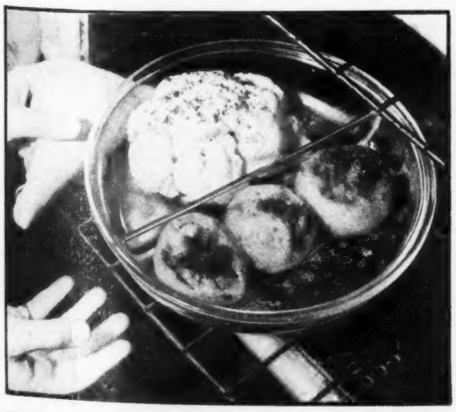
### *FREE . . . Book of 30 Menus*

Write Corning Glass Works, Dept.273,Corning, N.Y., for booklet of meals cooked in 20, 30, 45 minutes.

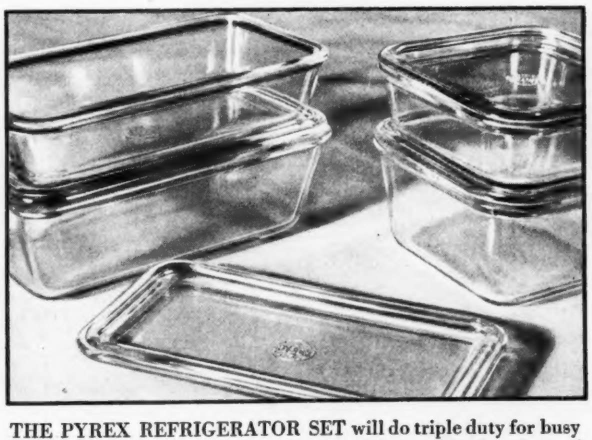
*Name*____________________
(PLEASE PRINT NAME)

*Address*____________________

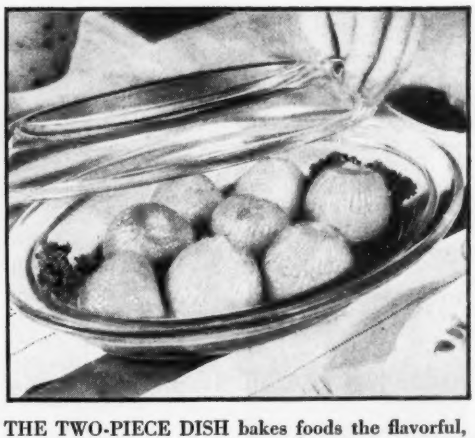
Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada.
Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**THE DIVIDED DISH** bakes two foods at once, or cooks one food in two ways. The same dish au gratin and plain, to please all the family; foods highly seasoned for grown-ups and in simple form for the youngsters... are everyday duties for this dish. Only **$1.50.**



**THE PYREX REFRIGERATOR SET** will do triple duty for busy housewives. Any one piece in the set of four takes the place of mixing bowl, icebox dish, baking pan and serving dish. Cooks to perfection meat, fruits, vegetables and puddings. In four styles and sizes, from **85¢** to **$1.40** each, or **$4.40** for the set.

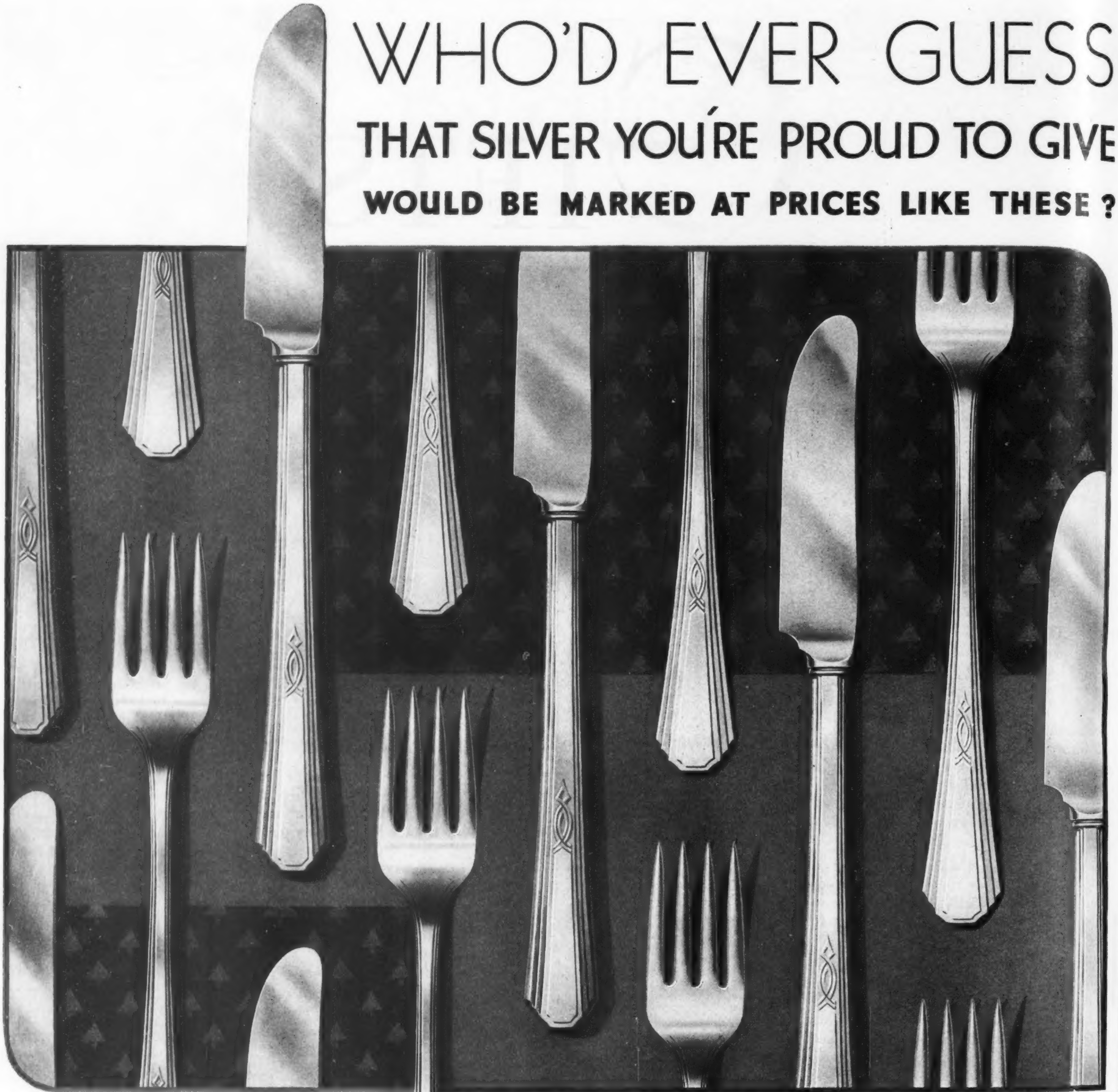


**THE TWO-PIECE DISH** bakes foods the flavorful, new, waterless way. The steam drips down from the top of the dish and foods simmer slowly in their own juices. Or, turn the top over and there's a matched set of good-looking dishes that cost only **$2.00!**

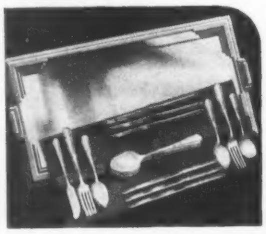
# WHO'D EVER GUESS

## THAT SILVER YOU'RE PROUD TO GIVE

## WOULD BE MARKED AT PRICES LIKE THESE?



Above is shown the Viande style in knife and fork...to be had in Paris (illustrated), Princess, Triumph or Mayfair patterns. Prices in this fine flatware are decidedly modest, 6 teaspoons costing but $1.75, and a 26-piece set selling for as low as $16.25. See the Mirror Tray Set shown here in the Paris pattern.



Think! ... Hollowware to match the flatware comes in Paris (illustrated), Princess or Triumph patterns, and beautiful gift pieces can be purchased for as low as $2.50; while a complete tea or coffee set consisting of tea or coffee pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher is only $30.

It's silver that you'll love, all your days, on your own table! Silver you'll be proud as Punch to give to a friend!

Priced so low, it will open your eyes to what your Christmas money can buy!

Flatware... hollowware... sets... of real distinction! See them at your silver dealer's. See how graceful! How carefully executed in every detail! See the Viande* style in knife and fork—the greatest innovation in silver in many a day! Then realize:

This silver is the famous Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate... heavily plated with pure silver, and with a still greater thickness of pure silver at points of greatest wear. Guaranteed to last... through long years of daily wear!

DON'T SAY "ROGERS," SAY

WM. ROGERS & SON

SILVERPLATE

A Product of International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

*Trade Mark

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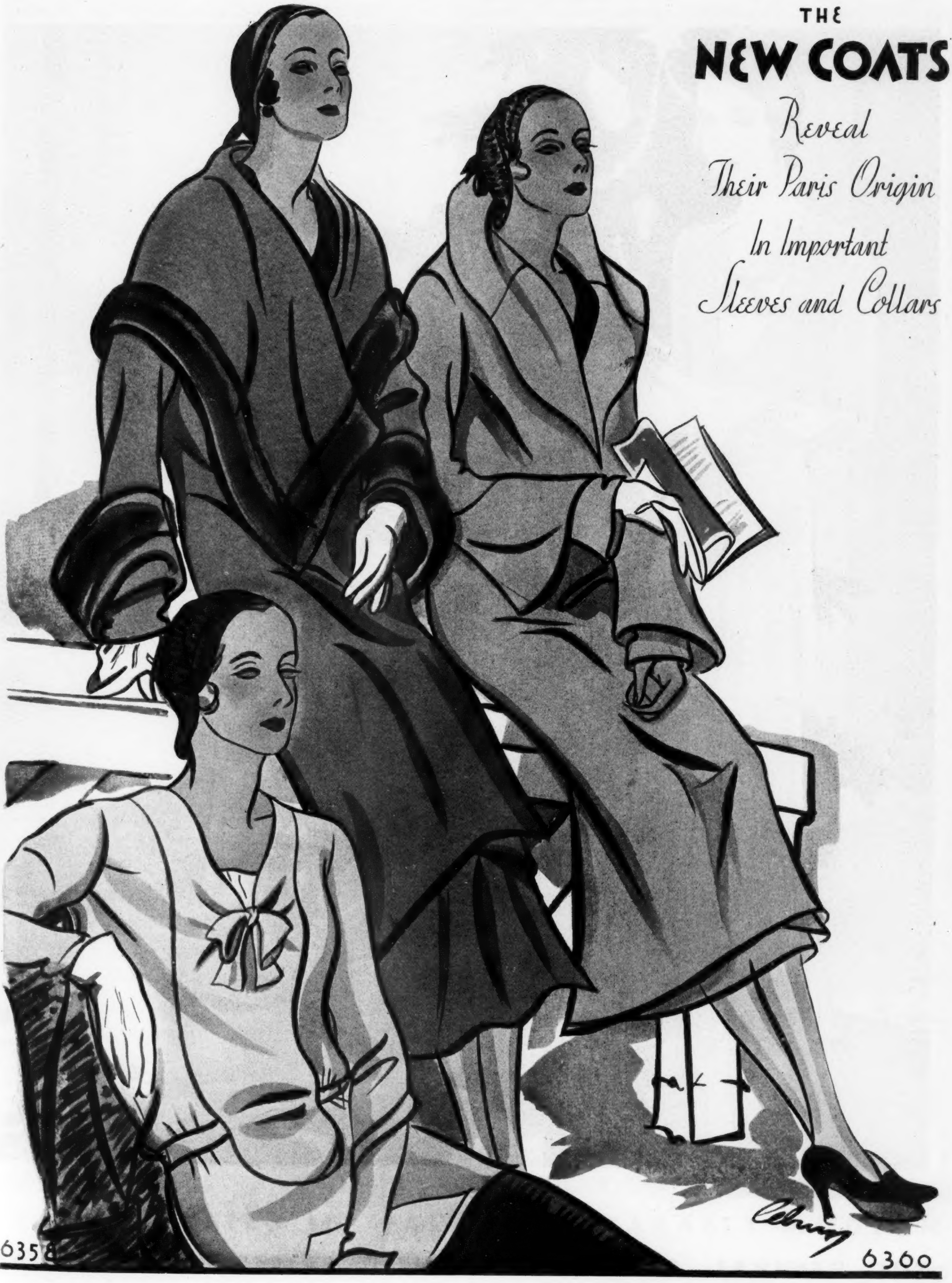
# THE NEW COATS

## *Reveal Their Paris Origin In Important Sleeves and Collars*



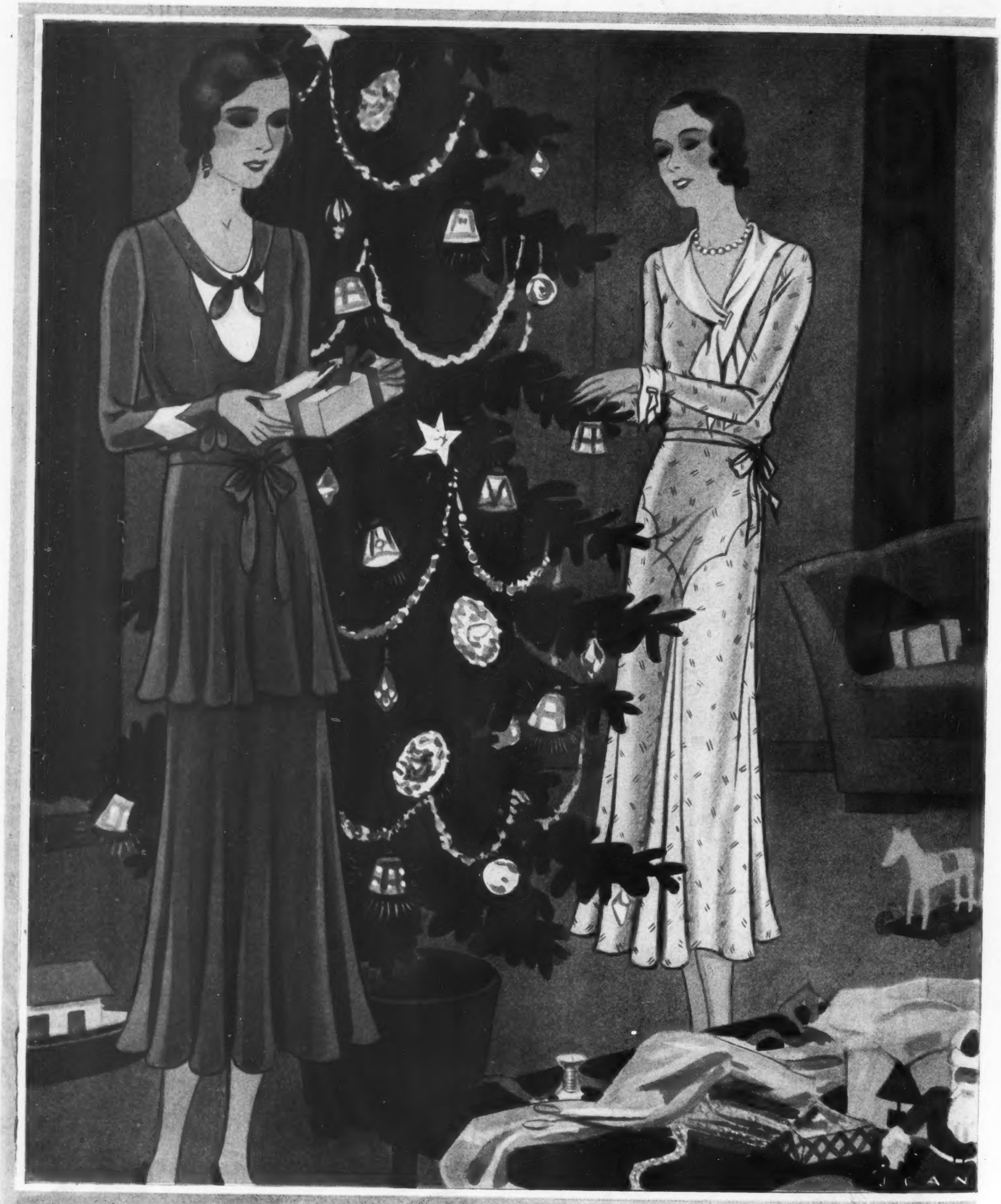
6358

6360

No. 6358. A charming French ensemble consists of a seven-eights length coat featuring a new style of wide collar, a slightly flaring skirt, and a smart tunic blouse.

No. 6360. Flaring sections that suggest bell cuffs on the sleeves, and a simply shaped collar lend distinction to a new coat which is cut on slightly fitted lines.

For back views and yardage see page 98.



6350

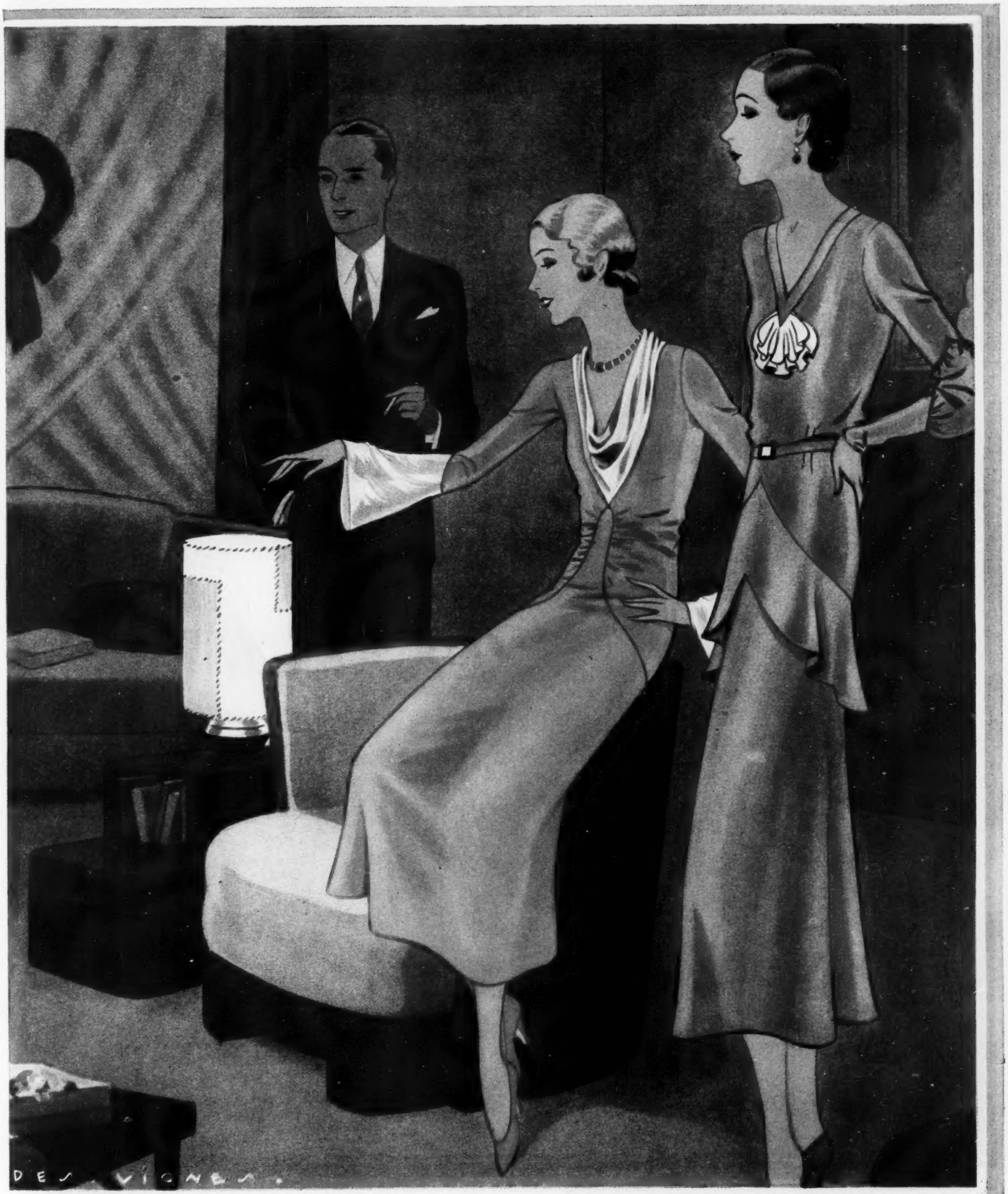
6329

## THE REVIVAL OF THE ROMANTIC SPIRIT IN FASHIONS

No. 6350. A French frock is cleverly designed to give a flat hipline in the back. In the front, a flaring peplum repeats the lines of the flaring skirt. Soft ties are most becoming.

For back views and yardage see page 98.

No. 6329. The waistline of a princess frock is marked by a narrow loose belt. The skirt is cut in flaring sections and joined to the top in a scalloped line forming a yoke.



6332

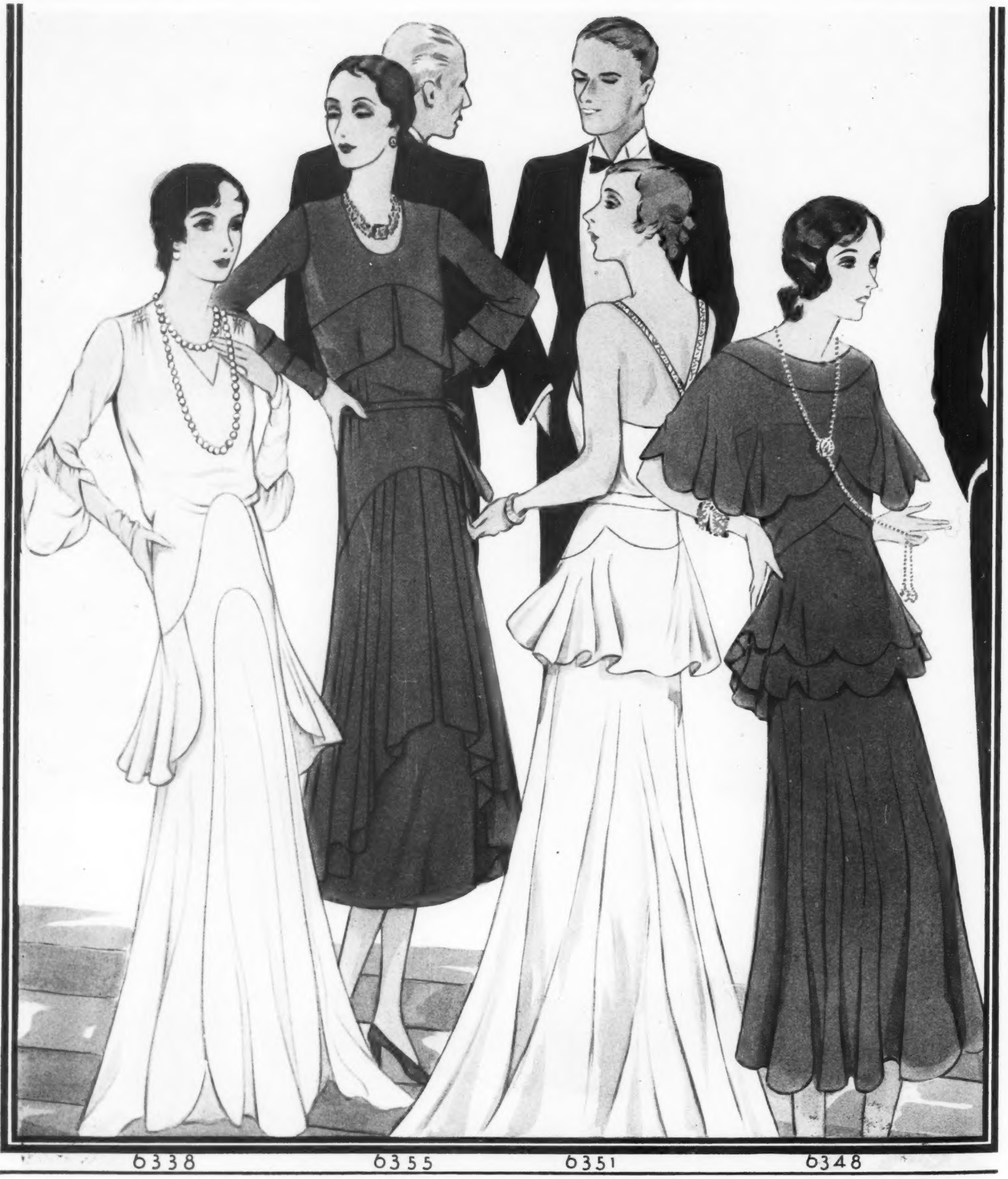
6344

## IS INTERPRETED IN WAYS UNMISTAKABLY MODERN

No. 6332. Shirrings in front give a Victorian suggestion to a simple frock which is made with a draped collar, a fitted bodice, sleeves that widen at the wrist, and a circular skirt.

For back views and yardage see page 98.

No. 6344. A favorite type of new sleeve with a puff at the elbow appears in a simple frock. A flaring peplum above a flaring skirt lends grace to a very becoming silhouette.



6338 6355 6351 6348

No. 6338. The skirt of a formal evening frock is quaintly decorated with curved seamings in the front and a flaring peplum is inserted in the seam at the hipline.

No. 6340. Slender lines are accented in a frock which is seamed to give a wrapped effect at the hipline. Long ends attached to the yoke tie in a soft bow at the side.

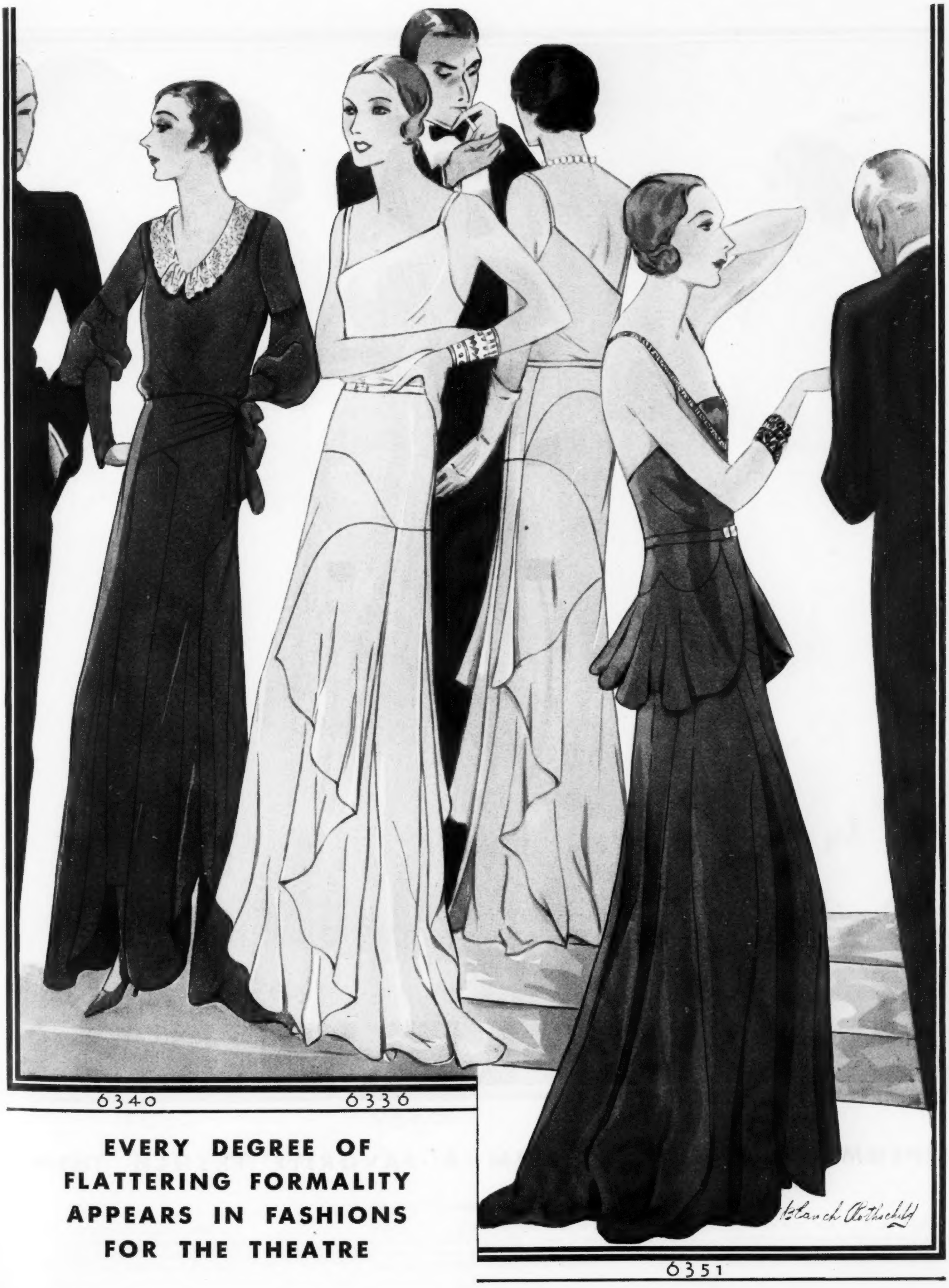
No. 6355. A novel apron effect is produced by pleated sections in the front of a slender belted frock. Wide bands are used on the bodice to suggest a bolero.

No. 6336. An evening gown with a becoming diagonal neckline has two panels placed at the side which are arranged in folds to form a graceful cascading drapery.

For back views and yardage see page 98.

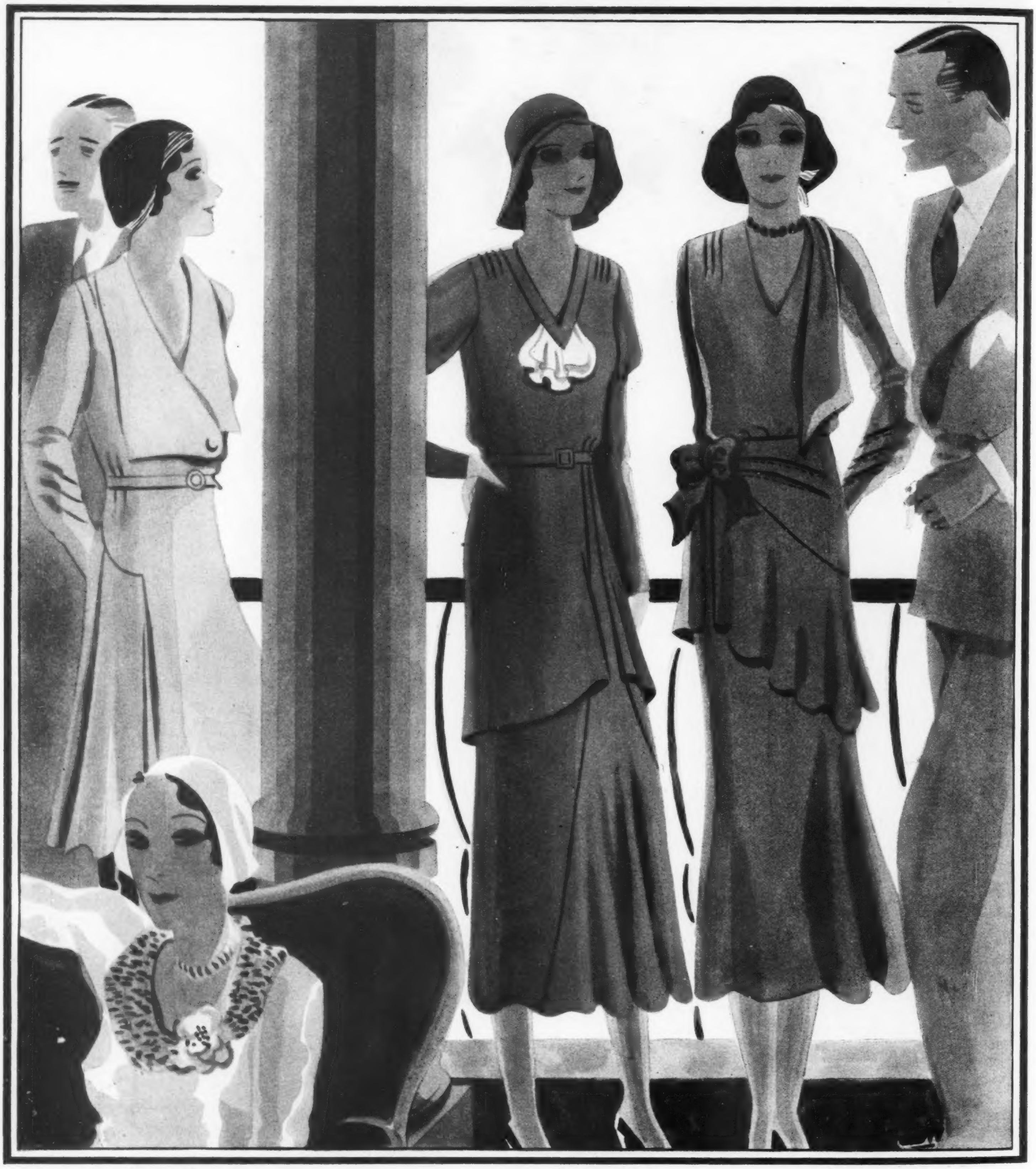
No. 6348. Scallops form a very attractive finish on a youthful frock made with a deep bertha collar attached to a round yoke, and a double flaring peplum.

No. 6351. The new decollete cut very low and finished with narrow straps over the shoulders appears in an evening frock with a wide flaring skirt and a flaring peplum.


6340
6336
6351
Blanch Rothschild

# EVERY DEGREE OF FLATTERING FORMALITY APPEARS IN FASHIONS FOR THE THEATRE

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page, 100.



6356 6352 6357

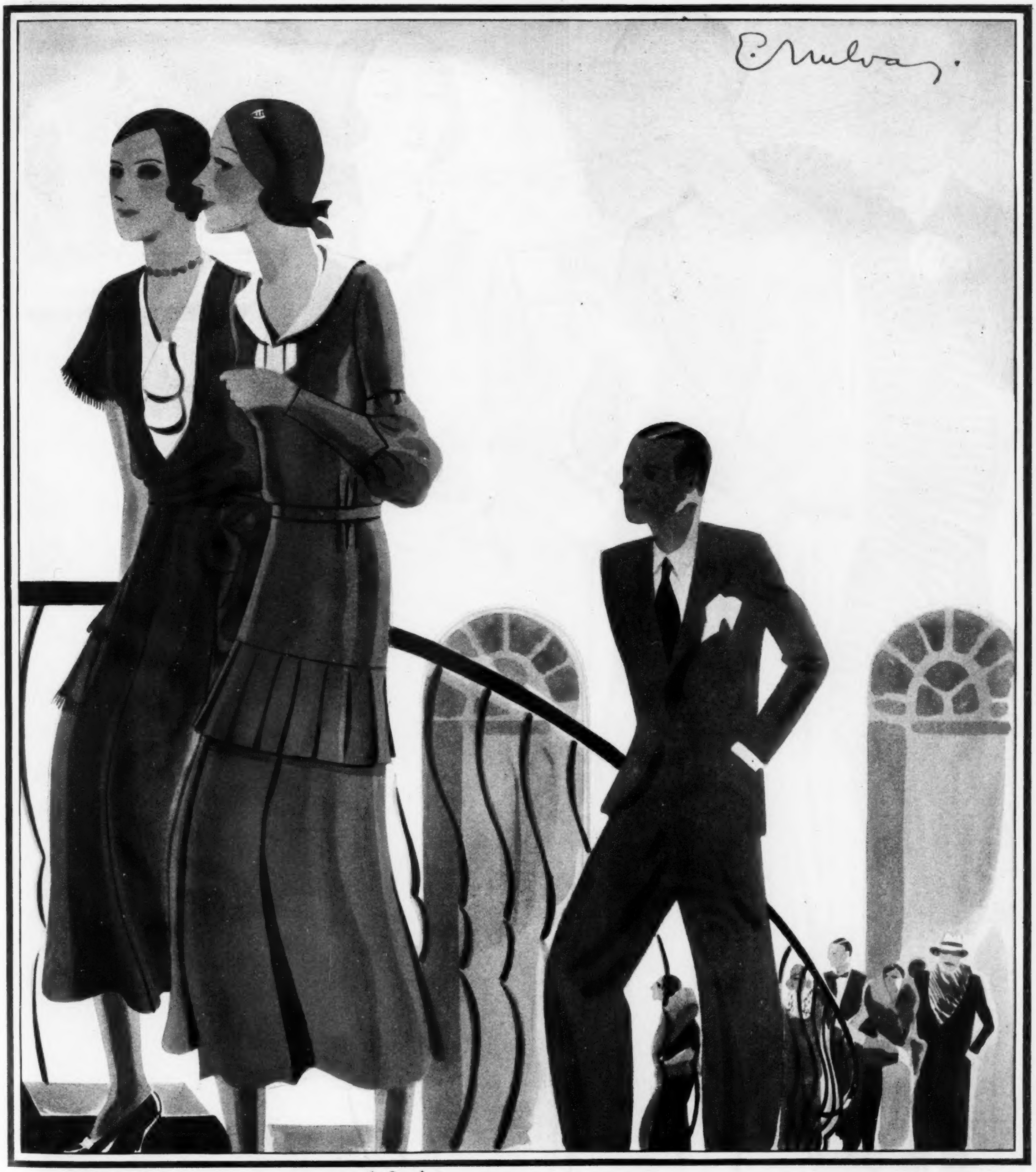
## PEPLUMS AND TUNICS FORM A FAVORITE FRENCH THEME

For back views and yardage see page 98.

No. 6356. The V shaped neckline of a tunic blouse suggests a double-breasted closing by a crossed collar. A flaring section widens the silhouette at one side.

No. 6352. Shoulder puffs on the sleeves are a quaint detail of a frock which has a flattering peplum above a skirt in which a shaped panel provides fulness at the side.

No. 6357. A peplum silhouette is produced in a simple frock by a shaped girdle edged with a circular flounce, adjusted to the hipline by sash ends that tie in a bow.



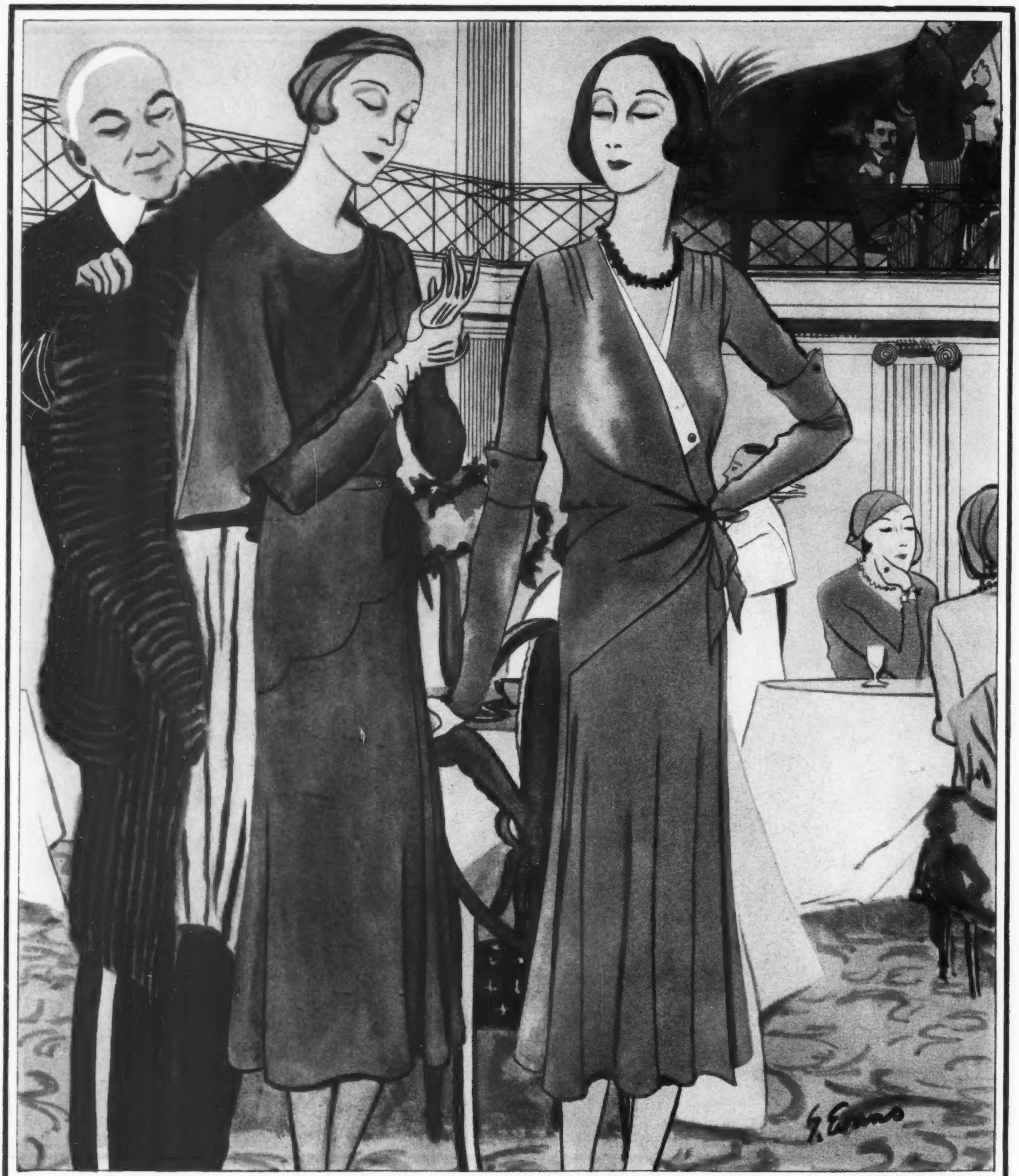
6349 6345

## IN SIMPLY DESIGNED FROCKS TO WEAR ALL DAY LONG

For back views and yardage see page 98.

No. 6349. A slender frock with a contrasting vestee has fronts attached at the side seams which form long ends, winding around the waistline and tying at the side.

No. 6345. Puff sleeves, and a pleated flounce inserted at the hipline to give the effect of a peplum are youthful features of a simple frock belted at the waist.



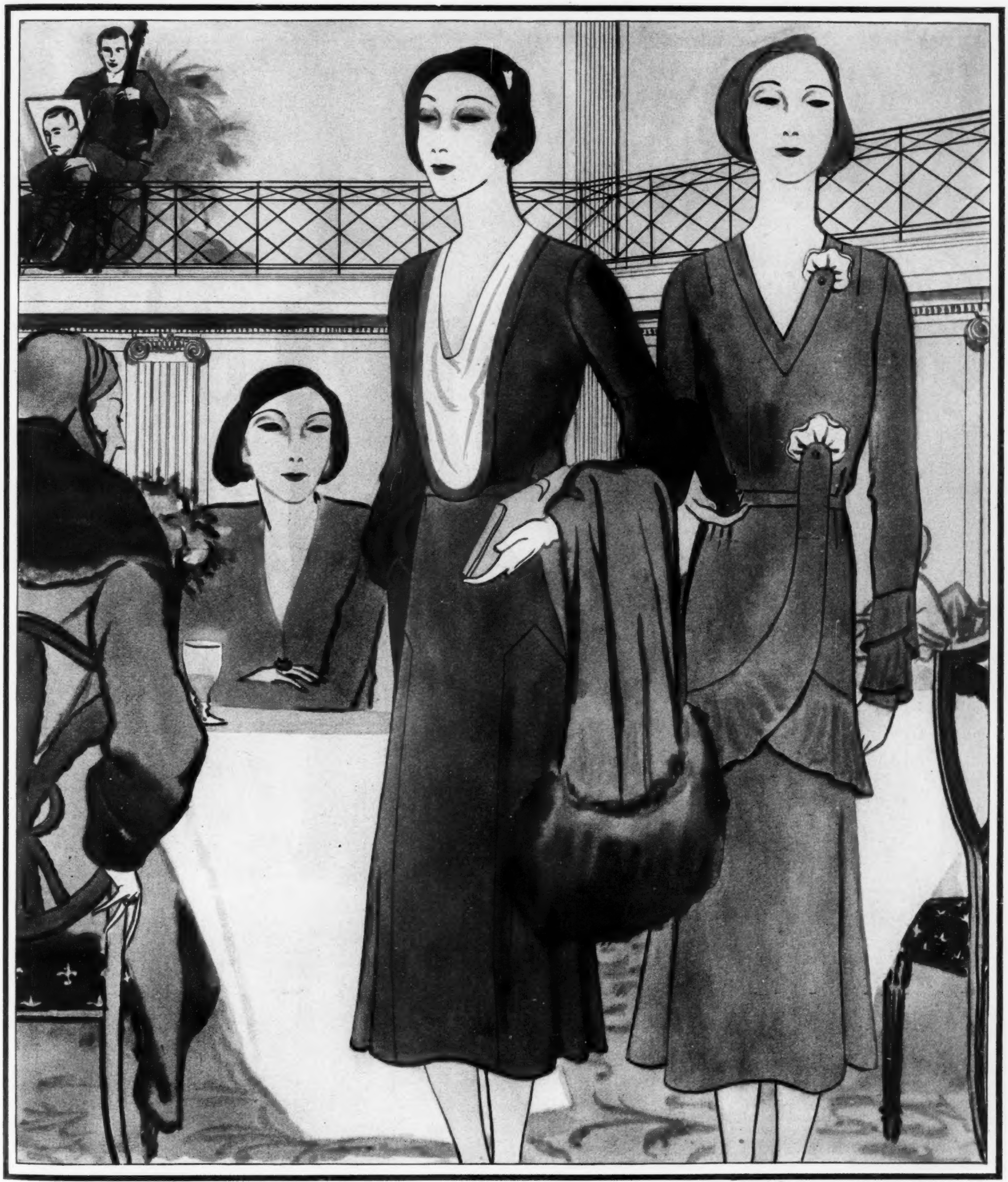
6337 6333

# DRAPED DETAILS AND CLEVER SEAMINGS ARE

No. 6337. Diagonal lines are smartly used in a cape collar falling over one sleeve, and a two piece flared skirt pleated at the side and joined on in a diagonal scalloped line.

For back views and yardage see page 98.

No. 6333. The new wrapped effect is cleverly suggested by diagonal seamings, and a waistline which is draped at the side and finished with sash ends that tie in a soft bow.



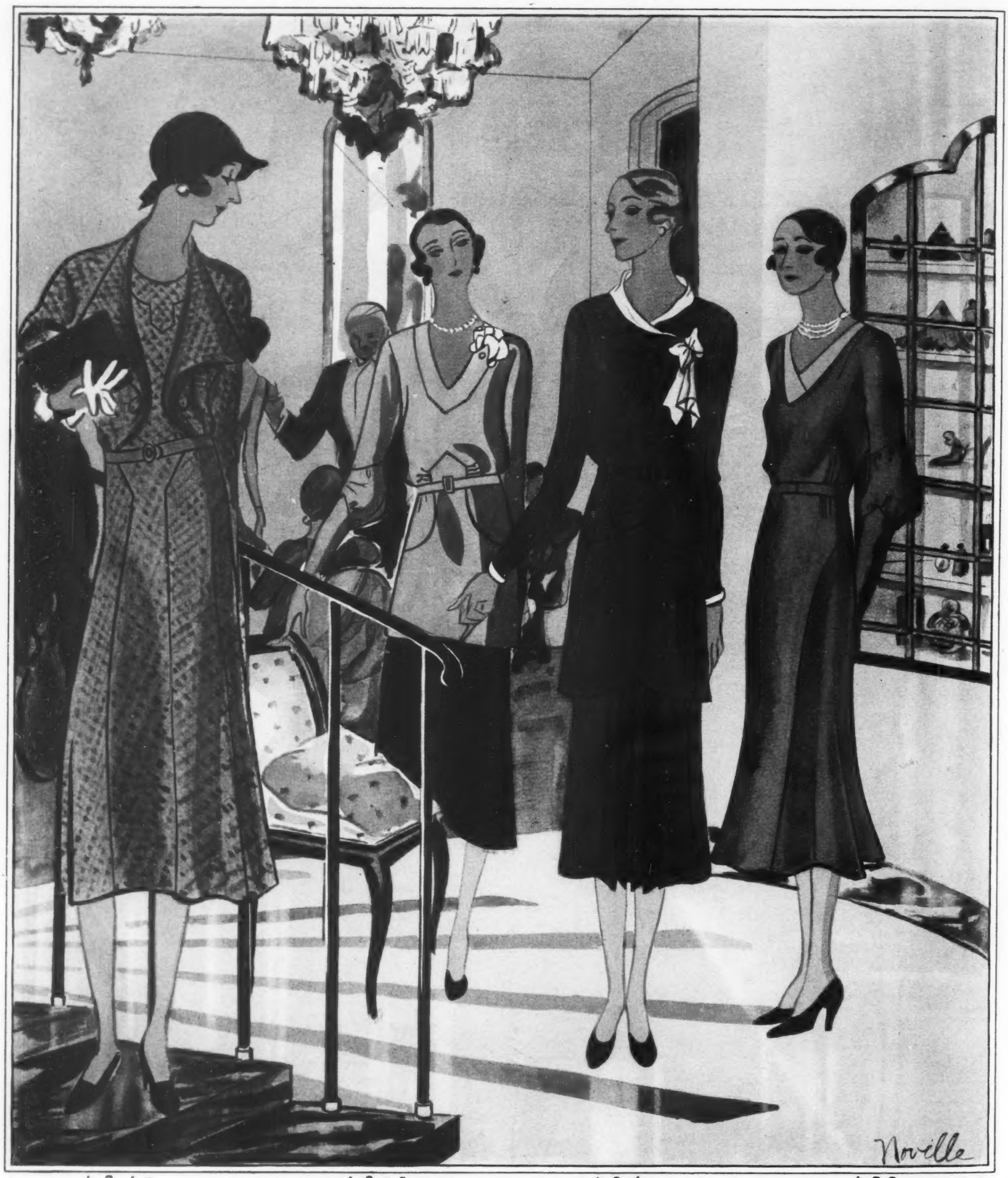
6346 6343

# A SIMPLE EXPRESSION OF THE NEW ELABORATION

No. 6346. Sleeves with a puff at the elbow and a graceful draped vest of contrasting material lend distinction to a frock designed on princess lines and belted at the waist.

For back views and yardage see page 98.

No. 6343. The peplum silhouette is suggested by flounces at the hipline, and narrow flounces trim the sleeves. A note of unusual contrast is added in the trimming on the bodice.



6342 6353 6347 6339

# TUNICS AND NEW SLEEVES ENLIVEN THE DAYTIME SILHOUETTE

For back views and yardage see page 98.

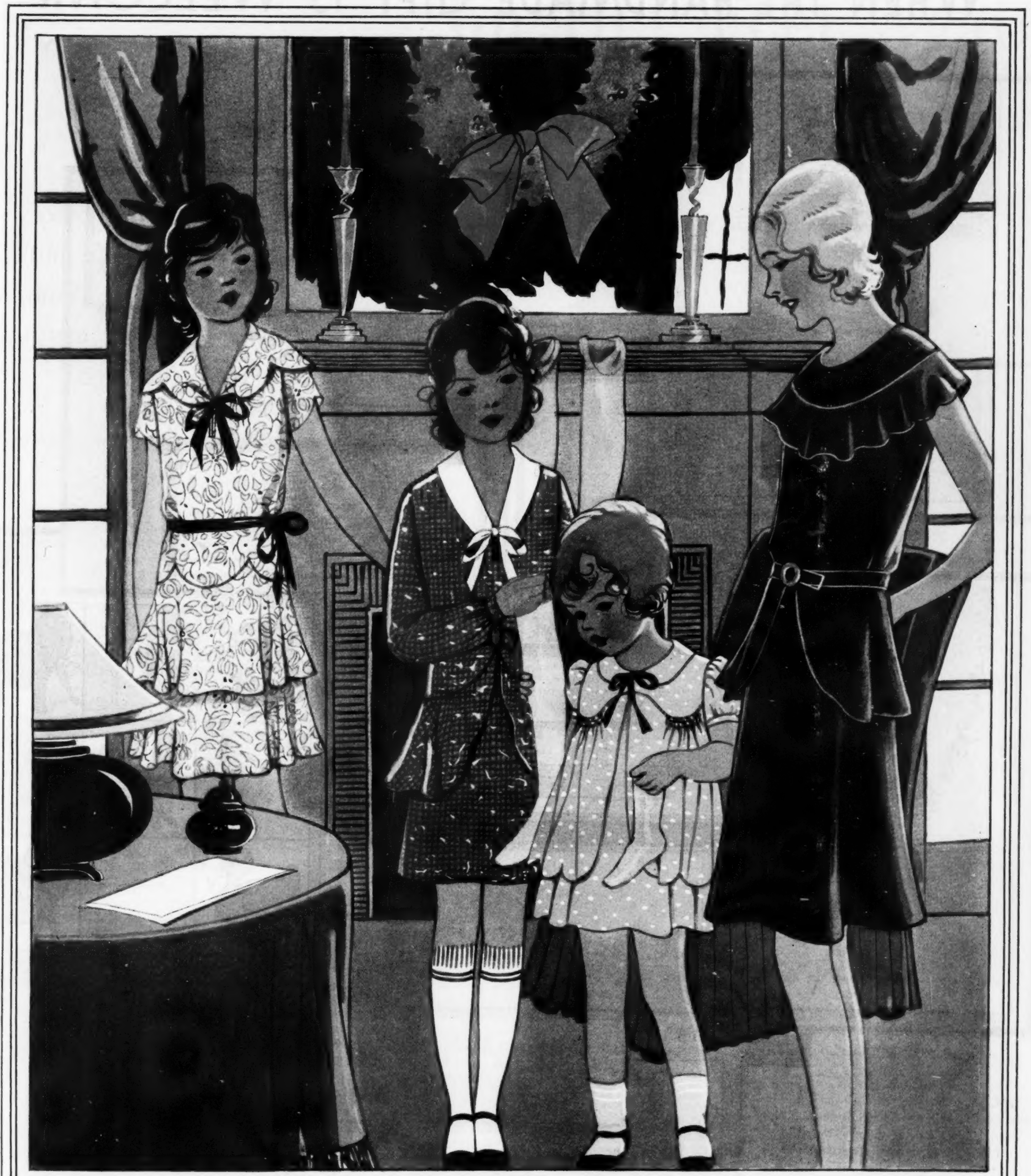
No. 6342. A jacket front attached at the side seams is a charming new development of bolero fashions. The skirt is pleated in back and flares in front.

No. 6353. The Russian influence in French fashions is seen in a tunic blouse cut long enough to fall below the hipline, with a separate belt to mark the waist.

No. 6347. A slightly flaring flounce attached to curved seamings gives a tunic silhouette to a simple frock. The bodice crosses in front closing at the side.

No. 6339. Sleeves with an elbow puff are a style detail of a frock cut on slender lines with a skirt that flares by means of circular sections inserted at each side.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 100.



6330 6335 6341 6334

## SMALL VERSIONS OF THE NEW SEASON'S MODE

For back views and yardage see page 98.

No. 6330. A small adaptation of grown-up tunic fashions appears in a frock simply cut with two flaring flounces at the hemline. A loose sash marks the waist.

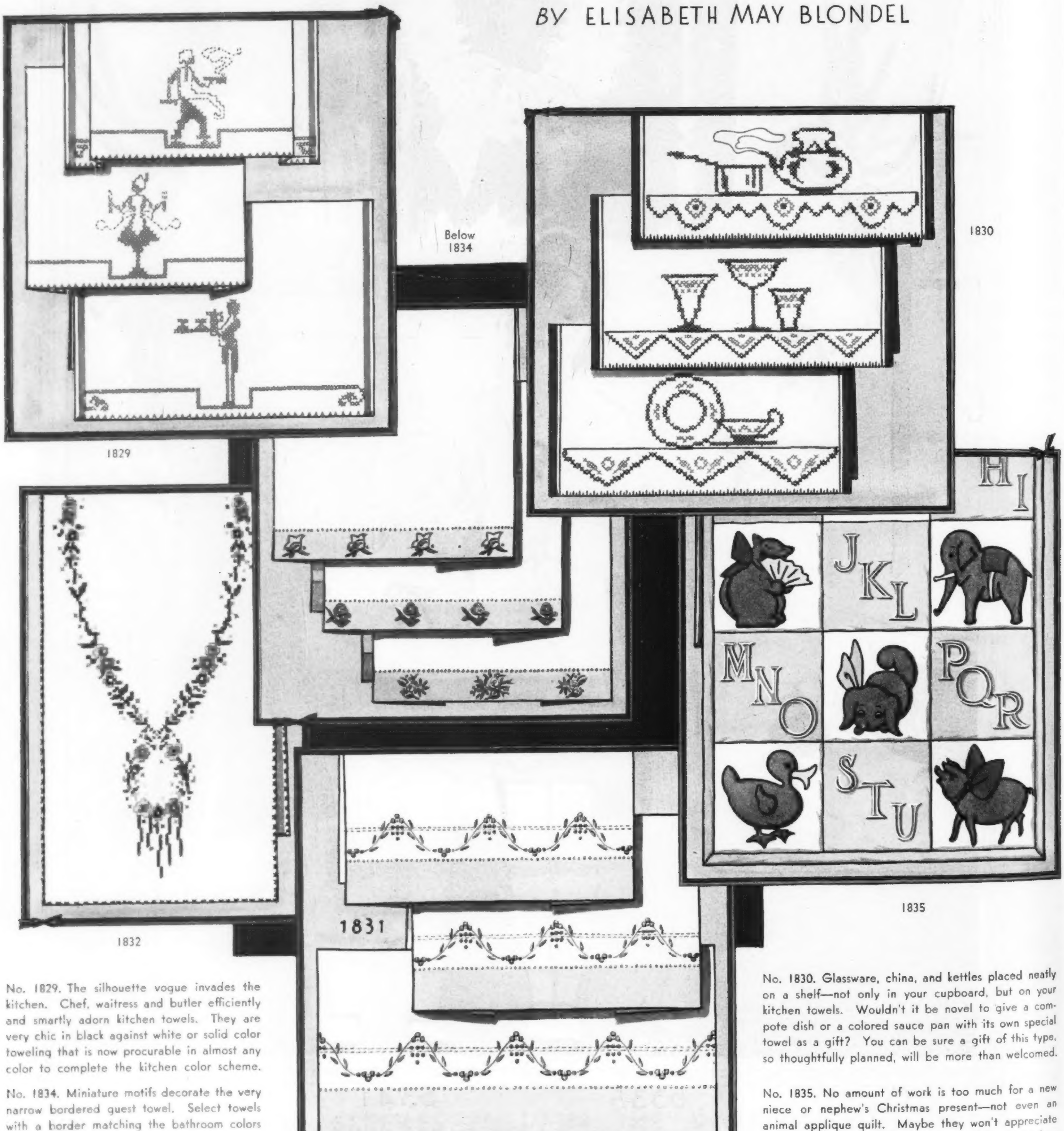
No. 6335. A flounce joined on at the hipline gives the peplum silhouette to a little girl's frock. A belt marks the waist and bows trim the collar and cuffs.

No. 6341. Tunic lines are interpreted in a frock in which a shaped yoke heads a double skirt, the upper skirt being cut shorter and scalloped at the edge.

No. 6334. Becoming lines are produced by a round collar edged with a circular flounce, a slightly fitted waist, and a flaring peplum above a skirt that flares.

# WHEN THE HANDMADE GIFT IS WELCOME

### BY ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



Below 1834

1830

1829

1832

1835

1831

No. 1829. The silhouette vogue invades the kitchen. Chef, waitress and butler efficiently and smartly adorn kitchen towels. They are very chic in black against white or solid color toweling that is now procurable in almost any color to complete the kitchen color scheme.

No. 1834. Miniature motifs decorate the very narrow bordered guest towel. Select towels with a border matching the bathroom colors —add a row of simple flowers, and present some favored friend with a charming, thoughtfully planned gift that will be really welcome.

No. 1832. Jewel-like colors, sparkling and subtle, make what might be 'just another cross-stitch runner' into an enchanting one. Serving tables, tea trays—any place you need an extra runner, you will find one like this 'just right', as well as exceedingly charming.

ARE THE GIFTS you make for people really welcome? Of course they are, if you have spent a little thought on them. Yellow kitchen towels won't be welcome if her kitchen is decorated in red, but red ones will be. If she has an odd sized table, a runner that fits will be a prized one. Consider carefully where your gifts are going, and they are sure to be a tremendous success.

No. 1830. Glassware, china, and kettles placed neatly on a shelf—not only in your cupboard, but on your kitchen towels. Wouldn't it be novel to give a compote dish or a colored sauce pan with its own special towel as a gift? You can be sure a gift of this type, so thoughtfully planned, will be more than welcomed.

No. 1835. No amount of work is too much for a new niece or nephew's Christmas present—not even an animal applique quilt. Maybe they won't appreciate it, but their mother will, and you'll be surprised how soon they will be able to tell the duck from the dog, and point out letters they have learned to know.

No. 1831. It may be just an ordinary peach bordered sheet now, but it will be one of the smartest in your linen closet if you add a row of peach embroidery. They are marvelous for gifts, but you'll probably want to keep them, when you see how lovely they are.

---

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices listed on page 100.

# "It Put My Little Girl on Her Feet Again!

## When I was sure I was losing her"

*A Discovery from Switzerland, World-Leader in Child Development, that has Swept from One End of the World to the Other . . . Employed Now by Children's Experts in Over 50 Different Nations*

PLEASE ACCEPT 3-DAY SUPPLY . . . NOT A MEDICINE

— A SUPER-DELICIOUS FOOD CONCENTRATE

SWISS scientists have made a further notable discovery in child building. A discovery that has swept over 54 different nations. A way 20,000 doctors are advising.

Will you accept a test, if only to prove or disprove the claims thousands of mothers make for it? New to America, it has become almost a national beverage through all of England and other European countries.

It may make your child over—especially if nervous or underweight. Backed by leading scientific authority of the world, it deserves, at least, a trial.

### *What It Is*

Ovaltine is a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, *including, of course, the Sunshine Vitamin D.*

*"Now, he drinks 4 cups of milk a day instead of his unwanted 2"*

I sent for Ovaltine to see if I could get my three-year-old boy to drink one quart of milk instead of his unwanted two glasses per day. Result, he does drink four full glasses and I am delighted.
Mrs. Anna Sandlofer, 1702 Clay Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system can absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

### *How It Acts*

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.

### *Digests Starches*

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprises over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

*(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations. Ovaltine is now made in 8 countries (including the U. S. A.) according to the exact original Swiss formula—to meet the demand from 54 different nations.*

**OVALTINE**
*The Swiss Food-Drink*

*"Ovaltine put my little girl on her feet again when I was sure I was losing her"*

My little girl 2½ years old had the flu with measles following. As the result of this she was very puny and nervous, cried all day, bit her finger nails, and refused to eat her meals or drink milk. At night she was restless. Altogether she was in bad shape.

I was afraid she wouldn't be with us long when I saw an advertisement for Ovaltine and got a trial package. Now I must say I'm the happiest mother. I cannot say enough in words for Ovaltine.

For Ovaltine put my little girl on her feet again when I was sure I was losing her. She is getting well again. The roses are coming back in her cheeks. She sleeps and eats regularly, does not bite her finger nails any more, plays out in the sunshine all day and is altogether a different girl. Mrs. John Rosen, 8416 Garfield Blvd., Cleveland, O.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY 722
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Dept. L-24
Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

*Name*........................................
*(Please print name and address clearly)*

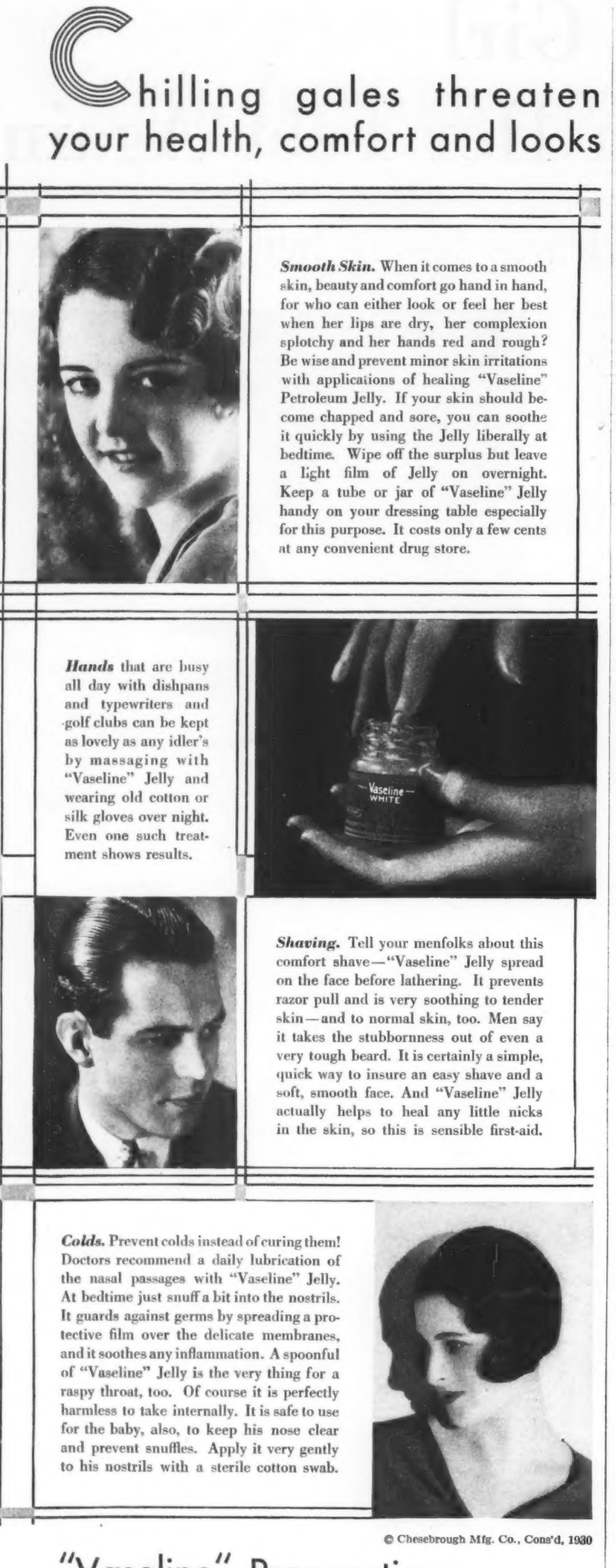
*Address*........................................

*City*........................*State*..................
*(One package to a person)*

C

SPECIAL OFFER

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug, and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)



Chilling gales threaten your health, comfort and looks

**Smooth Skin.** When it comes to a smooth skin, beauty and comfort go hand in hand, for who can either look or feel her best when her lips are dry, her complexion splotchy and her hands red and rough? Be wise and prevent minor skin irritations with applications of healing "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. If your skin should become chapped and sore, you can soothe it quickly by using the Jelly liberally at bedtime. Wipe off the surplus but leave a light film of Jelly on overnight. Keep a tube or jar of "Vaseline" Jelly handy on your dressing table especially for this purpose. It costs only a few cents at any convenient drug store.

**Hands** that are busy all day with dishpans and typewriters and golf clubs can be kept as lovely as any idler's by massaging with "Vaseline" Jelly and wearing old cotton or silk gloves over night. Even one such treatment shows results.

**Shaving.** Tell your menfolks about this comfort shave—"Vaseline" Jelly spread on the face before lathering. It prevents razor pull and is very soothing to tender skin—and to normal skin, too. Men say it takes the stubbornness out of even a very tough beard. It is certainly a simple, quick way to insure an easy shave and a soft, smooth face. And "Vaseline" Jelly actually helps to heal any little nicks in the skin, so this is sensible first-aid.

**Colds.** Prevent colds instead of curing them! Doctors recommend a daily lubrication of the nasal passages with "Vaseline" Jelly. At bedtime just snuff a bit into the nostrils. It guards against germs by spreading a protective film over the delicate membranes, and it soothes any inflammation. A spoonful of "Vaseline" Jelly is the very thing for a raspy throat, too. Of course it is perfectly harmless to take internally. It is safe to use for the baby, also, to keep his nose clear and prevent snuffles. Apply it very gently to his nostrils with a sterile cotton swab.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930

"Vaseline" Preparations will serve as your protection

# HOLIDAY CAKES AND COOKIES

[Continued from page 55]

*Dip small cakes in melted fondant*

## *English Tea Cakes*

½ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
1¾ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup citron
½ cup currants

Cream shortening and add sugar gradually. Save ½ egg white for glazing and beat the rest thoroughly. Combine with first mixture and add milk. Mix and sift flour with baking powder and salt and add with the citron and currants, which have been dredged with a little flour, to the creamed mixture. Shape into balls, the size of a walnut and brush top of each with slightly-beaten egg white. Dip in granulated sugar and place on baking sheet 1 inch apart. Keep sugared side up. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes or until slightly brown. Serve hot.

## *Mince Meat Drop Cookies*

¼ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup mince meat
2½ teaspoons baking powder
1¼ cups flour

Cream shortening, add sugar, beaten egg, mince meat, and flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes. This makes about 30 cookies.

## *Kisses*

4 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup fine granulated sugar
¾ teaspoon vanilla

Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff, using a wire egg beater. Add 2 tablespoons sugar at a time and beat in thoroughly until all is used. Line a baking pan with a piece of heavy paper which has been moistened with water. Drop by teaspoons on the paper 1 inch apart, or press through a pastry tube. Bake in a slow oven (250° F.) 45 to 60 minutes, until a delicate brown. Lift from pan and set in oven to dry out thoroughly.

These are delicious with ices, ice cream, or mousses. Nuts—almonds, walnuts or pecans—may be added to the mixture just before dropping on the pan.

## *Christmas Nuggets*

1 cup shortening
1¾ cups brown sugar
3 eggs
Flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup boiling water
1 cup broken nut meats
1½ cups raisins

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, baking powder, cinnamon, and salt together and add to the first mixture. Add boiling water and enough more flour (about 1 cup) to make a drop mixture. Add nuts and raisins. Drop by teaspoons on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

## *Iced Dainties*

1 cup butter
1⅔ cups sugar
5 eggs
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream well together. Add one egg at a time, beating constantly. Add flour and mix thoroughly. Pour batter into 2 large shallow pans, having batter about ½ inch deep. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 20 to 25 minutes, or until thoroughly baked. Remove from pan and cool. Cut in small diamonds, rounds and squares. Dip in fondant and decorate with bits of citron, nut halves or pieces of candied fruits.

## *Vanilla Fondant*

2 cups sugar
1⅓ cups water
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook sugar, water and syrup together, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Cook to 238° F. (soft ball stage). Wash away the crystals on the side of the pan with a fork covered with cheesecloth and dipped in cold water. Pour syrup on a cold, wet platter and cool to 110° F. Beat with a spatula until white and creamy. Add vanilla and knead until the mass is smooth and free from lumps. Put away in a glass jar to ripen for 2 or 3 days. When ready to use heat over hot water until melted. The fondant may be colored by adding a few drops of pink, red or green vegetable coloring.

### WHAT IS YOUR TYPE?

THE secret of an attractive appearance is to know your type. Dress your hair to suit your face—not the prevailing mode. Take the proper care of your skin and use make-up in the proper tints for your particular coloring. Send for our new booklet *An Outline of Beauty* and let an expert on beauty tell you how to make yourself even more attractive. It's only twenty-five cents in stamps. The Service Editor, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio.

*You know how delightfully clean your hair is after a rainwater shampoo! Today's laundries use only rainsoft water to wash your clothes gently, yet thoroughly clean.*

# rinsed in FLOODS of rainsoft water

## PRESENT-DAY LAUNDRIES *flush away every trace of soap and dirt with 4 to 6 complete changes of pure, soft water . . .*

*By* Mrs. Martha Lang

*Consultant in Improved Methods, American Institute of Laundering*

Rinsing clothes properly is an art; an art today's laundries have mastered. Amounts of water—number of changes—temperature of each successive bath—all must be considered. Gallons upon gallons of purest rainsoft water flush away every trace of soap and dirt. Four to six complete rinses are used in the "multiple-suds, multiple-rinse" method.

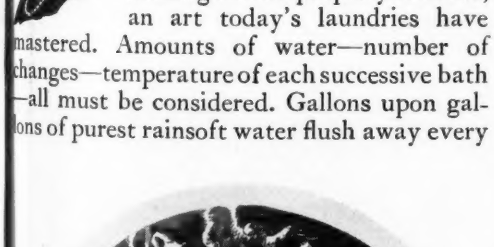
Thus we flood your clothes with cleanliness. Your family washing comes back fresh, sweet-smelling, spotless. And this same thoughtful care protects every laundering process.

At the American Institute of Laundering new and improved washday methods are constantly being studied. Exacting classification of every article by color and fabric, with special washroom formulas set by science . . . gentle yet thorough washing in 3 to 5 suds baths . . . water removal by spinning baskets which eliminate all wringing and crushing . . . non-scorching ironers . . . these are but a few of the amazing advances in our industry. You only have to try a present-day laundry once, to realize the difference these changes make.

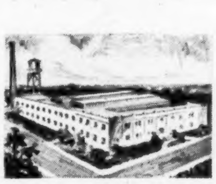
Now 8 million women "let the laundry do it." And many new customers are constantly being won by what their friends tell them about laundry service.

Washday in the home is so burdensome. It robs women of precious leisure hours, of good times. It deprives growing children of mother's companionship at the very age when this is most essential. All this sacrifice is now needless, thanks to laundry developments such as those described.

Change to the laundry way this week! There's a special service for every purse and every family need. The present-day laundry in your community will gladly send a routeman to help you choose. Phone today and win freedom from washday worries forever! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*



*Mother's a real pal now! How her children love the companionship that present-day laundry service has made possible! (Below) Christmas gift sets look doubly alluring when sent to the laundry before being presented.*



Below, the Million-Dollar "Proving Ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Ill.

## *Let the* LAUNDRY *do it!*

© 1931, L. N. A.

Why not have spring's finest vegetable delicacy

NOW?

Think of it—you may have one of the most prized of California's springtime vegetable delicacies, asparagus, for today's crisp-weather meal.

What wonderful variety—what delicious goodness—and what ease of preparation, with asparagus. A tasty omelet, an enticing salad, an appetizing cocktail, or a piping-hot vegetable dish—always, asparagus deserves its welcome on your table.

And you may eat all the asparagus you want—it's a non-fattening food. It fits any diet! It fits *every* appetite.

Why not have your grocer deliver half a dozen cans today, both tips and long spears? Remember, it's ready for use right from the can, and you *serve every ounce* you buy. Supply your pantry shelf and you may spruce up your everyday meals or guest menus—even on short notice.

"This Business of Tempting Appetites"—our newest free book—gives you the latest tested recipes for this favorite food delicacy. Mail the coupon now, and you'll have the book in just a few days!

CALIFORNIA CANNED
Asparagus

TIPS LONG SPEARS TIPS — THIS BUSINESS OF TEMPTING APPETITES — CALIFORNIA CANNED ASPARAGUS

**Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 579, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.**
Please send me, free of charge, the new recipe book, "This Business of Tempting Appetites."

Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________

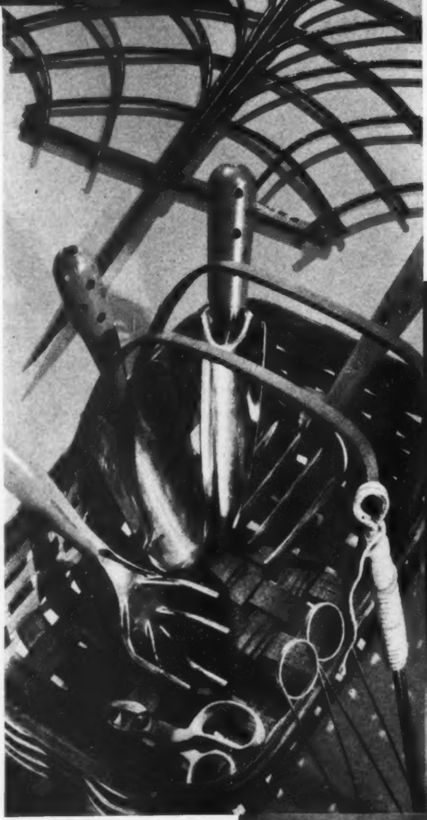
# FOR THE GARDENER'S XMAS STOCKING

## By Mrs. Francis King

IF I should see, sticking up in my own Christmas stocking, a mere hoe handle that looked new and practical, I'd be in an ecstacy of curiosity. And as with me, so with all of us who have even the smallest plot of ground where we can dig and plant and cultivate. Nothing pleases us more at Christmas than a gift which will help us bring beauty to our gardens; so new suggestions for such presents are now in order.

*Top, Above*—An inexpensive filler for the toe of the stocking is a carefully chosen assortment of seeds—or a clear glass vase for a choice blossom. Gardening enthusiasts take particular pleasure in snapping pictures of their own planting, and the newest cameras come in as many lovely colors as the flowers themselves.

*Above*—The bright birds mounted on stout sticks make most attractive stakes. They come four to a set. The fat little chicks and the bunnies with the inquisitive noses would look very much at home under a bush or a tree, and they're rain-proof.



*Left*—We've all become so entirely practical in our gardening ways that we can smile at some of the rather foolish fancy gifts which were once the vogue. Now we know that the best kneeling pad is small and dark and waterproof; that only the stoutest shears, of tempered steel, will give complete satisfaction; and that it takes roomy, heavy gloves to protect your hands and keep them lovely no matter how industriously you garden. But we can be practical and decorative, too; witness these gayly-painted markers and the handy green willow trellis. And what could be more sensible than a garden basket which is fully equipped with tools and a kneeling pad? The row-straighteners and markers posing against the side come with the basket.

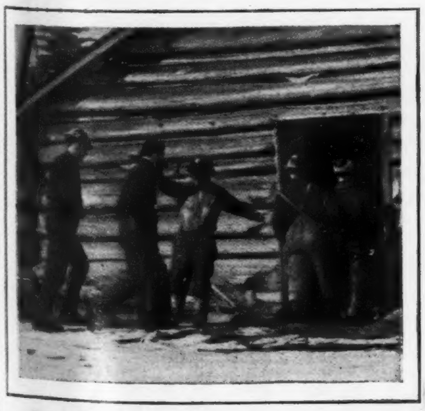
*Right Corner*—For those who garden indoors there is the attractive "parlor" sprinkling can to match any color scheme. . . For outdoor watering, this fat, contented duck will obligingly spray the lawn—and decorate it, too. He is made of cast iron and is realistically painted. To replace the ordinary water faucet there is a prancing horse, strongly made of solid brass. *If you'd like information about prices and where-to-buy, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Christmas Gifts Editor, McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York.*

# WHERE Men are Men..
# .. *and Appetites are* BIG!

**BILL McCARTHY**

veteran cook at Lumber Camp 26 down in Maine, advises city wives how to please their hungry husbands. "Flapjacks three times a week . . . and Vermont Maid Syrup, and plenty of it."

*Lumberjacks discovered Vermont Maid Syrup . . . spread its fame throughout the whole North Woods*



IN A NORTH WOODS cook shack you'll eat the finest food in the world . . . tender, crisp-edged flapjacks, with luscious Vermont Maid Syrup.

NORTH WOODS . . . in winter. Thirty below zero. Snow, waist-deep. Wind blowing a gale.

But the cook shack is cozy. And the food . . . *delicious!* It has to be. Or work stands still.

You never tasted such flapjacks as these! They're light and tender. Crisp and brown at the edges. Luscious syrup—always Vermont Maid. Richest, truest maple flavor in all the world. In the maple center of Vermont . . . old-timers make it. They blend pure cane sugar with pure maple sugar. With expert care. Vermont Maid Syrup is available for everybody. Your grocer has it in convenient glass jugs. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

VERMONT MAID
SYRUP
CANE AND MAPLE SUGAR

*Made in Vermont . by Vermonters*

## Vermont Maid Syrup

CANE AND MAPLE SUGAR

**SEND 10¢ FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE**

Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. 412
Burlington, Vermont

I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

# It's almost fun to get up… when breakfast is worth getting up for!

MERRITT CUTLER

## Try this modern kind of pancake!

Nobody except a starving man has ever grown excited about mere "food." And a little excitement in the morning is a valuable thing. Our spirits need a little jogging up. One of these good, wholesome, thoroughly dull breakfasts won't serve the purpose. It requires a good, wholesome, *interesting* breakfast. Tomorrow morning have these "modern" Pillsbury's pancakes. Here's a breakfast that brings a sparkle to a man's eye. And don't think a sparkle in the morning isn't important—it's really just as important as proper nourishment.

Try Pillsbury's pancakes. They're easy to prepare — simply add water or milk, stir and bake. See how much better these "modern" pancakes taste—so much better than the old-fashioned kind — so light and tender, warm and delicious. Notice what a difference this breakfast makes in your ideas of life—see how much brighter the morning seems when breakfast is good cheer as well as good food!

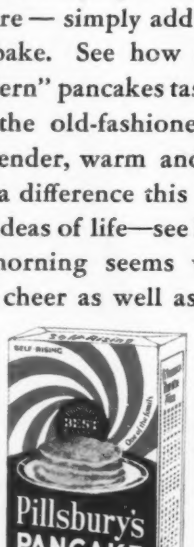
### *"Modern" may seem a queer word for a pancake*

— but it's exactly the right word for Pillsbury's pancakes. The fine, soft delicate flours used in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour are different from the flour used in old fashioned pancakes. They produce a pancake that is unusually light and tender, extremely easy to digest, yet completely nourishing. The sort of breakfast ideally suited to modern life — rich in energy, quickly digestible, easy to prepare. Your grocer has Pillsbury's Pancake Flour — in the blue and red whirligig package.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
*General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.*

Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flour

**Pillsbury's Pancake Flour**



**Made according to a modern improved recipe**

# AN EXTRA GIFT

OLD as we are, we still thrill at the sight of a Christmas tree. How we wish for a Magic Carpet to whisk us across the country so that we might see every one of the two million and more Christmas trees that shine on McCall Street. Under each sparkling tree we would leave a package of our Service Booklets for the homemaker whose loving thought and untiring efforts make Christmas what it is. But the days of miracles are past and all we can do is give you the list of them. Look it over and see if you don't think that two or three booklets wrapped in red cellophane and tied with silver paper ribbon would make a nice little extra gift for some member of your family.

### *For The One Who Likes To Cook*

| | |
|---|---|
| WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES - - - - -<br>Menus and recipes for every party occasion | 20¢ |
| TIME SAVING COOKERY - - - - - - - -<br>Many quick and delicious ways with foods | 10¢ |
| SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY - - -<br>Meringues, mayonnaise, cakes, jellies and candies | 10¢ |
| MARLOW RECIPES - - - - - - - - - -<br>A new frozen dessert made with marshmallows | 10¢ |
| HOW TO MAKE CANDIES AT HOME - - -<br>Chocolates, fondants, hard candies and lollipops | 10¢ |
| PRESERVING FOR PROFIT - - - - - - -<br>How to make extra money with homemade preserves | 10¢ |

### *For The Life Of The Party*

| | |
|---|---|
| PARTIES FOR GROWNUPS - - - - - - -<br>Games, stunts, decorations, menus for many affairs | 20¢ |
| UNUSUAL ENTERTAINING - - - - - - -<br>Bridges, banquets, dances, treasure hunts, etc. | 20¢ |
| PARTIES FOR CHILDREN - - - - - - - -<br>Jolly games and stunts for the little ones | 20¢ |
| AN OUTLINE OF BEAUTY - - - - - - - -<br>How to look your best on all occasions | 25¢ |
| A TURKEY PARTY - - - - - - - - - -<br>A lively affair for the holiday season | 10¢ |
| A DUMB-BELL PARTY - - - - - - - - -<br>Fun for a gathering of would-be dumb-bells | 10¢ |
| STORK SHOWERS - - - - - - - - - - -<br>A tea or evening party for the mother-to-be | 10¢ |
| A GARDENER'S FAIR - - - - - - - - -<br>How a church group paid off their mortgage | 10¢ |

### *For The One Who Is The Homemaker*

| | |
|---|---|
| ALL ABOUT CURTAINS - - - - - - - - -<br>An expert's advice on making and hanging them | 20¢ |
| THE FAMILY BUDGET - - - - - - - - -<br>How to save money by the budget system | 20¢ |
| THE UP-TO-DATE HOSTESS - - - - - - -<br>Correct table service with and without a maid | 20¢ |
| BEAUTIFYING THE HOME PLOT - - - -<br>How to plan your garden and keep it blooming | 20¢ |
| BOOK OF ETIQUETTE - - - - - - - - -<br>Invitations, introductions, weddings, table manners | 20¢ |
| THE FRIENDLY BABY - - - - - - - - -<br>A doctor talks about the care of the baby | 10¢ |
| BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO OWN - - - - - -<br>A list of books for clubwomen and hostesses | 8¢ |
| BOOKS ON CHURCH AND FAMILY PROBLEMS - - - - - -<br>Inspirational books for church work and home | 8¢ |

Send stamps to the Service Editor, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio

Sun-Maid Raisins

have that rich, gorgeous flavor that tempts your own taste so that you pass up a Movie for the sake of the pleasure your Dears will have from a mouth-watering Layer Cake jewelled thick with SUN-MAIDS, and for richer raisin measure Sun-Maids tucked cosily between each layer

Only SUN-MAIDS have that immediate taste-appeal to your trained food-sense. Pour some out on a green glass plate and enjoy their color-value; their shining glossiness of skin, their moist plumpness.

Each little raisin has its own sturdy separateness...no clinging sticky lumps to contend with, here, as with old-fashioned raisins... Notice how uniform in size and fatness they are! Sniff the Tokay bouquet.

And don't forget the energizing value of a few Sun-Maids daily in the school lunches.

SUN-MAID RAISINS, while so exquisite in luxurious flavor, are also one of the lowest-priced foods, thanks to Nature's lavishness and the exclusive-with-us Nectar and Puffed processes. *SUN-MAID RAISINS outsell all other packaged brands of raisins combined; for the best of Good Raisin reasons.*

SUN-MAID PUFFED
SUN-MAID NECTARS SEEDLESS RAISINS

The Sun-Maid Nectar [Red Box] is a round, fat, seedless raisin, tempting to eat by the handful as a between-meal treat. Wonderfully energizing to little and Big Kids alike! The Nectar is a raisin for that polka dot effect on salads and garnishings, where no cooking is required. And for baking into cupcustards and cakes and things where delicacy is desired. Notice the Nectar Fragrance, so like the fragrance of ripe grapes on the vines.

The Sun-Maid Puffed [Blue Box] is a big, plump, fruity fellow; best friend of pies and sumptuous cakes where we look for richness and flavor. The surprise story of Sun-Maid Puffed Muscats is that instead of coming in a sticky mass, to be painstakingly separated, before flouring [as with old-fashioned Muscats] they are moist and free-flowing.

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS, Dept. 412
Fresno, California

Please send me my free copy of the Sun-Maid Raisin Cook Book.

*Name*__________ *Street*__________
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Do you want a surprise?

No doubt, you've heard of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. You know it's free from harmful effects.

But you may have an idea that removing the caffeine steals some of the aroma—some of the wonderful flavor of the coffee.

But please forget any prejudice. Try the improved Kaffee Hag Coffee. You'll be surprised. This is *real* coffee. Each sip brings you every bit of the rich flavor and aroma of the world's finest coffees. You cannot tell it from the best coffee you ever tasted. But it will not keep you awake, disturb your nerves or digestion.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is now made by the Kellogg Company in a modern new plant in Battle Creek. It has been wonderfully improved and materially reduced in price.

Won't you try this more healthful delicious coffee? Your grocer has it—or we will send you a sample for 10 cents to cover mailing. Address Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Now a Kellogg product

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Kellogg's
KAFFEE HAG
COFFEE
97% OF THE CAFFEINE REMOVED

A RADIO FEATURE

Every Sunday evening over the Blue network, Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee presents to you the popular Slumber Music, a distinctive program of the sweetest music ever written. Tune in and enjoy it over WJZ and associated stations of the National Broadcasting Company—from 11:00 to 11:30 in the East, 10:00 to 10:30 Central time, and 9:00 to 9.30 Mountain time. Also KFI, KOMO, from 10:00 to 10:30; and KOA, 10:30 to 11:00.

# LAST LOOKS

## —in your mirror

### By Hildegarde Fillmore

GOING to a very special party? Then you want every bit of you to be perfect—skin clear and smooth, eyes sparkling bright and deep, hair just so, hands as lovely as lily petals tipped with pink.

Do these things before you take that last look in your mirror. Use powder in lotion form on your back, neck and arms. There are new creamy shades that look neither theatrical nor artificial. To get a smooth-as-velvet finish, apply liquid powder this way: shake the bottle *thoroughly;* pour a quantity on a cotton pad or clean velour puff, and smooth it evenly over the skin. With a low-backed gown, let someone else put lotion on your back if you want to be sure the liquid doesn't streak or look spotty. Good finishing lotions won't rub off on your dancing partner's dinner coat!

◆

When you study your face for evening make-up, be sure that the powder lotion covers well up under your chin and along the jawline. If you use a powder base, apply the merest film. To be sure you're not getting too much on, go over your face with a piece of cleansing tissue, blotting up any spots still damp with the foundation preparation. The skin surface will take up just a little, you know; any excess foundation cream will melt out on top, making your powder streaky and your rouge spotty.

Having made sure of your powder foundation, give serious thought to the matter of rouge. An expert in make-up, a woman who believes that the color in your cheeks, to be completely natural, should match your mood, has worked out an interesting theory. She says, "Rouge can't be just one solid color. Two tones must be blended perfectly: one tone matches the skin, the other tone is the *color.* The fashion-wise woman chooses her rouge not to match her skin but for the intensity of color she wants to achieve.

◆

"The old-fashioned idea was no more subtle than painting an Easter egg. Today we can achieve a more-than-natural beauty because correct make-up can intensify, can create loveliness without a hint of artificiality.

"You can wear the shade of rouge that you *feel,* the one that matches your mood, if you harmonize each item of make-up so that rouge, powder, lip rouge and eye make-up create a perfect illusion."

A woman does choose a gown for evening wear that expresses her own inner gaiety and delight. A gay, gorgeous gown demands a brilliant, vivid rouge. A soft, mysterious, clinging gown—a delicate, mysterious, medium rouge. A simple, unadorned frock for a small intimate party—a simple, natural rouge. And with each rouge, the lipstick that is exactly toned with it.

"And," she adds, "no matter how large or small the party, don't forget the eyes." Once eye make-up was so artificial that it was possible only across the footlights. But now lashes may seem long and silky, lids shadowed, and brows softly marked as if by an artist's hand. Lash darkener that does not smudge, shadow that is the color of shadowed lids (and the artist knows these shadows are more apt to be blue, green, and violet than black) eyebrows naturally glossy and brushed, plucked only where the hairs stray out of line—these things are given us to enhance our eyes. Every woman can make her eyes lovely, especially at night.

Party gowns, like party complexions, suffer from calamities of carelessness. There is nothing more annoying than perspiration stains that discolor and rot an exquisite dress, and once a dress has suffered so, there isn't much you can do about it. Make a habit of keeping the underarm dry at all times. Proper use of a deodorant diverts annoying perspiration to other parts of the body where evaporation is quicker. Good liquid deodorants, used correctly, won't harm the normal skin. If you are going to a party, you will, of course, wish to make the skin under the arms smooth and free of underarm hair. After removing hair, by whatever method you find most efficient, wait till the next day before applying a liquid deodorant. And, of course, allow the deodorant to dry thoroughly before you put on your evening gown.

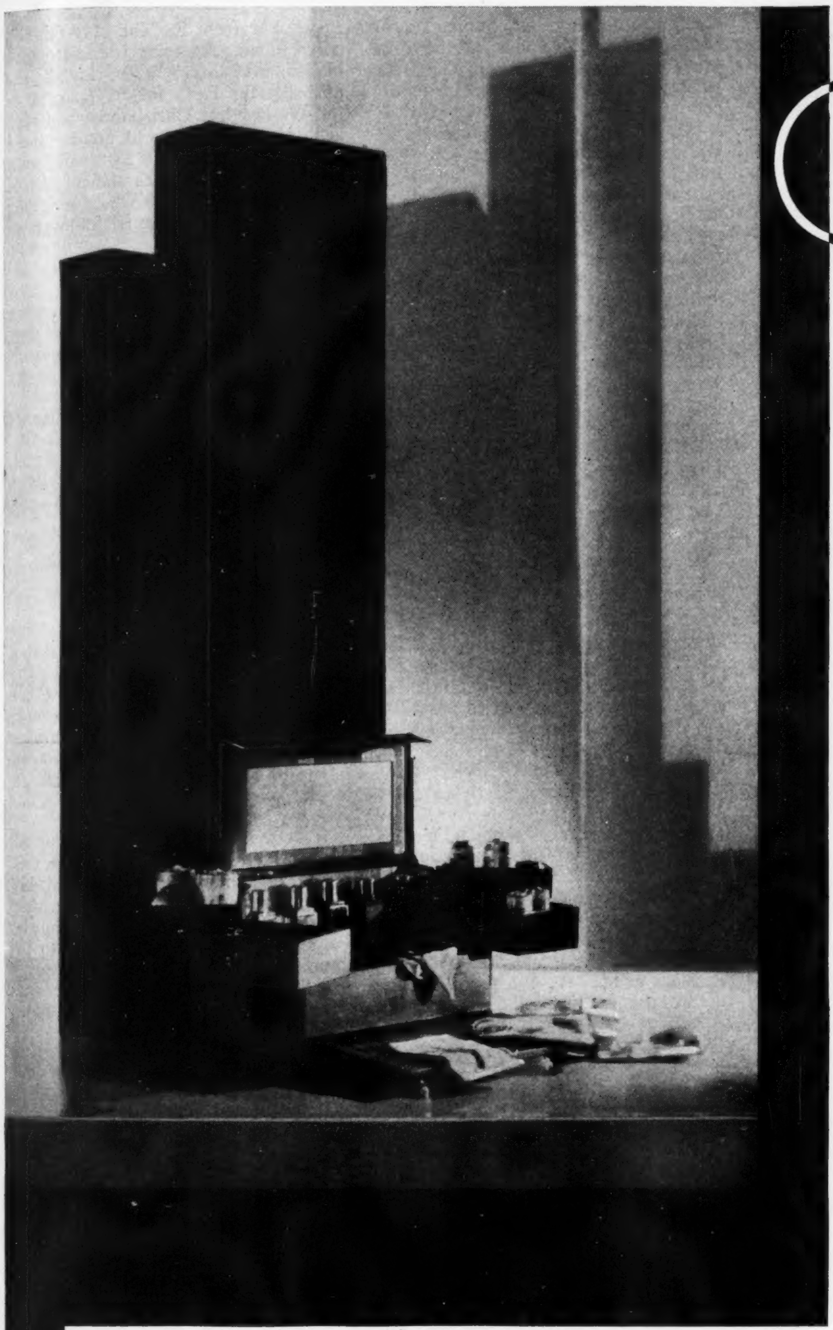
Be prepared, days and days before the party, to achieve perfect daintiness in every detail of dress and grooming. Then, when you sit down to put the last touches on your make-up, remember that the right make-up will make you feel more interesting and attractive because it has an immediate psychological reaction.

◆

**All the big little things that are so important in getting ready for a party are in our December Cosmetic Style Letter—specific advice about how to look your party-best. Address the Beauty Editor, McCall's, 230 Park Ave., New York, and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Send for your copy before Jan. 1, 1931.**

James Orton

# the soul is never empty of the loveliness it gives



## GIVE YOURSELF at Christmastime

"Elusive, subtle substance of the soul,
that ever gives of self, and yet remains intact."

Give your best, your highest ideals, your tenderest emotions, expressed in a thing of beauty. The best of you should reach those who receive your gift. This beauty you thought you wanted for yourself—if you would keep it—you must give it! Beauty grows as it is shared. An ancient proverb says:

> "There must be two to bring any beauty into the world. One to say it—and one to hear it."

The great desire for loveliness has been planted in our hearts, impelling us to gather beauty—just to scatter it again! Thus we glimpse the Cosmic purpose, the divine pattern in our yearning to be beautiful. This is the ebb and flow, the rhythm of the Universe! • So give your beauty gladly—with prodigal abandon—in laughing and loving and high endeavor to soothe and bless the world. The soul is never empty of the loveliness it gives.

● ELIZABETH ARDEN'S BEAUTY BOXES are filled with the loveliness every woman longs for. They are a true "gift of beauty." If you want to be really luxurious, there is a handsome leather traveling case, so completely equipped that it is a boudoir all in itself.

For a charmingly satisfactory small gift there is a box of rose lacquered metal, holding just enough for a week-end. And, in between, there are special cases for motoring...and for short visits and long ones...each ingeniously fitted with just the preparations you are sure to need...in such sweet ribbon-tied jars and bottles that each package is like a little greeting in itself! $3.85 to $125.

● PERFUMES...the woman who receives one of Miss Arden's exquisite perfumes for Christmas will be truly thrilled. There are four fragrances—Mon Amie Elizabeth, La Joie d'Elizabeth, L'Amour d'Elizabeth, Le Rêve d'Elizabeth (irresistible on furs.) Whether you select the Twin Package, containing two perfumes at $6, or the gorgeous thirty-two ounce bottle at $125, you are assured of distinction.

● COMPACTS...Loose powder cases are the smartest thing. Miss Arden has three styles for you to choose from. ARDENETTE is gold, flat, octagonal, cleverly engine turned. $3. There is room for a generous supply of your favorite powder with a separate puff compartment. DOUBLE ARDENETTE is the same glistening case, with a round pat of compact rouge included. $4.

● BLACK AND SILVER ARDENETTE...The same chic octagonal case for loose powder interpreted in enamel...black with a modern design of silver and just a touch of gray-blue. $4.

● POUDRE D'ILLUSION...Elizabeth Arden's most exquisite powder in a satin-lined box. Illusion, Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, Banana and White, $3. Two favorite shades of this same lovely powder...Mat Foncé, for daytime and Poudre de Lilas for evening...have been packed in an unusual silver box that is charming enough to be a gift in itself, $3.

● BATH SALTS...Rose, Pine or Nirvana, as you prefer. Invigorating crystals in transparent jars with satin bows that give a real holiday air, $1.75, $3, $5.

● FRAGRANT SOAPS...velvet to the touch, with a delicate aftermath of fragrance. An enchanting variety from which to choose.

● *Elizabeth Arden's book "The Quest of the Beautiful" will tell you how to secure for yourself the precious gift of loveliness through the scientific care of your skin. It will be mailed on request.*

# ELIZABETH ARDEN

691 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK • PARIS · LONDON · BERLIN · ROME · MADRID

© Elizabeth Arden 1930

"YOU SHOULD SEE *what has happened at our house!*"

I COULDN'T blame Eleanor. She had so many invitations to parties and dances, and the other girls always seemed to have new clothes to wear. She would come home and tell me about Janet Reed's new dinner dress, and Janet's new coat, and Janet's new sports clothes.

"But, Eleanor," I would say, "it must be that Janet can afford them, and you know we can't. Your father is doing the very best he can."

And then one night, just at dinner time, Eleanor came dashing madly in. I never saw her so excited. "Mother!" she exclaimed, "you'd never guess where I've been. Janet asked me to go down town with her this afternoon, and she took me to the most wonderful place. It's a school where they teach you in the simplest way to make your own clothes. Janet took the whole course. Can you imagine? She never bought those clothes at all. She made them herself."

"You don't mean it!" I said. "Why, they're lovely!"

"I know it," exclaimed Eleanor, "and she never knew how to sew until a few months ago. But you should see this adorable little shop. They have just everything to make sewing easy—cutting tables and mirrors—and, Mother, the most marvelous electric sewing machines you ever saw. I tried one, and it was the greatest fun, it ran so quiet and so fast. And there's a teacher who knows all the new, clever ways to make things. Mother, can't I go?"

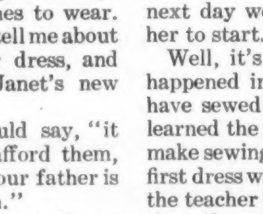
Dear girl, she couldn't know how glad I was that she should want to learn. Father was as pleased as I was with the idea, and the very next day we made arrangements for her to start.

Well, it's the best thing that ever happened in our house. Of course, I have sewed all my life; but Eleanor learned the new, modern methods that make sewing so much easier. Her very first dress was a great success, because the teacher helped her every step, and since then she's been the busiest and happiest girl you ever saw. She's just finishing a new party dress now, and she's planning a tweed suit and an evening wrap. She will have them all for just about the cost of one nice dress ready-made. We are going to make some new draperies for the house, too; and Eleanor says, "Don't you worry, Mother, about your new dress for the holidays. There's a dressmaker in the house now—with some wonderful plans for Christmas!"

+ + +

Not far from you, wherever you live, there is a Singer Sewing School where you or your daughter can enjoy, without one cent of cost, the benefits of this new delightful plan. You have the personal help of an expert teacher in selecting designs and fabrics; laying out your pattern; cutting the materials; and making, fitting, and finishing the dress of your choice.

If you would like to know all about this new plan, simply 'phone or call at the nearest shop of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. You will find the address in your telephone directory. Or send this coupon, and the full story will come to you at once.



SINGER SEWING SCHOOLS

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
Dept. 12-Z, Singer Building, New York
Please tell me about the Singer Sewing School nearest my home and how I may have free personal instruction.

Name..........
Street..........
City..........State..........

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## IN THE PULPIT

[*Continued from page 3*]

the fourth century? Or, coming nearer home, do we love our brethren of other races and colors in America, where so many peoples mingle in the community?

"Or coming still closer home, do we find in the Churches called Christian such love of man for man, even among men of one race, as to make men believe in God? Is this the reason why the very thought of God has grown dim in so many minds today—perhaps in our own minds? For the plain meaning of the text is that if we do not love our fellow men, our profession of love of God is untrue. Why is it that Churches holding the same faith and following the same Christ cannot work and worship together? Do we love God? For the first time in many of our lives this question is no longer a platitude, but a poignant test of faith.

"Get rid of obsolete Christianity? Yes. But does that make Christianity easy? Far from it. The only Christianity worth preserving is the Religion of Love, and love is never easy. It was not easy for Paul, for Savonarola, or for Wesley, but Christianity has been kept alive in the world not by those who found it easy, but by heroic souls who found it hard. Its ancient sign is a Cross, and only men who are willing to live dangerously can be followers of Christ today.

"Some men reject Christianity because they do not understand it, mixing it up with all sorts of impossible beliefs. Others reject it because they do understand it, deeming its demands exorbitant and absurd. Most of us try to believe it, think we do believe it, but are really afraid of it, dreading its high demands. None the less, Christianity is being reborn—a thoughtful, thorough-going, realistic Christianity, such as Jesus lived and taught—and in it lies the hope of our race."

## A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

[*Continued from page 4*]

hit-songs that have jangled in Tin Pan Alley. Unfortunately, the patrons made it known that they could obtain these same jazz selections with less trouble and expense on their phonographs or radios, so Hollywood's great minds had to think up something else (which they are now trying frantically to do).

Those who see *Monte Carlo* will appreciate just how much time and money have been wasted on these musical films. It is directed, with supreme cleverness and skill, by Ernst Lubitsch, and exceptionally well played, but its happy progress is interrupted again and again by the introduction of trite and senseless songs. At one point in the picture the heroine, who is escaping from a distasteful marriage, is sitting in a railroad train gazing out at the Riviera landscape streaming past her window. Suddenly she bursts into song, and (even more suddenly) the peasants working in the distant fields come in lustily on the chorus. Even the train's locomotive coöperates by joining in the syncopated rhythm. . . .

It took an incalculable amount of ingenuity to orginate the idea for this number, and Mr. Lubitsch and his staff must have spent weeks devising ways and means to carry it through. Perhaps, if all that effort were to be directed into other channels, the movie industry would be on a saner and sounder financial basis than it is now.

## READING AND WRITING

[*Continued from page 4*]

nostalgia that the ache of it fills all the pages with a longing ineffable.

The Christmas issue of Harper's brought the story to an end. In book form it then made some friends—few, but singularly devoted—and had a modest fame. Then, two years later, the same magazine began to publish Du Maurier's second and more celebrated novel, which, before half its course was run, so seized upon the imagination of this country that one found it in every hammock from Bar Harbor to the Golden Gate, and heard it talked about in every bus and horse-car. It was *Trilby*. There were Trilby shoes, Trilby luncheons, Trilby tableaux. Nine companies toured the land in a play made (with a pile-driver, I think) from *Trilby*. Judges quoted it in their decisions, and ministers boomed warnings against it. Young men paced such boulevards as we had, in interlocked triumvirates, trying desperately to resemble the Three Musketeers of the Brush.

Through the influence of *Trilby* there entered into the American credo a notion that in Paris life had a bouquet not to be savored elsewhere. Indeed, I suspect that when such latter-day lambs of God as Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway make their homes in Paris, they are in unconscious quest of a grail about which *Trilby* first spread the legend in this part of the world.

The manuscripts and drawings of *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby* are now in the Morgan Library in New York. A foreword by the author explains that the *Trilby* manuscript is not all in his handwriting. His wife and his five children—one of them now Sir Gerald Du Maurier, the charming and lazy favorite of the London stage—all helped to transcribe certain of the passages. This was to bring luck to the book. I must remember, when next I write one, to make the same propitiatory gesture—that is, if the charm will work when I have no wife and children. But my valet and laundress can both write.

It can be said of *Peter Ibbetson* that it has the faculty of creating a bond between any two persons who like it. The Ibbetsonites all but give one another the grip when they meet. During the greater success of *Trilby* they brooded silently. Of late years they have gone about wearing insufferable I-told-you-so expressions. For it is *Peter Ibbetson* which, in the bookshops and libraries, gives intimations of immortality. A quarter of a century after the tale was first told, it became a play that Constance Collier and the brothers Barrymore made unforgettable. That was in 1917.

This winter a new edition of the novel is issuing from the presses because, on a night in February, the house-lights at the Metropolitan will wink out, the great, tremulous, golden curtain will part, and we shall hear Bori, Tibbett, and Johnson in the first presentation of *Peter Ibbetson*, an opera by your personal music critic, Deems Taylor. As for Miss Collier and your correspondent, we have already reserved our seats.

# Here's a fine old HOLIDAY CUSTOM

## ~ *which has been greatly improved*

Of course, our forefathers had their holiday Walnut Bowls—they started the tradition. But they never had Walnuts as fine as *you* can have today.

Walnut growing has become a specialized business. And in California, where soil and climate are most favorable, 5669 growers have banded together to bring you the finest Walnuts that can be grown.

The best of these Walnuts bear the growers' trade mark—Diamond. They're the pick of California's famous groves—hand-selected, machine-graded, vacuum-sorted and crack-tested. No other Walnuts in all the world must pass such rigid inspection.

### *Be Sure to Get the Best Walnuts*

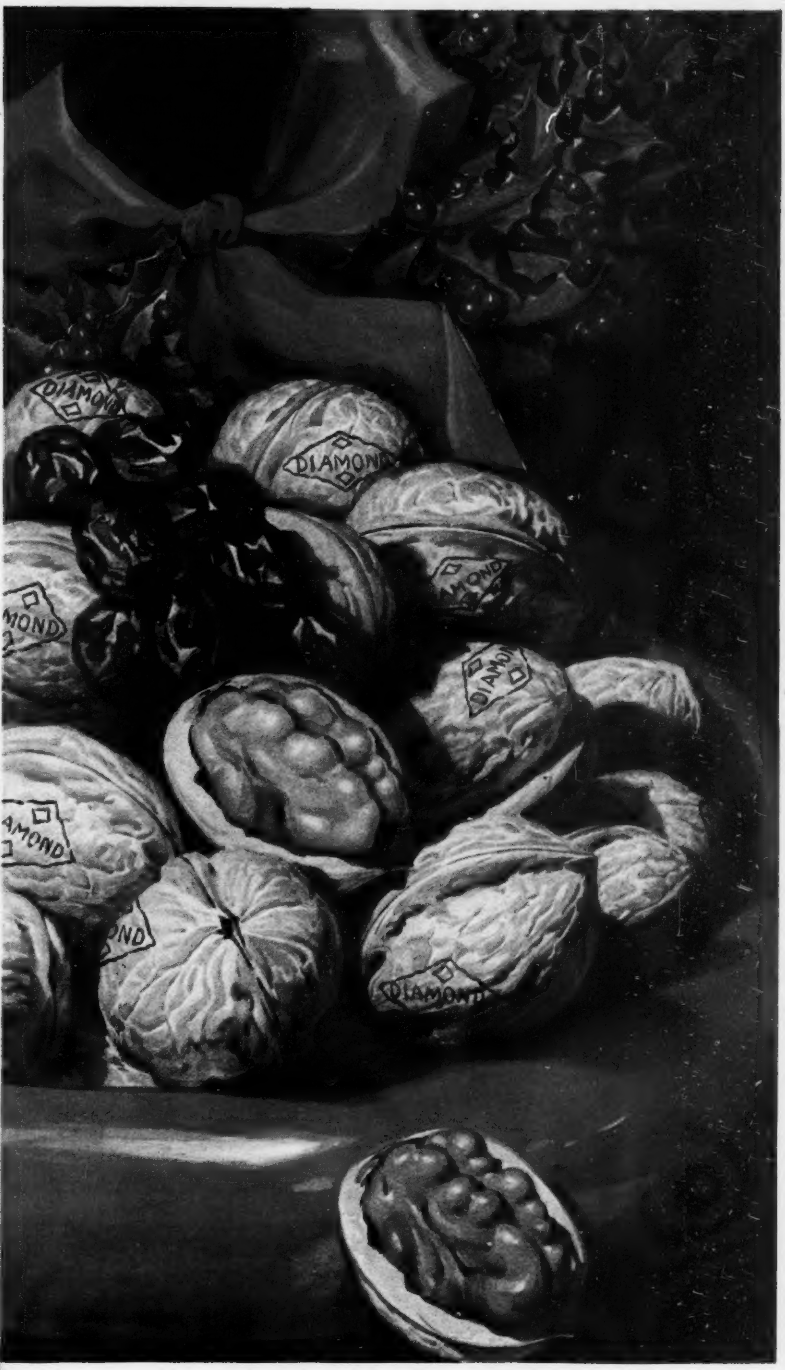
Of course, there are different sizes and varieties, selling at different prices; but regardless of variety and size, Diamond Walnuts guarantee you *more and better kernels per pound.*

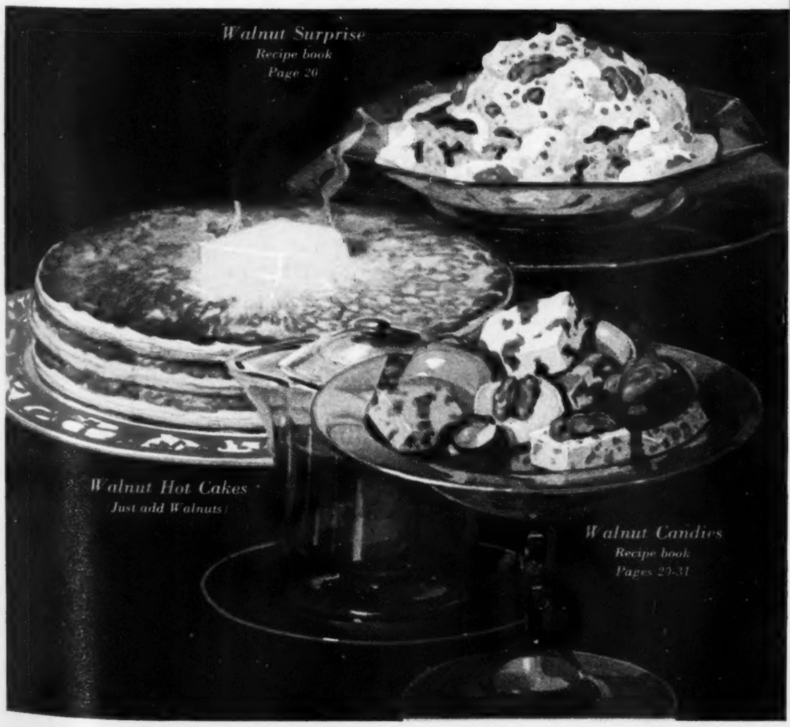
To be sure of Diamond Walnuts, always look for the Diamond, *branded on the shell.* If at least 97% of the Walnuts offered you are Diamond *branded,* you know they're genuine Diamond California Walnuts. All Walnuts may look alike on the *outside,* but only the finest have plump, tender kernels. That's why we stamp each Diamond Walnut with this mark. And this quality protection costs you nothing! We brand twenty pounds of Walnuts for a cent, one thirtieth the cost of packing them in pasteboard cartons.

### *Use Walnuts in Cooking, Too*

Tell your grocer to send you a supply of Diamond *branded* Walnuts today—and heap the Walnut Bowl full. But don't stop with the Walnut Bowl. That's only *part* of the tradition.

You'll want an extra supply of Walnuts for the kitchen, too. Holiday goodies need the rich, delicious Walnut flavor. Holiday cakes, cookies, candies, salads, desserts—they're not complete without Walnuts. And a few golden Walnut halves sprinkled on your favorite treats add that festive "dress up" touch. Truly, Walnuts seem just made for holidays.





**WALNUT SURPRISE** *(Serves six)* Beat 3 egg yolks, add 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, 1 teaspoon of vanilla and 1 cup Diamond Walnuts. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites, bake on a thin buttered sheet in a moderate oven, 325-350 degrees F., until done and serve warm with marshmallow cream, whipped cream, or vanilla ice cream.

**WALNUT HOT CAKES**—Next time you make hot cakes or waffles, try adding some chopped Walnuts to the batter. You'll be surprised how much their flavor will be improved.

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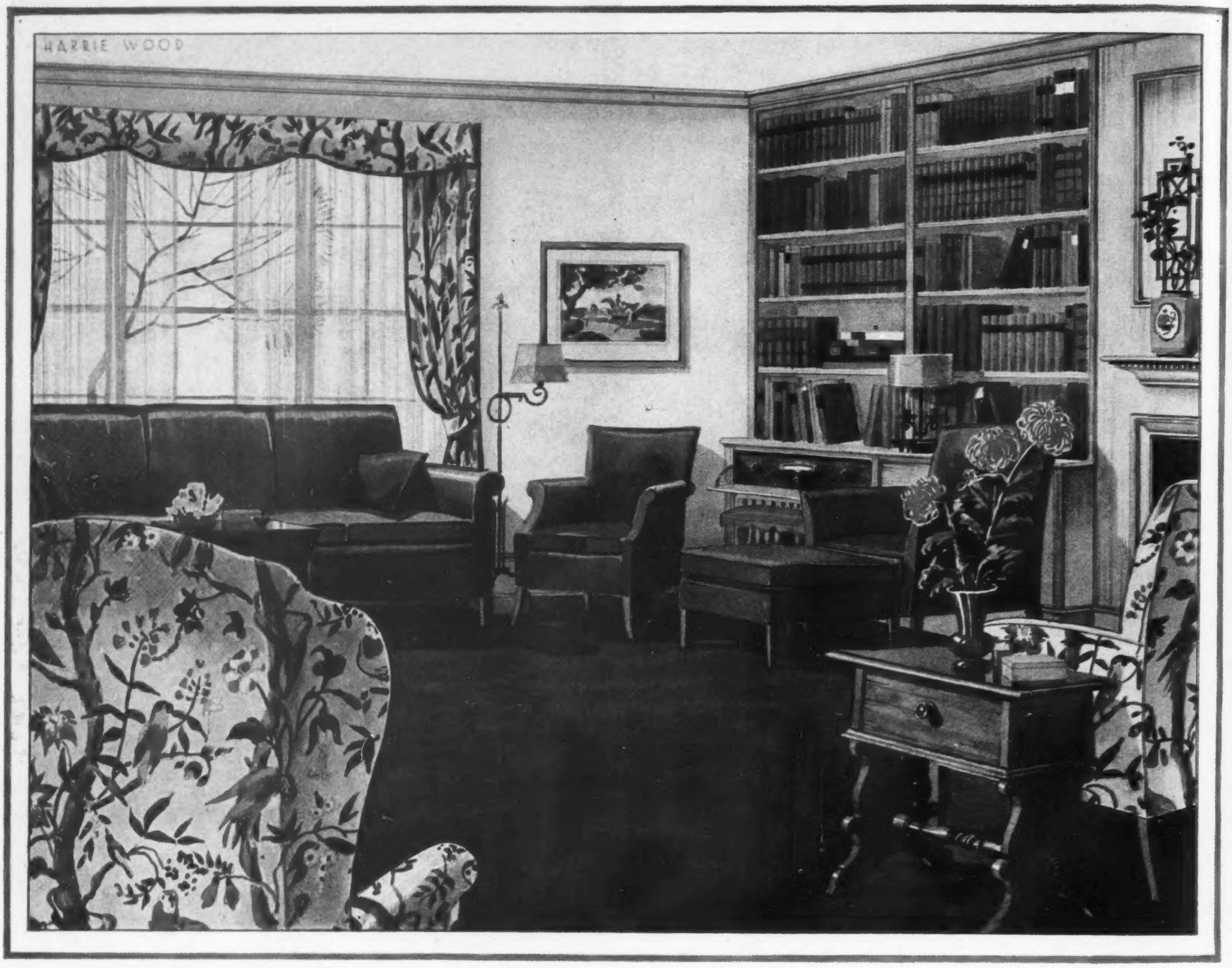
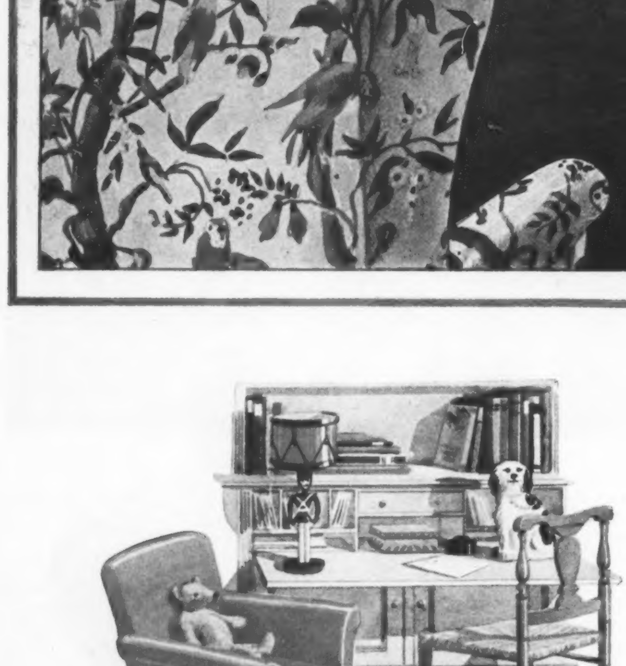




# A LIVING ROOM FOR LIVING

## By Mary Davis Gillies

I ONCE asked a famous New York decorator—a man—to make me a living room plan for a typical American family of moderate means. He produced a scheme for a formal Queen Anne drawing-room. When I tried to explain my objections by saying that I couldn't imagine a mother keeping her sewing basket there, he raised horrified eyebrows. "My *dear* lady," he exclaimed, "surely you don't mean that you think a living room is the place for a work basket."

I did, and I do. There are still buttons to be sewed on and hems to be let down, and one of the pleasantest places to perform these duties is in the living room while one listens to the radio or talks with the family.

After all, a living room should encourage each member of the family to use it, and in accomplishing this the beauty, for which we all long, need not be sacrificed. The delightful room in our illustration shows how the comfort of seven persons of varying ages and tastes was provided for.

It is not a period room; it is a genial living room planned for the whole family. The rough printed linen and sturdy fabrics give it a faint English flavor but this would not outlaw it from a place in any modern American house. Even though these proportions do not conform with your room, there may be ideas here to help you.

Perhaps the most striking features are the fresh, gray-green coolness of the colors (making it ideal for a sunny exposure) and the restful balance of the furniture groupings.

A printed linen was used as the basis of the color scheme. In it you will find the light gray-green of the walls, the soft blue-green of the rug and the upholstering, and the violet, gold and brilliant paprika-red of the accessories. The linen is also the chief source of pattern interest, as the walls have been kept plain. The full fifty-inch width of the fabric has been used at both ends of the battery of windows as well as on one side of each of the single glass doors leading out onto the terrace (see diagram of whole room, page 83). It is attractively repeated in the cover on the love seat by the fireplace and on two chairs.

The size and shape of the room make possible the balanced grouping of the furniture. The window and sofa unit are balanced at the opposite end of the room by a baby grand piano and the doors leading to the terrace (see diagram below).

A love seat and a chair with an ottoman (which supplies the comfort of a chaise longue) make up the fireplace group, and are balanced in scale by a table, lamp and two armchairs arranged against the wall opposite. Balance could also have been achieved by placing the secretary opposite the fireplace. However, the reading and conversational group is much more charming there, and the present position of the desk offers more seclusion than it would in the central position.

The chairs selected for this room have particular merit. Each one has a personality of its own. There is no mistaking Father's generous wing chair in the foreground; Mother's doesn't show in the color print, but it is smaller and on the other side of the table. The violet chaise longue cozily placed by the fireplace goes to Grandmother or Aunt Jane. Sister likes the curves of the green chair in the corner, and the boys can divide the comfortable sofa between them.

The youngest member of the family is protected from an inferiority complex by a whole corner expressly planned for youthful activity. There is desk room for study; books handily placed if someone is inclined to read aloud; and, most important of all, an easy chair which is scaled to meet the needs of tender years.

In the corner by the entrance door is a card table which can be quickly requisitioned for a game. The four side chairs, a necessary part of every living room, are conveniently disposed of—one at the desk, two flanking the drop leaf table on the side wall and one by the card table.

IN OUR discussion so far, the background seems to have been neglected. But even a casual glance proves the importance of the walls and bookcases. A Chinese grass-cloth paper is ideal for the walls, though approximately the same effect can be obtained by using a silver-gray paint, stippled with soft green. The woodwork should be stained gray and rubbed with green.

The lower portion of the bookcases has been converted into cupboards and files in which magazines, letter portfolios, and all sorts of odds and ends can be kept conveniently close at hand, and out of sight. One section accommodates a radio with its loud speaker concealed behind a grill in the lowest shelf. The same space on the opposite side of the fireplace is occupied by the child's desk.

The soft gray-green Wilton rug accents the delicate note of green in the walls and woodwork. It offers a restful background for the carefully interwoven purple, red-orange and gold of the color scheme and brings out the beauty of the colorful printed linen so generously used for draperies and upholstery. It is an unobtrusive green that lends itself to a variety of subtle color schemes.

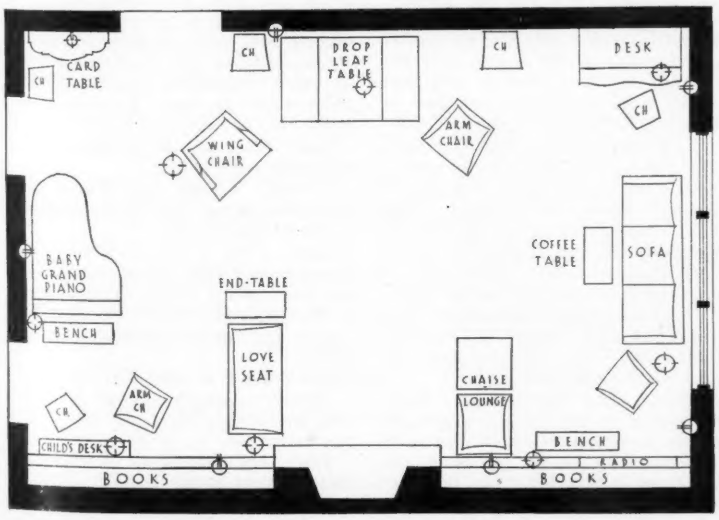
A POTTERY lamp would be effective on the table but either pewter or brass bases should be used for the other lamps. Yellow parchment shades with a green and silver band around the top and bottom are the best choice.

Soft-toned hunting prints in gray, green and mellow reds, blend nicely into the color scheme. One used in the corner by the window and another above the table would be enough, though one could be used above the fireplace also. Two yellow tôle tea canisters serve as ivy containers on the mantle. The orange trellises add a sparkling note of color.

The space between the doors behind the piano should be left until a really fine mirror, filling the entire space, can be installed. It would reflect and enhance the silvery freshness of the whole room, and intensify the feeling of balanced repose by reflecting the windows at the opposite end of the room.

The group of three windows is one of the important focal points of the room so that even though the space is small some thought should be given to the planting outside the window. The spring-like coloring of the room suggests a dogwood tree. The foliage and branches are light and would cut out little sunlight; and the silver-gray branches, the flat white flowers in the spring and the brilliantly colored leaves in the fall would be an integral part of the room color scheme.

In studying these plans don't fail to note the excellent provision for electric light convenience outlets. There is only one wall bracket. It is beside the entrance door, and its sole purpose is to provide an easily located light when entering in the darkness. Floor and table lamps provide the rest of the light. The large lamp on the table opposite the fireplace has an indirect unit in it so that light can be sent up as well as down. These units can be installed in any kind of lamp, and they are an asset in any room which has no central lighting fixture.



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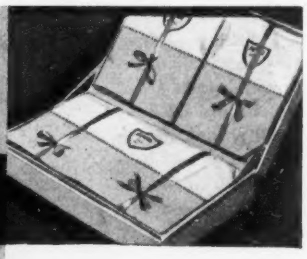

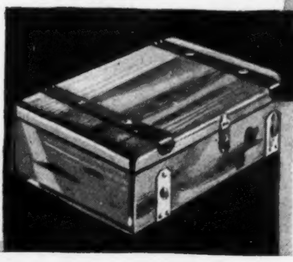

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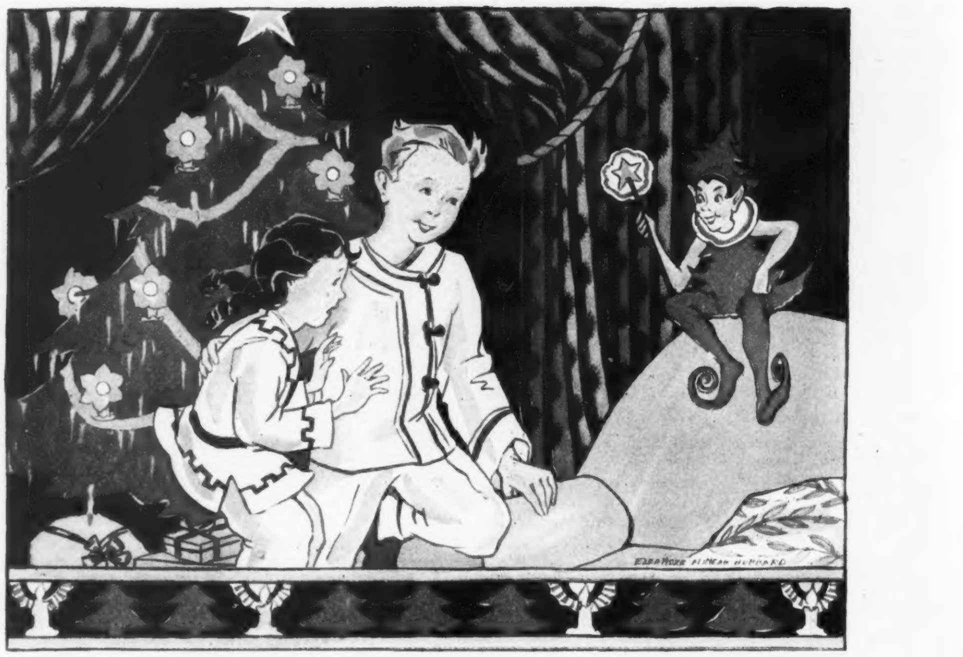


# THE TREE THAT TALKED

## A Christmas play for schools

### By Marian Kentley Wood

*IT IS Christmas Eve. Mother and Dad are putting the last touches on a most beautiful tree that stands in a deep alcove in the center of the living room. Dad is perched on a stepladder, fastening a glittering star on the very tiptop of the tree. With an air of pleased satisfaction he looks down on Mother.)*

Dad: Well, how's that for a Christmas tree! *(He shakes it)* See how solid and strong it is!

Mother: *(Replacing a streamer of tinsel that he has shaken down)* Now, see what you've done! If you keep fussing with it there'll be no ornaments left. And the children tried so hard to trim it nicely!

Dad: Well, I'd like to know how we'd ever got this tree up if I hadn't taken a hand. *(Darkly)* Remember what happened last year!

Mother: *(Guiltily)* Oh, yes. Don't remind me of it. I can still see the children racing round the tree, and Jane grabbing for a popcorn string and . . . *(The memory is too awful to describe)*

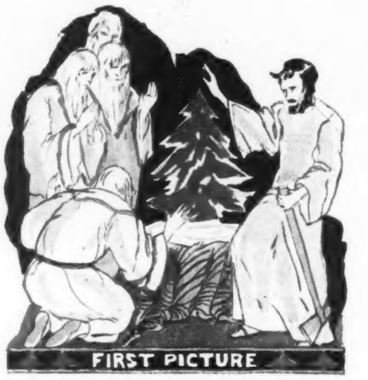
Dad: *(Accusingly)* Jane pulling the whole thing down on top of her!

Mother: *(Struck by the dreadful heresy they had uttered then)* Oh, and do you remember how we said we'd never have a tree again! Think of it!

Dad: *(Complacently)* Well, it's a good thing there's a man in this house to lug a tree half a mile from town and put it up so it's really safe.

Mother: *(Looking up at him meekly)* Last year I was sweeping up needles for a week! And the children *would* get bits of glass icicles in their hands and pieces of broken ornaments in their bare feet! But it won't happen this year. It's as solid as can be. And isn't it a beauty!

Dad: *(Climbs down from the stepladder, rather reluctant to leave his handiwork)* Ho-hum. Guess we'd better get to bed. Lots of things to do tomorrow. *(He goes out.)*



FIRST PICTURE

*(Mother smiles to herself as she picks up bits of tinsel. She moves the little ladder to a place beside the big chair on the left of the alcove. Finally, reluctantly, she turns off the lights in the room, leaving only a lamp shining on either side of the alcove, over the chair and sofa that flank it. The blue light of night steals in at a window on the left. She goes out quietly, looking back for one last look at the gorgeous tree. For a second the stage is empty. Then three or four carolers go by the window, singing very softly, "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen!" As their voices die away, the door opens softly, and two children steal in, dressed in gay pajamas, their arms full of brightly-wrapped presents. Jane drops a big bundle with a thud; they stand thunderstruck, sure they have waked the house. But there is no sound.)*

Jimmy: *(In a stage whisper)* Now, you've done it, clumsy. *(They tiptoe to the tree, arranging their presents around it. They pick them up, feel them, rattling them, murmuring, "This is dad's"—"this is mummy's"—etc.)*

Jane: Jimmy—you looked!

Jimmy: Oh—just a little, teeny, weeny peek! Anyway, I didn't see anything. What's that? *(Holding up a package that might be ice skates or roller skates or, well, almost anything dear to a boy's heart)*

Jane: If you dare to look, Jimmy, I'll—I'll scream!

Jimmy: You're afraid!

Jane: Well, it's kind of dark down here. Let's light the tree—just once!

Jimmy: You'll catch it—if Mother comes down!

Jane: Oh—just a wee little minute! *(She goes to a switch in the wall. The tree lights up, and both children stand gazing at it enraptured. As they look at the tree a funny thing happens. The lights begin blinking on and off in a very queer way.)*

Jimmy: Look at that, Jane! Oh—now we've done something to it! What's wrong with them? Shall I turn it off? *(Unseen by the children the little green Tree Sprite has crept out from behind the tree, flourishing his evergreen wand, dancing around silently and making droll faces. Now the tree lights are steady again, as if freed from a restless spirit within. The Sprite tickles the children with his wand. They move uneasily—not knowing which way to look)*

Jane: *(Almost tearful)* Jimmy, did you tickle me?

Jimmy: 'Course not. But I felt something on my neck. Like a branch of the Christmas tree!

Jane: I felt it too! *(They become conscious of a little light playing around the room which comes to rest finally on the stepladder, where sits the Tree Sprite, halfway up, grinning down at them)*

Jane: Look at him! Isn't he cute?

Jimmy: *(Bravely)* Hello! Who are you, anyway? *(The Sprite swings his wand)*

Jane: Did you tickle us with that thing in your hand?

Tree Sprite: *(Chuckling)* Oh me, oh my. I thought I'd never get out! *(He stretches very impolitely and blinks)* I thought you'd never find me. Don't

*(Continued on page 86)*

Dear Mary,

I have learned ONE secret of leisure!

As you know, I used to be constantly behind in my work. Baking took a good part of my schedule. I found — after investigation — by using a different kind of flour called Occident Special Patent — that the baking would keep fresh almost twice as long — which means a fifty percent time saving for me.

Now I have more leisure and, strange as it may seem, I accomplish better baking results with less effort.

IF YOU would like to learn of baking "short cuts" and interesting facts about differences in flour quality, indicate below the type of baking in which you are interested — then mail the coupon.

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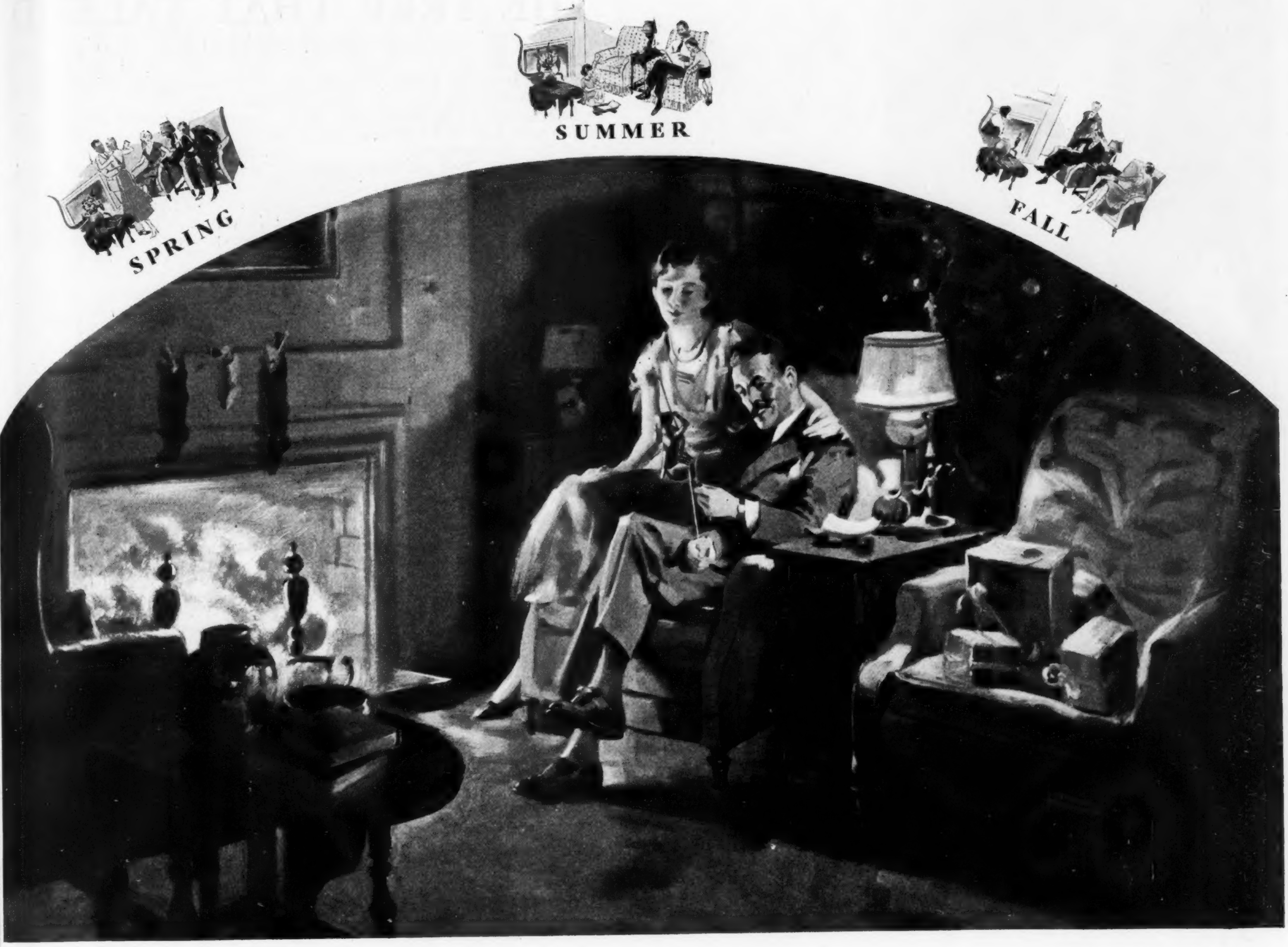

# *For the* Night Before Christmas *and all the days* After:

## NEW HOME FURNISHINGS

HERE is the Christmas gift inspiration! The one happy choice that is sure to delight *all* the family... all through the year.

New home furnishings bring the real Christmas thrill. Santa's full-laden pack never carried anything more certain of a warm welcome. As you rally 'round the tree to exchange presents, no gift will receive more proud glances than your gift for the home.

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Visit the home furnishings dealer displaying the emblem at left, for able advice and dependable service. Ask about the modern method of buying furniture, that gives you what you want without waiting. Let this "night before Christmas" be the first of many happy days and nights in your home.

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IT TELLS WHAT YOU ARE

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IT prevents the foot strain that makes so many women look tired and old.

Holds up the graceful curve of the arch instead of letting it sag and ache and weary you.

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ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
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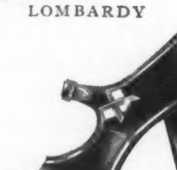

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The Selby Shoe Company, 312 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio. Please send free copy of "Feet and Faces" and name of dealer.

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# THE TREE THAT TALKED

[*Continued from page 84*]

you really know who I am? *(The children shake their heads)*

Tree Sprite: I'll give you a hint. I live in your very own Christmas tree! *(Still they are bewildered)*

Tree Sprite: Well, of course there aren't as many of us as there used to be—but I thought all children knew about us. *(He leans down confidentially)* I'm the spirit that lives in your Christmas tree! Sometimes they call me Sprite, for short. *(Jane, because she is littler, is the first to understand)*

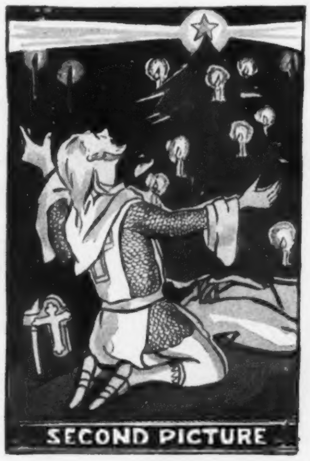
Jane: *(Politely)* Of course—we ought to know you. Do all Christmas trees have sprites in them—like you?

Tree Sprite: *(Climbing down from his perch)* Oh, yes—every one of them. *(The children courteously indicate a chair for him, but he doesn't sit on the seat, preferring to perch on the back)*

Jimmy: *(Eagerly)* And do you always come out of your tree at night—to—to—stretch?

Tree Sprite: *(Reprovingly)* Only on Christmas eve! And then we don't usually see many people. Lots of them—would you believe it—lots of them don't stay home on Christmas eve! And some of them go to bed and — well, sometimes I don't see a soul.

Jane: *(To Jimmy)* Now, aren't you glad we came down to put out our presents? *(She turns to the Sprite)* You see—that's why we happen to be here. It's awful how *early* we have to go to bed, though.



SECOND PICTURE

Tree Sprite: I know! That's what all the children tell me—all over the world where I've lived. It's too bad, in a way, though I suppose parents know best!

Jane: Oh, *have* you lived all over the world? Please tell us more about your adventures—

Jimmy: How old are you—I'm ten!

Tree Sprite: *(Skipping a little skip and putting his head on one side)* I suppose you think I look very young?

Jane: Oh, my, yes!

Tree Sprite: *(Laughing at their ignorance)* Oh—ho—ho! Why I don't even *know* how old I am. I've been living in Christmas trees for thousands and thousands of years. I suppose I know as much about the world as any other sprite. I've been in England—and in France—and in Germany—and oh, everywhere. *(He has a happy thought)* Would you like me to tell you some of the tales people tell about Christmas trees—all over the world?

Jane and Jimmy: Oh—yes. Please do! We love stories. *(Almost imperceptibly the dark curtains on either side of the alcove close)*

Tree Sprite: Now—let me see. Suppose I start with the—well, about the oldest story of all. It's so old that it happened almost before history began. They tell it at Christmas time to little children in England.

Jane: Oh, we know about England.

Jimmy: We had it in geography.

Tree Sprite: *(Smiling tolerantly—as if geography had very little to do with this story)* Long, long ago there were strange people in old England called Druids— *(The children nod wisely—looking at each other)*

Jane: Oh—Druids! We've heard of them.

Jimmy: They were the ones who worshiped oak trees—and the mistletoe that grew on them.

Tree Sprite: That's right—and do you know about their big stone temples, too? *(The children nod)* If you'd go to England today you could still see those *tremendous* stones yourself!

Jimmy: I've got a book with a picture of Druid stones in it!

Tree Sprite: Well, one day while the Druids were worshiping at a giant oak, something strange happened. If you're very quiet I'll tell you about it—and perhaps I'll show you a picture of it, too. *(With finger on lips, the Tree Sprite motions the children to the left of the alcove. They stand half turned away from the audience, watching the Sprite, hands clasped. The lights are dimmer, and the notes of weird, far-off pagan music are heard. The Tree Sprite continues his tale in a strong voice, above a background of music)* While the Druids were worshiping the sacred oak, a saintly man from the south came to tell them about the true God—but they wouldn't listen, and went on with their dark Druid rites. So he grew very angry—he took his sword and began to cut down the great oak tree. Then a big wind blew through the forest, the tree fell and—*(The alcove tableau lights up)* See—there's the first picture!

Jane: Why—look at the little *Christmas* tree behind the big oak stump!

Jimmy: It didn't even get a scratch!

Jane: I'll bet the Druids listened to the saintly man then—didn't they?

Tree Sprite: Of course they did! They fell on their knees at such a strange sight. And the saintly man told them to keep the little fir tree as their holy tree. It was the wood of peace, not war, and it pointed straight to heaven. And, besides, its leaves were evergreen—the sign of an endless life! So that's how the ancient people of England came to know about the true God, and how they took the fir tree as a sign of peace and good will! *(The tableau fades, the curtains are drawn)*

Jane: *(Sighing)* Oh, what a lovely little fir tree that was!

Jimmy: The old man must have been pretty strong to cut it down by himself—

Tree Sprite: *(Musing)* I think he had the strength of God in his arm!

Jane and Jimmy. *(Walking over to the Tree Sprite again, their voices coaxing)* Please—just another story!

Tree Sprite: Well—now let me see.

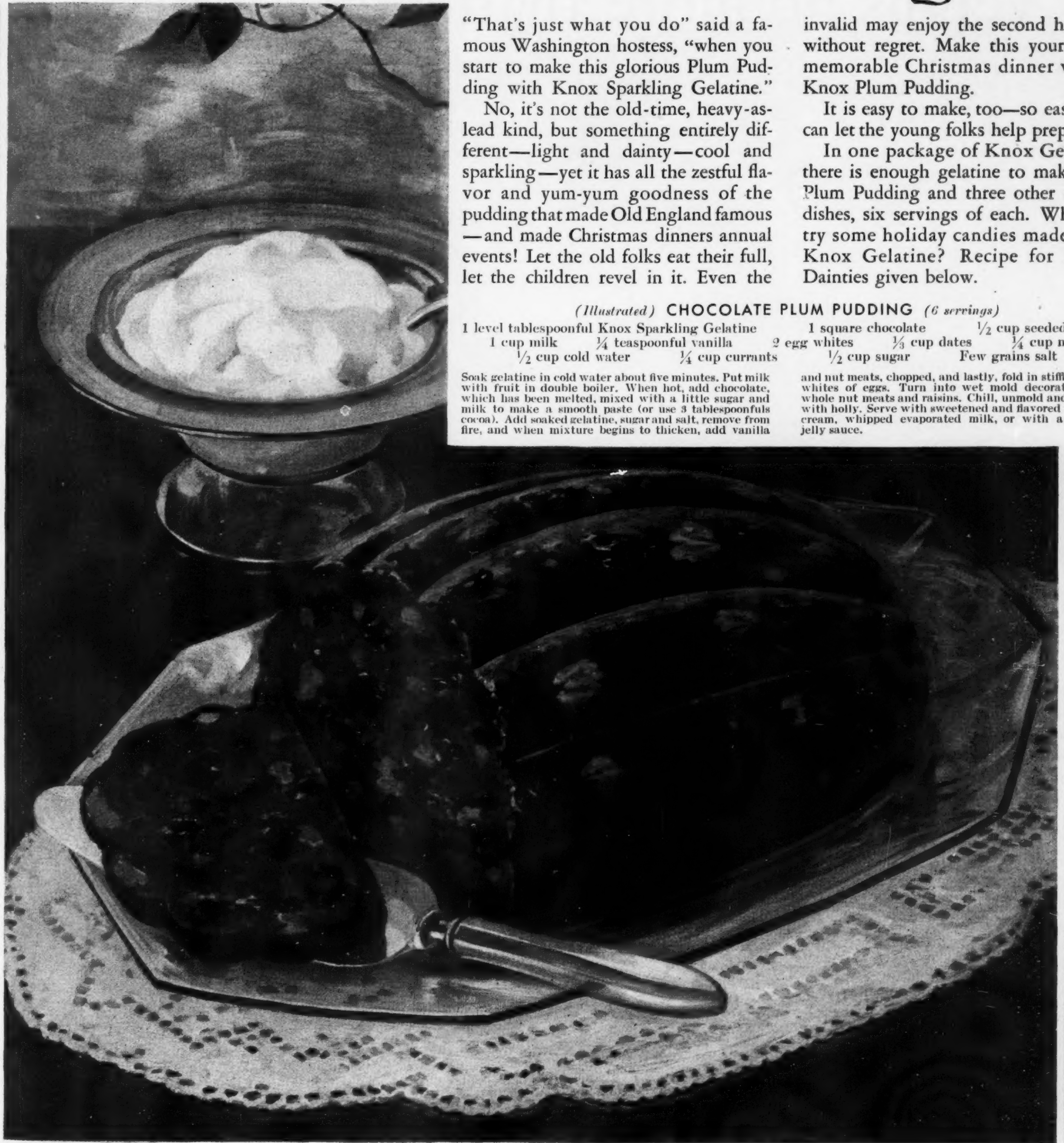
Jimmy: Do you know any stories about—about knights, like Galahad, and Lancelot?

Tree Sprite: *(Scratching his head)* Let me think—why yes, there's the tale they tell the French children. The hero of *that* story was a knight—but you must be very quiet, or I can't show you the picture. *(The children withdraw to the opposite side of the stage again, fingers on lips, eyes wide)* Long ago—in the dark ages—men were afraid

[*Continued on page 89*]

# RADIO YOUR APPETITE

## *that a treat is coming . . .*



"That's just what you do" said a famous Washington hostess, "when you start to make this glorious Plum Pudding with Knox Sparkling Gelatine."

No, it's not the old-time, heavy-as-lead kind, but something entirely different—light and dainty—cool and sparkling—yet it has all the zestful flavor and yum-yum goodness of the pudding that made Old England famous—and made Christmas dinners annual events! Let the old folks eat their full, let the children revel in it. Even the invalid may enjoy the second helping without regret. Make this your most memorable Christmas dinner with a Knox Plum Pudding.

It is easy to make, too—so easy you can let the young folks help prepare it.

In one package of Knox Gelatine there is enough gelatine to make this Plum Pudding and three other dainty dishes, six servings of each. Why not try some holiday candies made with Knox Gelatine? Recipe for Knox Dainties given below.

### *(Illustrated)* CHOCOLATE PLUM PUDDING *(6 servings)*

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 square chocolate
½ cup seeded raisins
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoonful vanilla
2 egg whites
⅓ cup dates
¼ cup nuts
½ cup cold water
¼ cup currants
½ cup sugar
Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add chocolate, which has been melted, mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk, or with a currant jelly sauce.

## KNOX *is the real* GELATINE

**FOR DESSERTS AND SALADS**

### KNOX DAINTIES (Candy)

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water
4 cups granulated sugar
1½ cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in the cold water about five minutes. Place sugar and boiling water on fire and when sugar is dissolved add the soaked gelatine and boil slowly 15 minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. To the one part add three tablespoonfuls lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls lemon extract. To the other part add one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon, cloves, or whatever flavor preferred. If peppermint is desired, use one-half teaspoonful only. Any coloring desired may be added. Rinse out shallow pans in cold water and then pour in candy mixture to the depth of three-fourths inch and let stand over night. Turn out, cut in squares and roll in powdered or fine granulated sugar.

KNOX GELATINE, 308 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

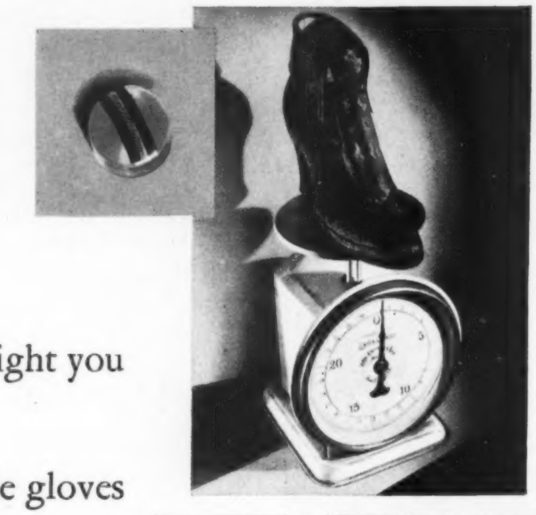
Fill in this coupon for your FREE copy of our Recipe Book showing many every day recipes and for the special collection of holiday recipes. Cranberry Salad, for example, is most unusual and extremely popular with hostesses, and mothers who like *healthful* ideas!

*My Name is*........................................

*My Address is*........................................

*My Grocer's Name is*........................................

# Weighs no more than your Vanity case



SO LIGHT . . .

"YOU DON'T KNOW

YOU HAVE

THEM ON"

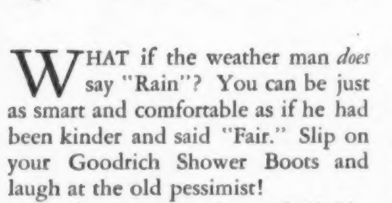
A mere 7 ounces on the scale · · · so light you don't know you have them on · · ·

As dainty and clinging as your soft suede gloves · · · Smart as your newest Paris hat · ·

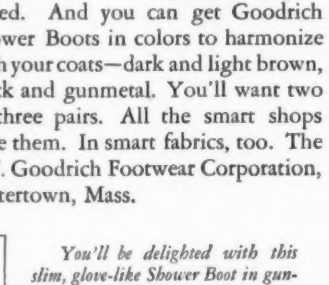
Feet and slippers are completely protected, yet these new Zippers of silk-like rubber are lighter, better tailored, smarter than ever before

WHAT if the weather man *does* say "Rain"? You can be just as smart and comfortable as if he had been kinder and said "Fair." Slip on your Goodrich Shower Boots and laugh at the old pessimist!

For these new overshoes of silk-like rubber are the latest word in wet weather fashions. So light you can wear them for hours and not know you have them on. So expertly cut and carefully tailored you are actually *proud* of them. Your feet look trim, your ankles slender. Costly shoes are protected. And you can get Goodrich Shower Boots in colors to harmonize with your coats—dark and light brown, black and gunmetal. You'll want two or three pairs. All the smart shops have them. In smart fabrics, too. The B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corporation, Watertown, Mass.



*Expertly tailored bindings entirely conceal the ever-efficient Zipper closing of this smart new Shower Boot. Accented by a new diamond-shaped fastener of hammered metal*



*You'll be delighted with this slim, glove-like Shower Boot in gunmetal moiré rubber — three hidden snaps shape it firmly to the foot and snugly around the ankle*

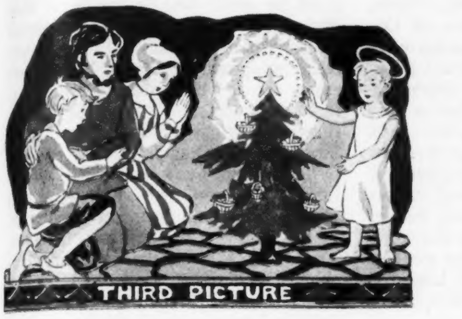
## Goodrich Zippers

... *another B. F. Goodrich Product*

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

# THE TREE THAT TALKED

[*Continued from page 86*]



of the great forests. They were so big and dark. Wild animals roamed about and wicked men robbed and murdered travelers. A good knight was coming home alone at night, through the wood. He was brave and strong; he had fought many battles and done a hundred good deeds. But he couldn't help being just a little bit afraid—it was so dark, and the way was so long. And to make matters worse he lost his way—

Jane: Oh, what did he do then?

Jimmy: Did he stop to get his bearings?

Tree Sprite: Yes—he did stop. But he stopped because a wonderful thing happened. As he was stumbling along, wondering whether he'd ever find his way out of the wood again, a tree in front of him suddenly appeared blazing with lights!

Jane: In the middle of the forest?

Jimmy: How did it get there? Was there anybody around?

Tree Sprite: Yes—in the middle of the forest—and there wasn't a soul around. Just the beautiful tree—all lighted up, with a very bright light at its top—but wait—*(He claps his hands, and the second picture appears, and music sounds)*

Jane: Why! There's the knight and he's kneeling down!

Tree Sprite: Yes—because the bright tree took away all his fear. He didn't understand what it meant, but he was comforted and he went on his way.

Jimmy: And then what happened?

Tree Sprite: The good knight was so puzzled about the miracle that he went to a wise man in a nearby city and asked *him* what it meant.

Jane: And did the wise man know?

Tree Sprite: This is what the wise man said: "My son, you have seen a picture of all the people of the world. The candles standing upright are the good people, those that droop are the wicked ones, and the Star, good knight, is certainly the Star of mankind. Go on your way, and peace be with you!" *(The picture fades, curtains are drawn)*

Jane: I think the French children must love that story.

Jimmy: I don't s'pose they're ever afraid to go out in the woods at night. If they got lost they could just remember what happened to the brave knight.

*(The children draw closer to the Tree Sprite, again coaxing)*

Jane: Please, could you tell us just one more story?

Jimmy: Just one. Then we'll promise to go to bed.

Tree Sprite: All right—just one more. But I can't stay here much longer—the Christmas tree will die without me. Let me see—there's a lovely story I've heard them tell in Germany—many, many times. Now keep quiet—and I'll try to show you another picture. *(The children back away to the other side of the stage, looking at the Tree Sprite eagerly)* Once upon a time there lived a poor German forester in a deep wood. It was winter and a storm raged outside. The snow was piled up to the windowsills, and the mother and father and little Hans were huddled round the fire to keep warm. Suddenly a knock came at the door, like this: *(The Tree Sprite raps on the floor with his wand)*

Jane: Oh, *who* was there, on such a stormy night?

Tree Sprite: Why, it was a little child—on the doorstep—cold, hungry and almost exhausted!

Jane: I hope they took him in?

Tree Sprite: Oh, they did. They were kind folk. Why, little Hans gave him his own bed to sleep in. Then—a wonderful thing happened. The next morning the family was awakened by the loveliest music. *(Choir begins singing softly "Hark the Herald Angels Sing")* Hush—hear them? *(Third picture lights up)* There, in the middle of the earthen floor, the Child had planted a fir tree! Then He spoke to them, and they knew he was the Holy Child, for he said, "See, I have gladly received your gifts, and this is my gift to you. This little tree shall always bear its fruit at Christmas, and you shall always have abundance!" *(The picture fades)* So that is how it happened that every year a fir tree was set up in the homes on the Rhine. A fir tree with goodies and sweets on it, with lovely gifts for young and old. *(The curtains are drawn again, and the children blink in amazement as their own tree is shown standing in the alcove, just as it stood when the Tree Sprite appeared)*

Jane: You have had wonderful adventures, haven't you, Tree Sprite?

Jimmy: I guess you've been everywhere.

Tree Sprite: Oh, and my adventures aren't nearly over. Just a year ago I lived in a great tree that stood a hundred feet high, in the center of a big, noisy city! Thousands of people came to see me, rich and poor, high and low. It made me very happy, you may be sure. Little children who had never seen a tree before were lifted up to touch my branches.

Jane: We're glad you came to stay with us, this year!

Jimmy: *(As the distant sound of carols is heard)* Oh—the carolers are coming! They're going home, I guess. *(They all listen intently around the window as the singing comes nearer. As the strains of "Noel, Noel" die away, however, the ominous chimes of midnight begin to sound. The little green Tree Sprite stiffens, puts his fingers to his lips, and waves the children back to the chair and the sofa where they curl up and go to sleep under his spell. He takes one wistful look around the room, loath to go. At last, as if he had suddenly thought of something very nice, he breaks a twig from his wand and folds a little evergreen branch in each child's hand. Then he blows a kiss to them and dances away behind the Christmas tree. The lights on the tree go out and it is dark in the room. There is only the sound of the carolers singing "Holy Night" in the distance as the curtains are drawn)*

●

**If your club, school or home group would like to give THE TREE THAT TALKED, write for our leaflet describing costumes, music, lighting and tableau arrangement. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Entertainment Editor, McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York, for The Christmas Play Leaflet.**

Clean inside-well outside!

*and* they look it!

★

SIX and sixty are pretty good pals—for six never has a thought that isn't full of sunshine, and sixty is one of those rare old ladies who has learned how to live. They both get their brimming and joyous health the same way—and a simple, normal, natural way it is, too.

Doctors pretty well agree that most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it. The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping well—and therefore happy—all the time.

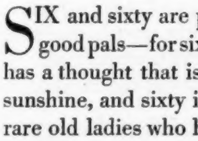
Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

Whether you're six or sixty, you will feel better and enjoy life more thoroughly if you give the simple Nujol treatment a real trial. Why not begin tonight?

**Nujol**



**health**

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½ Inch on a Dry Brush

That's the Technique That Whitens Teeth So Quickly

"NICE ENOUGH, but notice her teeth

*they look as if they were never brushed"*

You can brush teeth and gums faithfully, but they will continue to look neglected and offensive to others so long as you ignore the millions of germs that cause stain, ugly yellow, decay and serious gum diseases.

Ordinary toothpastes won't help you one bit. But this new Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique quickly kills millions of germs that attack teeth and gums . . . and so cleans teeth as they should be cleaned—right down to the beautiful, naked white enamel —without injury.

*Kolynos Will Surprise You*

Kolynos is unlike anything you've ever used. The very moment it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated dental cream undergoes a remarkable change. It becomes an exhilarating, antiseptic FOAM that permits the Dry-Brush Technique, advocated by dentists as the one way to derive full benefit from dental cream and brush.

This FOAM gets into every tiny pit, fissure and crevice, and kills millions of destructive germs . . . 190 million in the first 15 seconds. It neutralizes acids that cause decay, gently erases tartar, washes away the unsightly mucoid coating and purifies the mouth.

*White Teeth that Adorn Beauty*

Easily and quickly this Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique whitens teeth, keeps them sound and clean, and helps to firm up gums.

*Discard Incompetent Methods*

Never let anyone say that your teeth look as though you never brushed them. Start using this new Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Within a few days you'll note a distinct improvement . . . Teeth will look whiter—as lustrous white as they were in childhood. Gums will feel firmer, appear healthier. And your mouth will tingle with a delightful, refreshing taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos . . . or mail coupon for generous trial tube.

**KOLYNOS**
*the antiseptic*
**DENTAL CREAM**

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

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Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

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# MEET THE SMITHS

[*Continued from page 19*]

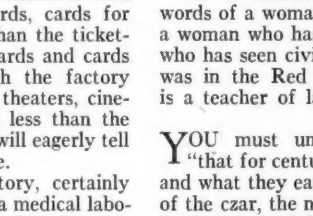
member of the Communist Party, is a high official, a member of the Soviet Congress, and the woman with her, in drab gray, is a factory manager. Behind them are two doctors, a judge, and a "superior" soldier in uniform. The word "officer" has such terrible associations in the Russian mind that the Red Army has abolished it. Soldiers are "inferior" and "superior," and there are in Russia women soldiers with a rank equal to that of a general. All work is open to women, and there are women in all kinds of occupations. But these are exceptional Smiths.

IF WE want to know Mrs. Smith of Russia, we must go to the factories, for there women are numerous enough to become a power. At the Melangi Combinat, a textile factory at Ivanovo-Voznesensk, where there are 7,000 workers, Martha Smith—Marfa Ivanoff—stands before the most modern of great spinning-machines, Russian manufactured. Seven hours a day she watches the spindles, mending an occasional broken thread, seeing that the machine winds with even precision. The week is five days. Then comes her day of rest. Yet Marfa, a new worker, drafted from the ranks of housewives and carefully trained for her task, is busier than she has ever been.

"I get the children ready for school before I come to the factory," she said. "No, I give them no breakfast—that is at the school. My shift begins at ten. (As the factory is now working overtime, shifts may begin at any hour.) Pieter and Lydia stay by the school two hours after my work, that I may buy for the house. Dinner? It is at the school. Mine is here, at the factory—my breakfast also. My husband, da, da, (yes, yes) he eats with me here. At evening we make supper at home. At night? Now—" her eyes sparkled —"I go three times a week to the class. I learn to read and write. The children? They sleep. If my husband goes, my neighbor listens."

"Every cook," insisted Lenin, "must learn how to run the government."

Marfa is learning. To help her, the Soviet government has shortened her hours, given her a five-day week, served her children free meals at the schools, and given her and her husband meals at low prices at the factory. In schools, colleges, offices, and stores, as well as factories, food is served at low prices to workers. As a worker, Marfa actually receives much more than the eighty rubles a month she is paid at the factory. She and her husband have food cards, clothing cards, cards for railway tickets at less than the ticket-office sells them, soap cards and cards for sweets, and through the factory she may buy tickets to theaters, cinemas, concerts, at much less than the box-office price. As she will eagerly tell you, there is much more.



At almost every factory, certainly at all the newer ones, is a medical laboratory, and a doctor looks after the health of the workers.

"If I am sick," said Marfa, "the doctor will care for me. Pay? No—I am a worker! If I am a little sick only, he will send me to the sick dining room, where I shall have the food that is good for me." And to the "sick" diet dining room she will go, to special tables, where workers with pre-tubercular symptoms, diabetes, kidney diseases, are fed back into health. "But if I am more sick, still," Marfa continues, "I go to the night sanitarium. I was once. It was grand."

It is grand. I saw several night sanitaria, all set to high standards. But Night Sanitarium Number 1 of Leningrad, stands out in my memory. There were 115 patients, men and women. At the factory they had been, not ill, but not up to their best work, so they had been sent to the sanitarium. Here, after the day's work, they bathe and dine, then retire for what it picturesquely called "the dead hour." After that, recreation, games, concerts, music, and bed. In the morning they breakfast and go to the factory, carrying a lunch prepared for their special needs. Their stay in the night sanitarium is for varying periods. If, in two months, improvement is not satisfactory, they go to a regular sanitarium. It is, indeed, grand.

Although they are constantly increasing, there are not enough night sanitaria. But there are also Rest Homes, where hundreds of workers are sent for short periods, and hundreds of hospitals and sanitaria, all provided by the government, all free to workers. Health is a national creed, almost a national gospel.

At the Central Institute of Labor at Moscow, men and women are being studied as perhaps never before. But let Anna Alexandrovna Ivanoff, scientist at the laboratory, speak:

"We are studying human organism's ability to reconstruct itself after losing energy in work. The care of the health of our workers is our first thought. All our new factories, and many old ones, have medical laboratories."

Why all this fuss about the Marfas of Russia and their husbands, the Nicolais? Why should workers in factories be preferred citizens in this new form of republic? There is justice in the question. Preferment for any class is far from a Communistic ideal of share and share alike. The Soviet government is frank in its reply.

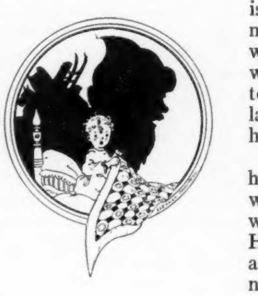
"We have no Communism yet in Russia," said one official. "We are but nursing the first feeble germs of Communism. We live now under a dictatorship of the proletariat, of the workers. It is a transition period and will not last. But it is the first essential step toward Communism."

"It *is* essential." These are the words of a woman of the intelligentsia, a woman who has known the pogroms, who has seen civil war, whose husband was in the Red Army. Nina Ivanoff is a teacher of languages.

YOU must understand," she says, "that for centuries Russians worked, and what they earned was the property of the czar, the nobility, or the church. So little was left for them that they lived unspeakably; life meant nothing of joy; joy was but in vodka. There is a proverb—'Work loves a fool.' To do as little as possible was a creed of self-preservation. Then came the war, revolution, famine. If we were to

# MEET THE SMITHS

survive, it must be through a new idea of work. The Soviet government created a nobility of industrial workers. Russians began to work; the government not only paid them more than they had ever received, but gave them houses, entertainment, travel, anything within its power. Today almost all the men are working harder than ever before, all except the professional beggar, criminal, and speculator. The number of women in industry increases daily. Last year women were 28.9 per cent of all industrial workers, but in the training-classes at labor institutes they are already forty per cent. Work is our salvation."



With coöperation in place of competition, and with the aid of the most modern machines, they expect to create a civilization of the highest type and at the same time keep all men and women at the highest possible standard of human perfection.

"To work too hard," said Nina, "is to spoil men and women for life. It is not our ideal."

Yet, with all this expenditure of money and energy for health measures, the people of the U. S. S. R. suffer acutely from lack of one of the greatest of health assets—a sufficient allowance of house room.

Marfa showed me her apartment in a five-year-old "model" six-family house. Two bedrooms, one kitchen, one wash-room (sink and toilet, no bath). In one room, spic and span and attractive, a single bed, a cot, one small table, two chairs, curtains and plants at windows, rag rugs on the floor. Marfa and her husband and their two children sleep in that room. The second bedroom is willingly rented by Marfa to a married couple who share with her the small kitchen. Next door are eight people! Yet Marfa and her neighbor do not feel crowded.

IT IS the remnant of the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie who are conscious of their suffering in this terrific overcrowding. In an old apartment-house in Moscow, Natalia Ivanoff wrung her hands in anguish. Dmitri, her husband, and Fatiana, her friend, tried in vain to console her. She was a survivor of the petty aristocracy, and had never reconciled herself to the usurping Bolshevist.

"Two rooms," she shrieked, "two, when I used to have twenty. Two, and now they say only one! I will not!"

Fatiana Ivanoff bent over her.

"If you would but do as I do, Natalia," she urged, "you could forget much. Come with me to the school. You are gifted, you can teach painting."

"You, a gently-born woman with those dogs! How can you? No! They may take from me until I die, but I shall never give in."

"Very well," her friend agreed. "Only, Natalia, do not talk before your little maid, Olga. She might repeat—I have known you so long, Natalia—in the old days you were always singing, dancing . . . It is time for me at the school."

Fatiana Ivanoff closed the door gently behind her. She stepped lightly through the street, serene, poised, a woman who has found herself. For four years she has worked each day at the workers' (public) school, where her two girls are enrolled—four years without pay, helping with the grave social problems common to any school in any country, but acute in Russia, where so many parents are illiterate. If you ask why she does it, she will say:

"Why not? My husband is an engineer, and engineers are today the best-paid workers in Russia. There is sufficient for us and the girls. I came to the school first to see how they were being taught. I remained because of my own interest. There is a peasant girl to do the work of our two rooms. Elena, Vera, and I teach her to read. When she goes to the factory, we will bring in another. I was not in favor of the revolution, I am not a member of the Communist Party, but I have seen what I have seen.

"The real revolution is now with us. Last night the father of a boy with whom I am working was to come to my home to see me. He was very late. When he arrived, he apologized.

" 'I forgot,' he said. 'I had come from work and was sitting in my bath when I remembered.' He is an engine-driver, and ten years ago he had never seen a bath, nor would he have known what an apology was. He is intelligent; he has learned to read and write. For his boy he is ambitious. That is our Russian revolution."

Listen to Najeda Ivanoff, my interpreter, without whose devoted services these articles could never have been written. Through dust and dirt and heat and fatigue she never complained.

"I was not a revolutionist," she said. "No, I have not courage to go to prison or to fight. My love of comfort, too, stood in the way. But now that this thing has come, I am happier than ever before. Maybe I can show you why.

"I was a physician's daughter. We had an apartment of fourteen rooms for father, mother, and six children. I was educated as a lawyer, but under the czar I was not permitted to practice. I studied languages, I lived abroad. But never did I feel right. There were four porters in our apartment-house, and the one at our door had one room, dark, unheated. There were his wife, a half-grown son, and a new baby. There was one narrow cot. The boy slept on the floor. *The new-born baby lay in a hole in the brick wall.* There was a little table, a chair, and that was all.

"They must have cooked on another porter's stove, for they had none. Now nobody lives like that. Next to me in my apartment is a charwoman. Her work is to sweep and scrub the flags at one of the big stores. Her husband works in a factory. She has two winter coats, a summer coat, blankets, a good bed. Her husband has made a radio. Her baby was born in the hospital, and she was taught to care for it. She feeds it as directed, reports every ten days at the clinic to have it inspected. This costs her nothing. Such things were unknown ten years ago. My husband always was a revolutionist. Now I have learned to believe."

SUCH intelligent, cultivated women in Russia today go forward, not seeing clearly the future for themselves and their children, but willing to go on and work, because justice is nearer than before.

Between these women of Russia, workers, petty aristocrat, bourgeoisie, intelligentsia, and the peasant, lies a

[*Continued on page 92*]

**DO YOU TAKE LAXATIVES UNTIL THE HABIT BECOMES A VICE?**

***Laxatives should be taken only when prescribed by a physician.***

**The habit of dosing with laxatives at every feeling of sluggishness is full of peril. In time, it makes you an intestinal cripple and a slave to such drugs. More and more, as this evil grows, the medical profession issues warnings against the danger of self-dosing with laxatives.**

**Physicians know that, except in special cases, laxatives are unnecessary. They recommend—instead of harsh drugs—the use of a pure mineral oil.**

**For a pure mineral oil promotes elimination in a normal way. And above all it is safe—so safe that doctors prescribe it for little babies.**

**Squibb's Liquid Petrolatum is a mineral oil as pure and palatable as scientific skill can make. You will be surprised how pleasant it is to take, for Squibb's is colorless, odorless and tasteless. And its results are pleasant too. Squibb's brings natural relief because it works solely by mechanical action. It passes through the body without change. It cannot form a habit. And it cannot build fat.**

**For safety and convenience always specify "Squibb's Liquid Petrolatum" or Liquid "Pet" for short.**

**A SAFE,**
**EFFECTIVE**
**INTERNAL**
**LUBRICANT**

Safe
as pure
water
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**SQUIBB'S LIQUID PETROLATUM**

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All druggists have the genuine tablets of Bayer Aspirin. The box says Bayer, and you will see the word Genuine printed in red.

BAYER ASPIRIN

# MEET THE SMITHS

[*Continued from page 91*]

great gulf which the government is trying earnestly to bridge. A "worker," according to Russian concept of the term, is someone who labors with his hands. Yet the peasant until this year, was not reckoned a worker—a fact difficult to understand until one travels through the country. Then the reason becomes apparent. The peasant, in the main, is a rank individualist. The idea of social consciousness, of living and working and sharing together is new and not entirely welcome. This year the government is wooing the peasant; it has tried force, and force resulted in an ugly fracas that threatened civil war; now it is attempting persuasion.

I SAT in the People's Court and watched justice being administered according to the Soviet plan. No laws were quoted, no lawyers appeared. On a platform behind a table covered with a strip of red cloth sat three people. A man, a worker from a factory, instructed and delegated to court work for a few weeks; a long, lean woman in drab gray, evidently another factory delegate to the court. Between them a small, wiry figure in khaki, her gray eyes steel, her mouth firm—the judge of the People's Court. The judge called:

"Maria Ivanoff."

A peasant woman rose, visibly trembling. She walked unsteadily to the little platform, while the voice of the judge called again:

"Nicolai Petrovitch."

A man clad in the rough dress of a factory worker raised his huge bulk from the first row.

Without waiting for the judge, Maria began her tale.

"I am only a peasant. My man is dead. My house is three rooms. I and my two girls do not need all. I rent to Nicolai. He pays four rubles. But always he quarrels, he and his wife and five children. They quarrel in the kitchen, where we cook together. I complain to him, and he says:

" 'Ha, you baba! You are but a peasant. I am a worker. I am a member of the Moscow Soviet. I can do what I like.' " Tears came into Maria Mikailovna's eyes. "I am but a peasant," she wailed. "I ask him to leave; he will not leave. I do not want to rent to him and his wife and five children. I want him to go. He will not."

The eyes of the little judge had not lost their steely look. But her voice was suddenly velvet. "You say you are but a peasant, and Nicolai is a worker. You till your soil, don't you, and your girls work with you?"

Maria Mikailovna nodded.

"You are a worker, too," said the judge.

Then she turned upon the man, and her tones were clipped and sharp.

"Is what she says so? You are a member of the Moscow Soviet? That is your card?" He nodded, presenting it, secure, confident. Had he not been duly elected? Then his loose mouth opened wide. For the eyes of the little judge shot forth fire.

"And you, Nicolai, oppress this poor woman, this unenlightened peasant? You do this, you who are a member of the Soviet? You who should be an example to all people! You threaten her, you make her life a misery."

Nicolai's shoulders drooped. He scratched his shaggy head. He stood still as the little judge and her committee of workers, the People's Court, swept out. Maria Mikailovna sat down, and finally the court returned.

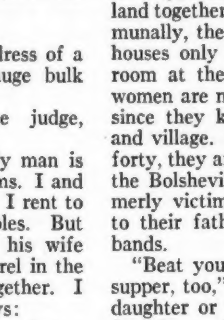
A committee from the factory in which Nicolai worked would come to Maria's house and investigate. Nicolai and his wife and five children could not live without a roof, and she, Maria, knew how few houses there were. But she would no longer be bullied. Nicolai—again the eyes of the little judge wilted his huge bulk—would be a good tenant until perhaps he could find another home. Maria rose, her face radiant. It mattered not that the wife and five children awaited her coming. Nicolai's bowed head told her there would be peace.

"You too are a worker." The peasant is hearing that magic phrase not only in the courts, but out in the country, where the work of collectivizing farms, of joining together the small acreages of the individual peasants into collectives, where machinery can be used to advantage, goes steadily on. With the machinery come new schools, for the peasant must learn—it is the command of Lenin and is posted everywhere.

"Learn and Learn and Learn!"

WHAT of this much vaunted new freedom of woman? Come to the Ukraine, to the Commune of the First of May, where 519 people work farmland together, some of them living communally, the remainder in their village houses only because there is no more room at the Commune. The peasant women are not as intelligent as Maria, since they know only their own land and village. Wrinkled at thirty-five or forty, they are relics of the time before the Bolshevists seized power, and formerly victims of virtual slavery, first to their fathers, second to their husbands.

"Beat your wife for dinner and for supper, too," was a Russian saying. A daughter or wife could not run away, for she could get no passport save through her father or husband. She must go wherever she was taken, her earnings belonged to one or the other; the right to beat her was always her husband's; divorce was almost impossible, submission was law.



"Now the Soviet law says we may not be beaten," they told me. It is the first real step toward freedom. But, after years of drudgery and incessant child-bearing, many of these peasant women are terribly apathetic.

"They hold back our progress," one of the young teachers at this Commune told me. "They are jealous of our work with the children. But the men are all right. Many of them read. They want to get ahead. The women must learn. This winter they will go every day to school. There will be little work, and the men must do it."

"But did the women vote for it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. I don't think they know what study means, but they know that to read and write makes their children and men feel superior to them, so they are willing. They know of their emancipation."

Before I went to Russia I was convinced, as most Americans, that the Soviet rule was dreaded by every citizen.

# MEET THE SMITHS

But the dread in the heart of most Russians is not of the Soviet authorities; by far the great majority like the Soviet government. It is—but let Elena Ivanoff of the intelligentsia, a writer, tell us.

"You who live without fear," she said, "how can you hope to understand us who have lived and live still, always in fear? Fear of enemies armed to the teeth, on our borders; fear of the church, militant and political, organized against us; fear, in lesser degree, of the counter revolutionists and royalists. Every moment of our lives is in fear. Remember, our civil war ended but a few years ago—*if* it has ended."

Fear inspires the worst work of the Soviet Union, as it inspires our worst work. The network of spies, the very organization of Soviet industry, is based upon this dread enemy of mankind. The control of any factory, commune, or coöperative enterprise lies with three persons. The manager, a direct employee of the Soviet government, or of the coöperative is one; the representative of the workers, who are usually 100 per cent unionized, is the second; and the third is a member of the Communist Party, often a woman, assigned to this particular institution. These three govern all problems of personnel, engage and dismiss workers, organize classes for the liquidation of illiteracy. They consider all questions affecting the health, well-being, and entertainment of the workers. These committees were well on the way to becoming oligarchical terrors. Many of their members were hastily promoted from the ranks, and authority made them autocrats.

BUT the Soviet government awoke in time"—it is Victorovna, an artist, speaking—"and began its policy of self-criticism. At once there were hundreds of complaints. Managers, workers' representatives, even party members were suddenly transferred to other positions and warned. The *Izvestia Gazette,* national organ of the government, and other papers which are party organs, opened complaint bureaus. And that danger passed."

I visited the Complaint Bureau of the *Izvestia Gazette* while people entered their protests. Among them was a young girl. A man from R. S. F. S. R. (Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic) had gone to work in Turkestan, where she lived. He had wooed her, and she consented to come to Moscow, if he would register a marriage. They registered, but after several weeks, he turned her into the streets. She went to the Bureau, and the authorities arrested the man. He is serving three years in prison.

"It was evident," said the court, "that he never intended that she should be in any sense his wife, but took her for his entertainment."

No stigma whatever attached to the girl. Woman is free. She is entitled to control her body, and the matter of child-bearing is at her will, to the point of applying to the state for abortion and receiving that operation without cost. She may live with a man in registered marriage, or in free union. But she may not sell her body. In no other country has the state tackled, so freely and boldly, the matter of the prostitute. In U. S. S. R. the prostitute is sent to a sanitarium, nursed to health, provided with a job, and sent to the ranks of the workers.

"We have no prostitutes and we will have no prostitutes," said woman after woman.

Woman at last is free; she cannot be exploited. She is also free to worship. I visited Lutheran, Protestant, and Episcopal churches, and an orthodox Jewish Synagogue. I attended mass at a Roman Catholic Cathedral, as well as several services at Greek Catholic Churches. I had left America just as the great wave of church protest against the Soviet rule was at its height, but when I arrived in Russia, American correspondents as well as Russians, were mystified at this outburst. According to them, the Soviet Union was pursuing the same policy as before. There has been no change.

"The outburst is the result of political machination of our enemies," said the Russians. I cannot pretend to know the truth. What I do know is that churches were holding services. If a neighborhood wants a church closed, it appeals to the local Soviet, and sometimes that church is closed. One day I came upon a church lighted at three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Services?" I inquired.

"No, that church is a coöperative factory. The people asked for it, as they had nowhere to work but their crowded houses, and the Soviet has allowed it."

There were three other churches in that one block, and they were holding services, as their signs testified.

The Soviet government is avowedly anti-religious. But the woman who wants to worship may do so. She must support her church and help to keep it in order. There is no state church tax, as in Germany, upon all citizens. She may teach her children what she pleases at home, but she may not send them to any church, school, or any group to receive religious instruction before they are eighteen years of age. Anti-religious propaganda is, I was told, not supposed to be used in the workers' schools, but I saw many evidences that it is used there. Anti-religious exhibits are everywhere.

AS I went about I asked everywhere for women in positions of responsibility. I found less than one in ten in higher positions.

"You cannot understand," both men and women argued. "Few of our women had any education at all. There are Krupskaya (the gifted widow of Lenin), who serves in the Department of Education, Lebedeva, whose work for the mothers and children is well-known, Jakovleva, of the Department of Education, who has recently been transferred to the Department of Finance, and many others. Eight per cent of the members of the All Russian Soviet, the Union Congress which is the chief governing body of the nation, are women. There will be more—"

I talked with a brilliant woman, an associate editor of a great newspaper. She has asked me to omit her name as a matter of Soviet policy.

"Leaders count only as leaders," she said. "Individuals must not be glorified."

[*Continued on page 94*]

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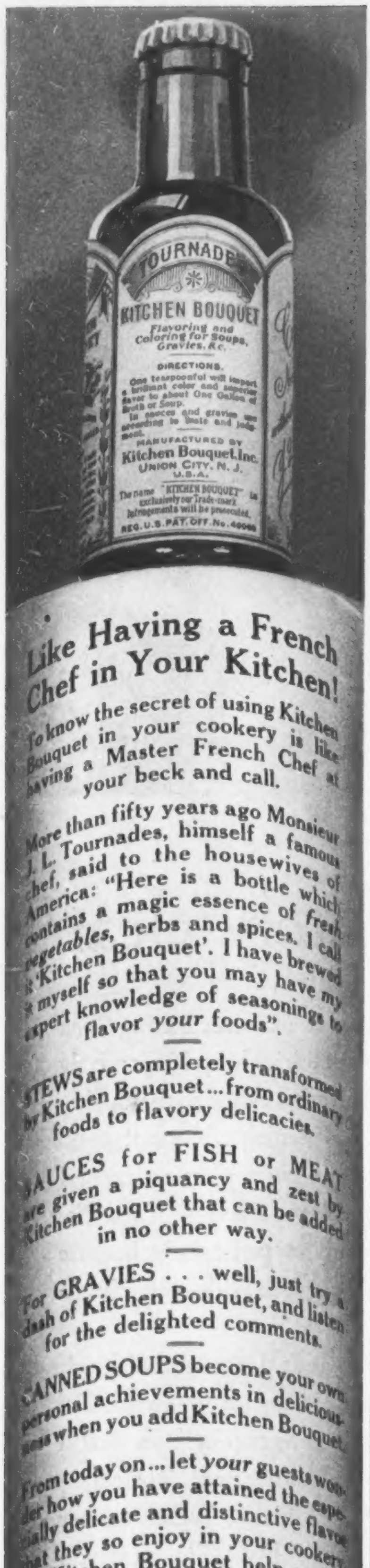

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**Kitchen Bouquet**

**The Chef's Flavoring for Home Cooking**

# MEET THE SMITHS

[*Continued from page 93*]

Not from her, but from others I found out that Lea Ivanoff, as we will call her, had been a revolutionist at eighteen, was imprisoned for a year in a dungeon, where she and others had no clean linen for seven months, where during the whole year, it was so cold that they wore their coats and boots night and day. She came out with tuberculosis, but has been cured and has lived to see her cause triumph. She is well, happy, and working.

I asked her about the new ideal of woman, as woman.

"There is no collective ideal of woman," she said. "In this struggle toward a new creation of life, the ideal will create itself. The destiny of man and woman is identical. It is service to mankind.

WE ARE working on an ideal of common (shared) living on the highest plane. Our five-year-plan will be succeeded by another plan of perhaps ten years, and the purpose of this plan is to free the people from the necessity of arduous labor. We plan to the end that life may be a joy, not for a few, but for all. It must be beautiful; it must not be hard for anyone. Everyone must live in good rooms, enjoy good books, theaters, the cultural delights of life."

"What?" I asked, "is the ideal of marriage and of motherhood?"

"We believe that not every woman is by nature a good mother, and that the care of children is best left to people who love them and who wish to be of service. As to marriage, we have laughed a good deal over the reports that we women were nationalized. We never were. The idea is repulsive to us.

"We believe that there is no marriage without real feeling between two people. We appreciate monogamy as an ideal, but an ideal difficult of realization and seldom realized in fact. To most men and women there comes at times a physiological urge for new contacts that drives them to new relationships. So marriage and divorce have new meanings for us. We seek the social welfare of all and the relations of individuals are only important as they affect that welfare."

That spirit permeates Russia. *"I"* is submerged in *"US,"* and *"US"* includes, today, first the industrial workers, and second all the rest of mankind.

Even those peasant women of the Ukraine had begun to feel that spirit. Once I asked:

"What do you women like about the kolhoz (collective farm)? What does it do for you?"

There was a silence. Then two women spoke at once. The interpreter turned.

THEY say: 'We are more glad and merry when we work together than when we work alone.' "

She repeated the words in Russian. Through the crowd passed a ripple of assent. Kerchiefed heads nodded.

Another voice said: "It is nice to have your meals ready when you come from the field."

A second ripple, much fainter than the first. The spiritual reaction was the greater.

Gayety, merriment, working together—new words that go to the making of the new women of new Russia.

*Editor's Note: In the second article of this exclusive series, Mrs. Bennett reveals what the Soviet government is doing for the children of Russia. It will appear in an early issue.*

# THE MIDNIGHT FATHER

[*Continued from page 17*]

Mary had the Newest One's bed moved over by the door that opened out on the grounds. At night she left this door unlocked, making it easy for him. What right had anybody to keep him from his own?

But the Newest One, seeming to feel the nearness of one who cared, was quieter. She learned to laugh. A dimple appeared in one cheek; and her bright hair, beyond mistake, was going to curl. She was the pet of every nurse on the place. Never had they had so adorable and appealing a baby.

"You girls are going to spoil her," scolded Mary.

"We've got to love her while we can," explained Miss Todd, "because you know yourself the very first couple to come adopting will snatch her. She won't be here long."

Adopting days were red letter days. The place was shined and polished. And the Little Fellows were scrubbed and fluffed and curled and each arrayed in the garments that best suited his type. A frill for this one who took to frills; a little shirt for that one who looked sweetest when clad in a tight and shrunken woolly shirt; and for another, a tousled head and a nether garment and a safety-pin.

One grows to love these Little Fellows, and to care, and often as not there were tears brushed into the curls.

"I hope they'll treat you white, Darling. I hope they'll remember that you can't sleep except on your tummy, and that you hate the light in your eyes; and when you yell, you aren't actually being bad—just exercising your lungs."

It was Mary Lovelace who broke the news.

She came and stood in the door, and raised a hand for attention.

"The Conrad Parks are coming at three. They want to adopt a baby."

The girls gasped. It wasn't that the Parks were the wealthiest and most distinguished young couple in town. It wasn't *altogether* that. There was something special about them; about Conrad Parks, with his manner of quiet dignity; about Edith Parks—a softly beautiful woman, tender and motherly and unspoiled. She had lost her own baby two years ago. They had traveled for many months after that. And now they were back, and he had talked with Mary Lovelace on the telephone, and they would be here at three.

As if drawn by a single thought, every head in the room turned toward the crib where the Newest One kicked her fat heels.

Mary Lovelace stood beside that baby, thinking of the restless, driven shadow that paced the trees at night, and she hoped that if this wonderful chance came for his baby, there would be a way to let him know.

At five minutes past three Mary led the Conrad Parks down the corridor toward the big sunny room that held the Little Fellows. There were heels in the air today, and joyous shouts, and fists that shut tight on nothing. And up and down the lengths of the wailing wall there was never a whimper.

Edith Parks' sensitive face quivered with pain and tenderness. "I wish," she said, "I wish I could take them all."

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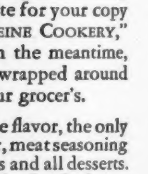

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# THE MIDNIGHT FATHER

Suddenly she gave a little cry and ran forward. She bent over the Newest One.

The Newest One was awake. Those great blue eyes looked up into the face bending over her, and then the little mouth puckered at the corners, as if, "You've been a long time finding me." Edith Parks lifted her up, put her face down against the soft bundle.

There were tears on her cheeks when she looked at her husband.

"I must have her, Conrad."

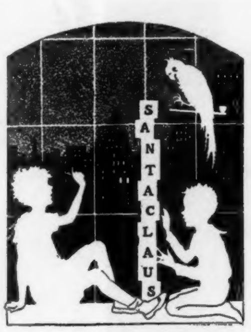
MARY LOVELACE sat in her office, the door shut against all comers. She had been here an hour—ever since the Parks had gone.

When Conrad Parks had put his wife in the car, he came back for a word with Mary. He must know something about the baby, he said. It was a serious business, adopting a baby. Also, he must protect his wife.

"I brought her here because something was necessary. This was a chance to give her a new interest—get back her balance. I hadn't, of course, forseen that she would lose her heart to any one baby so completely. I can't have her life crushed again. She thinks no other child but this one would do, but it would be kinder to deny her this now than to let her take into her heart a baby who might break it later. You understand I'm not squeamish—I mean, if her parents were poor or unfortunate—anything of that sort—I'm not objecting to that. But I must know that honest blood is in her veins. There must be nothing that the child herself would be humiliated by, later. Some people think this doesn't count, but with me it does. She'll be our daughter, you know."

"Exactly," Mary had agreed briskly. "I'll get the papers all ready for your inspection. It takes a little time to put an adoption through and meanwhile, I'll get her history fixed up. It will take—" she hesitated—"a week, say."

She had spoken with confidence, but when he had gone, Mary's heart sank. She hadn't, of course, one fact on record about this child. She thought of the furtive figure that haunted the grounds at night, and she was afraid. But she must speak to him. She must learn the truth about the baby. Tonight she would watch for him—approach him.



But the shadow father came no more. Not that night nor the next nor the next. Mary could wait no longer. She gathered all the newspapers of the past three days, and made a list of accidents, violent deaths, arrests.

It was raining. Mary put her list in her pocket and started out, grimly. Somewhere in the backwash of that drenched gray city, she must find a clean record for a baby.

All day she trudged. Up dank, smelly stairs. Through charity wards of hospitals. To the morgue. To the police courts. With set jaw she went down that pathetic, dreadful list.

In the late afternoon she sat in Robert Shaw's office. She laid a paper on his desk.

"Robert—here's a man. I—just a common thief, I'm afraid. But I've got to be sure. He's in the county jail. I want his complete record—everything there is to know about him."

He was shocked at the sight of her. "Mary, you're drenched through."

"Never mind about me," she interrupted him.

"You're killing yourself over these people, trying to remedy what God Himself can't."

"But this case is special, Robert."

They had all been special, he remembered.

She said, "I'll sit here and rest a bit. You have somebody look up this man's record. . .if there were not extenuating circumstances."

"Does it mean so much to you?"

She answered simply, "Yes."

He took the paper then, and went out.

Half an hour passed. He was back. "Look here, don't take this hard."

"Well," she said dully, "go on."

"This man, Peter Morgan, had been a steady worker, but was hurt on a construction job—chest smashed in. Was in the hospital. While he was there, a baby was born to his wife, and before he was able to leave, the wife died. Two weeks after he left the hospital he was arrested for stealing milk bottles from people's steps at night—caught red-handed. He attacked the officer who was taking him to jail—beat him up rather badly, and escaped. He eluded the law until three days ago, when he was apprehended out near your place."

Mary did not speak.

"I'm sorry, Mary. If it will make you feel any better—the judge told me he meant to grant clemency, in view of the man's physical condition. He's in bad shape, and probably won't live long. I'll work on it myself. I believe I can get him freed tomorrow."

HE SAT regarding her with troubled eyes, thinking the sordid story had ruined a beautiful plan.

But Mary had risen. All the weariness was gone from her face, and a light was there. For in that pitiful jumble of tragedy and shame and sorrow, she had found a clean record for her baby!

What mattered the superficial aspects . . . the accidents of life are not the things that are inherited. But love, loyalty, devotion, pride, self-sacrifice—these are the foundation of character. This baby had nothing of which she need ever be ashamed.

"Yes," she could say to Conrad Parks, "this baby has a rich heritage . . . something to live up to. Never fear!"

The Nursery was blazing with lights two nights later when the Conrad Parks, accompanied by a nurse-maid, came down the steps with their baby, and got into the car. The girls lined up to see them off.

"I *wish* Miss Lovelace could have seen."

Mary had requested them to come for the baby at night, and then, at the last minute, she had been called away.

"Yes, it was too bad not to get to tell the Newest One goodbye."

Mary was on the roof. She had seen it all. As the car went down the drive she saw something else. The lights picked out for a fraction of a second a solitary figure standing a long way off—standing with his hat in his hand.

Mary stood at that moment, conscious of all those shadow parents who watched beyond the night, and trusted her. It was not always heartlessness that made a parent give a baby away. It was love. Above, a meteor rose from darkness and climbed—soaring to beauty. And in the wide impersonal heavens the witnessing stars hung low.

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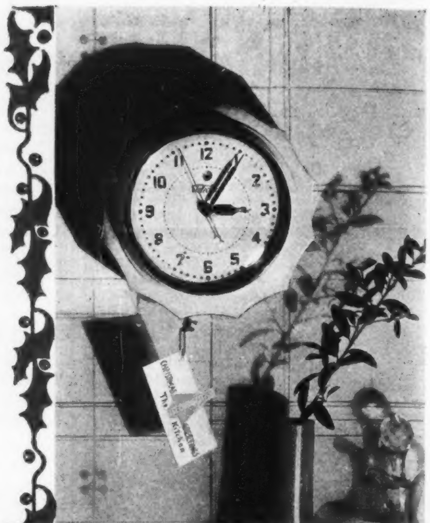
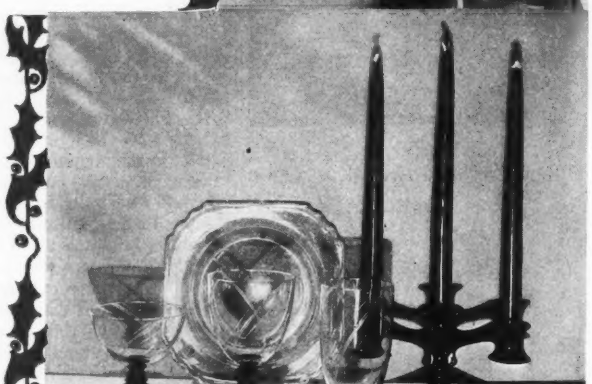
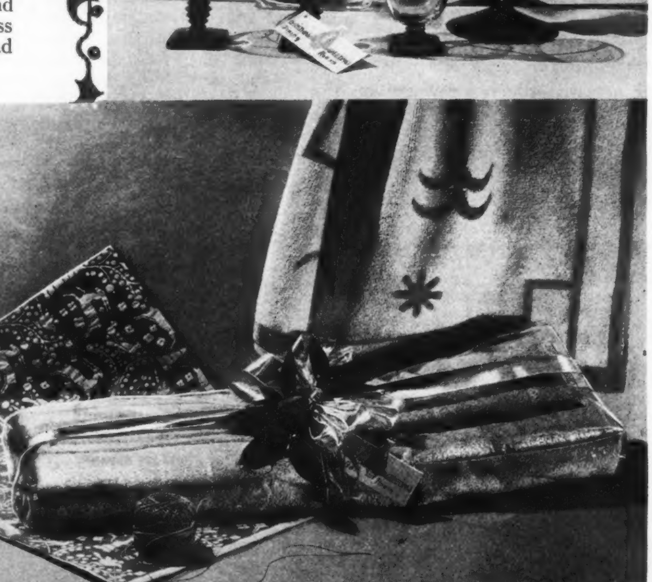
# GIFTS FOR EVERY ROOM

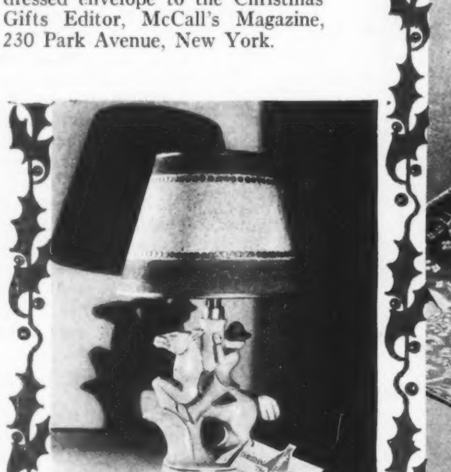
## By Margery Taylor

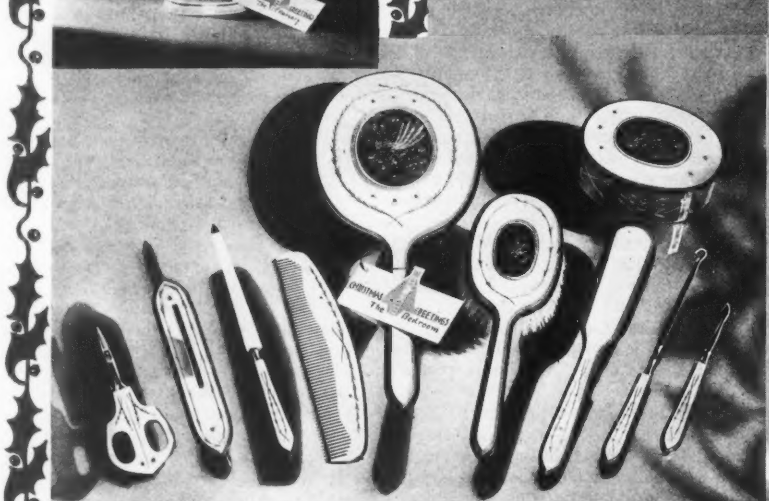
THE family had gathered around the fireplace on a Sunday evening. Bob listlessly raked the fire with a decrepit old poker. "What this family needs," he grumbled, "is a new fire set." "I've thought so for a long time," Mother agreed. "Write to Santa Claus," was Helen's bright suggestion. Marion sat up straight. "That's an idea," she said. "Let's all contribute a bit of our Christmas money, and make a present to every room in the house!" We grew interested, and began to talk it over. . . . First a clock for the kitchen *(upper right)* plugged in like a lamp, and controlled by a master clock at the central power station. It doesn't need winding, and keeps absolutely correct time • For the dining room, glassware *(right)* was suggested. We decided on crystal, etched in a modern design with black stems, because it is smart and will fit in with any color scheme. We'll buy black glass candlesticks later • The bathroom needs new towels *(right center)*. Two-color designs are newest and for gifts they come attractively wrapped in cellophane • An amusing lamp *(left center)* for the grandest grandchild's nursery is a china horseman, holding aloft a torch which is the bulb and shade • The guest room gets a much-needed toilet set *(lower left)*—one of the new ones, with a Colonial design. It is Confederate blue and gold and the metal parts are gold-finished, too • And then the fire set *(lower right)* with polished brass handles on square iron shafts. It has a fork instead of the usual poker—and Bob is satisfied • For more information about these articles, send a stamped addressed envelope to the Christmas Gifts Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York.

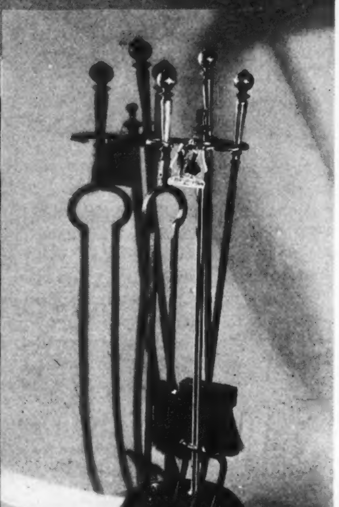












# MARY FAITH

[*Continued from page 23*]

"You're leaving me for that girl, Kim. You think you should have married her, don't you?"

"I shouldn't have married anybody," he said violently. "And don't try to hang all the blame on her. Our married life has been a failure, and you know it as well as I do. . . What do I get out of it, I'd like to know. I sit all day in a two-by-four office, waiting for clients who never come. I sit all evening in this flat, staring at the four walls. It's a great life for a man, isn't it?"

He started down the narrow hall that led to the bedrooms at the back of the apartment.

Mary Faith followed him. "Kim, you're just discouraged tonight—"

"I'm just *through!*" he corrected her. "I'm all through. And what's more I'm getting out now."

He took his bag from the closet and opened it on the bed. Then he began to take his clothes out of the drawers of his dresser—shirts, underwear, socks, handkerchiefs.

"Kim, you're not going tonight? You're not going now?"

"I am. I'm going to get it all over and done with before I weaken. . . I know it's the thing to do, and I'm going to do it. Besides, it's the twenty-eighth of the month. You and my mother will have to step lively, if you're going to be out of this place by the first."

He laid a bill on the dresser. "There's fifty dollars," he said. "Make it go as far as you can, will you? When you need more, you know my phone number downtown. . .and tomorrow will you pack up the rest of my clothes and send them over to the Maldons'? They're going to let me sleep on their davenport until I find a room. I talked to them about it tonight."

After that Mary Faith did not argue with him.

She slipped out of the house and sat on the back porch. The stars were out, thick as water-lilies on the vast black pool of the night sky.

The air around her was cool and sweet, and somewhere close at hand a bird twittered sleepily.

She found herself wondering how the world could be so beautiful and so peaceful, when life could be so bitterly cruel. . . .

"I'm going, Mary Faith." Kim's voice came to her through the doorway behind her. Turning her head she could see him standing in the middle of the kitchen with his bag in his hand.

"Aren't you coming in to say goodbye?" he asked.

"No—I'm not. I'm not leaving you, Kim. You're going away from me, and I can't say goodbye—I'm sorry—"

SHE watched him as he turned and walked out of the bright little room without another word. Presently she heard the sound of his car. When the noise of its engine had died away, she went back into the kitchen.

Mrs. Farrell was sitting at the table in the dining room. She had been crying and her eyes were red and swollen. She gave Mary Faith a dazed look.

"Well, what are we going to do?" she asked. "I guess there isn't anything to do but what Kimberley told us to do, is there?— It *kills* me to think of giving up my home and going down to Garrettsville to live—"

"You aren't going to give up your home," Mary Faith said very quietly; but Mrs. Farrell heard her. She stared.

"You're going to stay right here, and I'm going to stay with you," Mary Faith went on. "I'll get work to do this summer—and I have seven hundred dollars that we can live on after I have to stop working. That ought to tide us over. . ."

She drew a deep breath and went on: "You see, it's like this Mrs. Farrell—"

"Oh, I can see how things are without your telling me!" Kim's mother interrupted. "You want to stay here with me, so that everybody will think I'm taking sides with you against my own son. Well, I'm not going to stay and I'm not going to take your part, understand? . . . . All this trouble is of *your* making! You insisted upon marrying Kimberley when you knew he didn't want to marry you. Then you got him to give up his good position —and now that he's left you, the best thing that you can do is to go back to the life he took you out of."

She got up from the table, shaking herself all over like an angry hen.

"If you had any proper pride, you wouldn't want to stay here in his home with his mother," she finished. "You'd want to get out!"

"What I started to tell you is that I am going to have a baby in January, Mrs. Farrell," Mary Faith said quietly, "and I think he ought to be born right here, where we can take care of him. I can't have my baby in a boarding-house very well, can I?"

THERE was silence for a full minute after she stopped talking. Mrs. Farrell's eyes grew round as marbles.

"Does Kimberley know—about the baby?" she asked at last.

"No." Mary Faith closed her eyes for an instant upon the tears that stung them. "I was going to tell him today—and then this trouble came up. So—I kept still."

"But you shouldn't have kept still! You should have told Kimberley about this. If you had, he wouldn't have walked out on you the way he did just now."

Mary Faith sat down at the table, leaning her head on her hands. "No. That's why I didn't tell him," she explained. "I didn't want to keep him that way. I didn't want to keep him at all, if he didn't want to stay. And you must promise me that you won't tell him."

"To think of my son deserting me the way his father did!" Mrs. Farrell muttered, her voice thick with tears. "Walking in and ordering me to break up my home at a moment's notice. Ordering me off to Garrettsville to live on my sister's charity, or do anything else, just so long as I don't bother him!—Leaving you alone to bring your child into the world—"

"Well, of course, he doesn't know about the baby," Mary Faith reminded her.

Mrs. Farrell paid no attention to her. "I'm sure I don't know what ails him," she wailed. "I'm sure I don't. He's just like his good-for-nothing father, I guess."

"He's discouraged—that's what ails him," Mary Faith said steadily. "He's been having a hard time lately and

[*Continued on page 98*]

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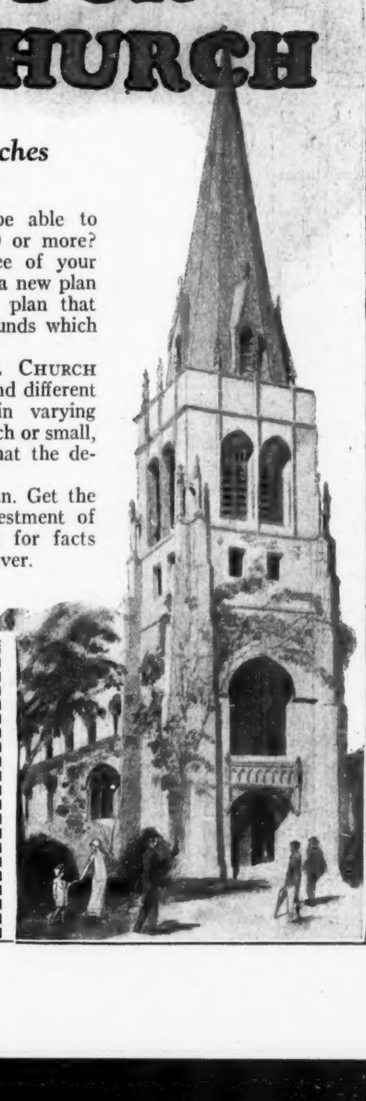

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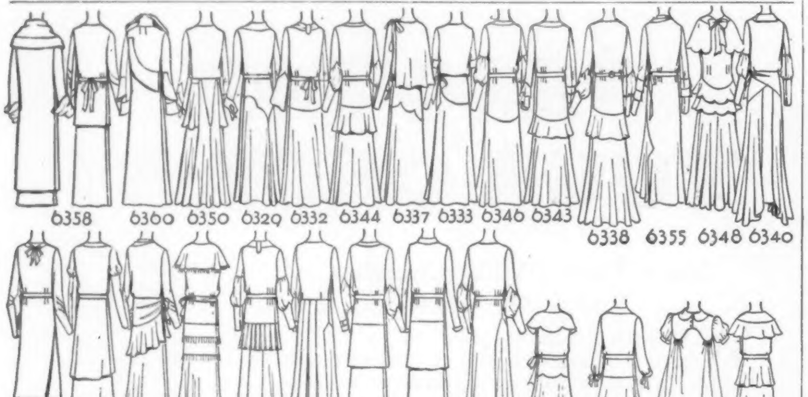


No. 6358. Size 36, blouse, 2⅜ yards 39-inch, skirt, 1¾ yards 54-inch, coat, skirt, 4¾ yards 54-inch, lining, 2⅝ yards 39-inch, banding, 3⅜ yards 4-inch.

No. 6360. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch material, lining, 3⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 6350. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch material, contrasting, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 6329. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch material, contrasting, ⅝ yard 39-inch.

No. 6332. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch material, contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch.

No. 6344. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material, jabots, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 6338. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 39-inch material, sleeve puffs, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 6355. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 39-inch material.

No. 6351. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 39-inch material.

No. 6348. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch material.

No. 6340. Size 36, 4⅞ yards 39-inch material, lace edging, 1¼ yards 3-inch.

No. 6336. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch.

No. 6356. Size 36, 3 yards 39-inch material or 2¼ yards 54-inch.

No. 6352. Size 36, 4¼ yards 39-inch material, jabots, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 6357. Size 36, 4⅜ yards 39-inch material or 3¼ yards 54-inch.

No. 6349. Size 36, 4 yards 39-inch material, contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 6345. Size 36, 4⅝ yards 39-inch material, contrasting, ⅝ yard 39-inch.

No. 6337. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch material or 3 yards 54-inch.

No. 6333. Size 36, 3⅛ yards 54-inch material, contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 6346. Size 36, 3¾ yards 39-inch, vest, ⅝ yard 39-inch, band, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 6343. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 39-inch or 2⅞ yards 54-inch, contrasting, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 6342. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 6353. Size 36 requires 3 yards 35-inch material or 2⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 6347 Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material, contrasting, ⅝ yard 39-inch.

No. 6339. Size 36, 4¼ yards 39-inch material, yoke, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 6330. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch material.

No. 6335. Size 6 requires 2 yards 39-inch material, collar, ½ yard 39-inch.

No. 6341. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch.

No. 6334. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch.

# MARY FAITH

[*Continued from page 97*]

he's just plain sick and tired of everything all at once. And you and I are just part of what he's sick and tired of—grocery bills and the rent coming due, and the quiet life we lead. Kim loves a good time, and I should have seen to it that he had a good time. All this is partly my fault, Mrs. Farrell. You mustn't put the whole blame on Kim's shoulders. . . . I should have known how to hold him, no matter what happened."

And so she defended him to his mother as she would have defended him against the whole world.

That night Mary Faith could not sleep. Kim's face seemed to take form before her wide eyes as she lay staring into the darkness. She heard a clock in the flat next door strike one, then two, then three. A little after three she gave up all hope of sleep and got out of bed. She closed the door of Mrs. Farrell's room very softly and dressed.

By five o'clock, when the dawn was cool and gray in the open windows of the flat, she had Kim's trunks packed and locked, ready to go.

On the dresser she found the fifty-dollar bill that he had left for her. She picked it up, creasing it thoughtfully between her fingers for a long time. Then she opened a drawer and took out her hand-bag. In it were two five-dollar bills that she had had for weeks.

With the money in her hand, she went into the dining room to a little serving-table that she and Mrs. Farrell used for a desk. There she addressed an envelope to Mr. J. W. McIntrae, of McIntrae and Westover, in the City Bank Building. She wrote Kim's name on the back of the envelope and put the bills into it—the fifty-dollar bill and the two fives.

Wilton Street was empty and silent when she stepped out into it. The dawn wind, whispering between the apartment-buildings that lined the street on both sides, was sweet and fresh against her face as she walked to the mail box.

She dropped the envelope into it, telling herself that she was doing for Kim the last thing that she would be able to do for a long time.

The flush of sunrise was in the sky above Wilton Street when she turned to go back. Then, somewhere near at hand, a robin began to sing.

Mary Faith stopped in the middle of the sidewalk, listening. Could things ever be absolutely hopeless, in a world where robins came to sing after winter was over? Where dawn came after the blackness of every night?

For her it was one of those moments when the glory of life stood out above all the great troubles and the little fretting things—even above the supreme hurt of losing Kim.

"Everything is going to be all right," she told herself. "And, after a while, there'll be the baby—"

Comforted, she went back to the silent flat and got into bed once more. And this time she fell asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow.

THERE is one great advantage in being poor. If you have money troubles, you haven't very much time to worry over your other troubles—troubles of the heart and the soul.

So it was with Mary Faith. She had no time for tears now. The immediate problem of keeping the wolf from the door crowded every other thought from her mind.

"Don't let me forget to leave a note for the milkman tonight," she said to Mrs. Farrell, as they sat at breakfast that first morning after Kim's departure. "I want to tell him not to leave us any more cream. We can get along with the top milk for our coffee from now on, can't we?"

Mrs. Farrell did not look up from the morning paper. But her shoulders drooped and her chin quivered.

"I suppose so," she muttered.

"We'll have to economize every way we can," Mary Faith went on. "I thought we'd have the telephone taken out, and we don't need a morning paper and an afternoon paper."

After breakfast she went around the flat, taking several of the electric light bulbs from their sockets. Holding them in her hand, she went into Mrs. Farrell's room.

Ye Toy Shoppe
W. CLASON

"I've taken these bulbs out," she said. 'We've been using more of them than was necessary—and this ought to cut down our light bill quite a bit."

Mrs. Farrell pursed up her lips and went on powdering her face before the mirror of her old-fashioned dresser.

"I'm going downtown," she said, without turning to look at Mary Faith. "I think I ought to talk to Dr. Thatcher about you—and I'm sure you'd like to have the flat to yourself so you can put your economies into effect."

The flat seemed very quiet and peaceful when she had gone. Mary Faith hummed as she dusted the rooms and made the two beds.

WHEN everything was in order, she sat down to look over the "Help Wanted" columns of the morning paper. None of the advertisements looked very promising.

"Perhaps I could find some kind of work to do at home," she thought. "Or, if I could find work with somebody to whom I could explain things—" And then it came to her suddenly that she knew such a person. Jean Bartlett had a married sister who ran a stenographic bureau. Perhaps she could get work there for the next four or five months.

The hands of the Cupid clock on the mantel stood at noon. Perhaps, if she telephoned right away, she would catch Jean before lunch. . . .

"Oh, it's you, is it—after all these months?" Jean said tartly when she heard Mary Faith's voice. "Well, you are the last person I expected to hear from, Mrs. Farrell!"

Every word she spoke was sharp with sarcasm. But Mary Faith knew that under the sarcasm Jean was hiding a hurt.

"Jean, please don't call me 'Mrs. Farrell,' and please don't be horrid to me," Mary Faith begged.

"I don't know why I should go out of my way to be nice to you!" Jean came back at her crisply. "I was always good enough for you to pal around with until you got married and picked up a lot of new friends."

Mary Faith smiled to herself at the thought of Jean's picturing her amid a large circle of friends all this time. But, before she had time to answer, Jean was speaking again.

"What's on your mind?" she asked.

# MARY FAITH

"Trouble," Mary Faith said simply. "Lots of trouble. And, Jean, I've got to see you! I called up to ask you if you'd meet me somewhere tonight when you leave the office."

There was a little pause, and then Jean asked, "Where are you now? At home?"

"Yes. On Wilton Street—where Kim's mother lives."

"Yes, I remember. I'll stop in to see you tonight around six." And Jean hung up without saying goodbye.

A HALF-HOUR afterward there was a ring at the door, and Mary Faith hurried to answer it. "It *could* be Kim—" she found herself thinking as she unlocked the door.

But it was not Kim. It was Jean Bartlett, looking very smart and vivid.

"After I talked to you, I remembered that I had a dinner date for tonight," Jean said, following Mary Faith into the living room. "So I decided to come out now."

Mary Faith could see that Jean had made up her mind to be very distant. But she also saw the look of anxiety in Jean's dark eyes as they met hers.

"What's the matter. Aren't you well?" Jean asked.

"Not very," said Mary Faith, pulling up a chair for her. Her lips were trembling and there was a tightness in her throat. It was terribly hard to go on—to tell Jean what had happened to her.

"You see, Kim and I have separated," she blurted out finally. "I've got to get something to do right away—and I thought Florence might need another stenographer in her office. I'd like to get into a quiet sort of place—if I could. I'm not very well. . . . You see, I'm going to have a baby in the winter, and I could explain all that to someone I knew—someone like Florence—"

And then, all at once, Jean's arms were around her and the two of them were crying. The months of misunderstanding were wiped out in five seconds, and they were good friends once more.

"You don't know how I've missed you, Jean."

"But you never called me up."

"Kim didn't want me to. He's been jealous of Mr. Nesbit ever since we've been married, and he made me promise to give up everybody at the office—but now that he's left me—"

"Why did he leave you, Mary Faith?"

Mary Faith told her part of the truth. "Well, he was bored, Jean, and I didn't know it. I didn't mind sitting at home five or six nights a week, and I didn't have sense enough to see that he did mind it. He must have been growing tired of me for a long time, without my knowing it—"

"Tired of you—bah!" said Jean, with infinite scorn in her voice. "What excuse did he have for being tired of you? He married the prettiest girl and the nicest girl in sight, and then he didn't have sense enough to appreciate her. That's what! It's too bad you didn't marry Mark Nesbit last fall when you had the chance. And you did have it! Everybody at the office knows that."

Mary Faith did not look up at Jean then and she did not answer.

"The trouble with Kim Farrell," Jean went on, "is that he falls for every girl he meets, and he always has. I never mentioned it to you before, but I was always bumping into him when he was out with other girls. . . I should have told you about it at the time. I might have stopped you from marrying him."

"Oh, no." Mary Faith shook her head. "Nobody could have stopped me."

Jean's lips curved in a smile that was half contempt and half tender pity.

"No, I guess not," she said softly. "But, now that he's left you, I hope you're through with him for keeps. I hope you've made up your mind to divorce him. You have, haven't you?"

Divorce! . . . The very sound of the word was paralyzing to Mary Faith. She stared blankly at Jean for a long time before she could think of an answer—before she could speak.

"Why—no," she said finally. "Why, I'd never dream of divorcing him, Jean. I know that he imagines himself in love with other women now and then. But, after all, I was the one he married, so he must care a little for me—and he may come back some time."

Jean shrugged. "I don't know how you can feel that way about him, Mary Faith. You're beyond me. Why, if I married a man who left me when I was going to have a baby, I'd have him haled into court so fast that it would make his head swim. I'd sue him for every nickel he owned."

She was watching Mary Faith as she talked, and she saw that her words were making no impression. None at all. . . Mary Faith had always been like that where Kim was concerned.

She wasn't listening now, and as soon as Jean stopped talking, she changed the subject.

"Do you think Florence will give me a job, Jean?" she asked anxiously.

Jean nodded. "I think she'll take you. She ought to be tickled to get some one like you. I'll fix it with her tonight, and then I'll call you up in the morning."

ON THE first Monday morning in June Mary Faith went to work in Florence Wright's office at twenty-two dollars a week. Once again Mary Faith's days were filled with the familiar click of typewriter keys, the ringing of the telephone, the slam and rattle of filing cabinet drawers.

Every night she returned to Wilton Street to find the flat dusty, the dishes from Mrs. Farrell's lunch standing in the greasy sink, and a half-dozen burnt matches on the floor under the kitchen stove. The place began to look as it had in the days before Mary Faith came there to live.

Mrs. Farrell went to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock every night, taking a library book with her. She would read and catnap until midnight.

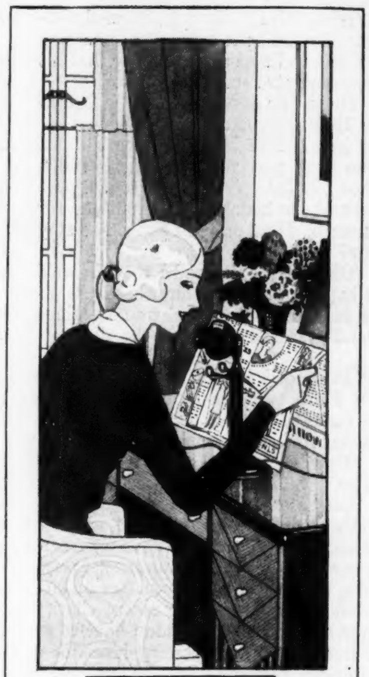
Mary Faith was always glad to see her go into her bedroom. She felt then that she had the flat to herself, and she would putter around with a delicious sense of freedom, watering the plants, pulling the curtains straight, plumping up the cushions on the old sofa.

At the sound of a motor horn or the banging of the vestibule door, she would fly to the window, always half expecting to see Kim's battered roadster at the curb. But the June roses withered and died in Haltnorth Park, and July came, bringing with it midsummer heat that was like the breath of a blast furnace—and still there was no news of Kim.

"He's just forgotten me completely," Mrs. Farrell wailed at least once a day. "He's forgotten he ever had a mother—a mother who gave up everything for him. He ought to be ashamed."

[*Continued on page 100*]

Use your Telephone for Shopping... It Saves Time



*The telephone is your personal doorway to stores that may be miles away . . . to children away at school . . . to friends in other cities*

You read an advertisement of an article for sale in a store that may be a long way from home. Your telephone takes you there in a jiffy. A few minutes' conversation . . . and the article has been ordered. You have saved a wearying trip, and have the time to devote to something else.

For people who live in suburban communities and out in the country, telephone shopping is especially useful.

Your telephone takes you anywhere, quickly, easily and inexpensively . . . to children who are away . . . to friends in other cities . . . to the "folks back home."

There are two kinds of out-of-town calls: *person-to-person*—when you ask the operator to summon a specific person to the telephone—and *station-to-station*—when you will talk with any one who answers. The latter are cheaper. For instance, the day station-to-station rate to most places 75 miles away is only 50 cents. And during the evening and night periods, the station-to-station rates are even lower.

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A drop on your handkerchief
*VAPEX
Breathe your cold away

*Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

# MARY FAITH

[*Continued from page 99*]

Then one night they came home from a walk through the park to find him sitting in his roadster at the entrance to the apartment. When he saw them, he jumped out and came across the sidewalk, looking very big and handsome in a new white flannel suit.

"Why, Kim," Mary Faith said simply. She had been expecting something like this to happen for so long that his coming was no surprise to her.

"Hello," he answered. "Hello, Mother. How are you and what are you doing here? I've been thinking all this time that you were in Garrettsville. Then I called up Aunt Ella tonight and she said she hadn't heard from you for a month. How did you happen to stay here?"

"Oh, Mary Faith and I thought we'd be happier here than anywhere else, so we just stayed," Mrs. Farrell explained blandly as she unlocked the door.

KIM stood in the hall while Mary Faith turned on the lights. Then he came in and sat on the arm of the leather rocker just inside the door.

"How do you manage it—rent and so on?" he asked curiously.

"Oh, Mary Faith has a job," his mother said acidly, "and we had the phone taken out and we gave up cream in our coffee. We gave up most everything that we liked, as a matter of fact—but we didn't have to accept charity from anybody and we didn't have to go to live in a cheap boarding-house or a miserable country town, at any rate."

Kim interrupted her. "I see, I see," he said irritably. "You don't have to give me all the harrowing details, Mother. I'm not exactly living on the fat of the land myself."

But he looked as if he were doing that very thing. He had a sleek, well-fed, well-groomed look.

"I want to ask you something, Mary Faith, and I want you to tell me the truth," he said, his eyes on Mary Faith's face. "Did you send sixty dollars to McIntrae and Westover about a month ago?"

She nodded. "Yes, I did, Kim. I felt sure that you wanted to do it yourself, and I knew that you were too stiff-necked ever to do it. So I sent it for you. How did you find out about it?"

"McIntrae sent for me last Friday—told Jack Maldon he wanted to see me. So I went down to his office, and the first thing he said was that he admired the spirit that had prompted me to return that money. I didn't know what he was driving at, but I had brains enough to keep my mouth shut. Then he told me he thought I'd learned my lesson, and he offered me my old job."

"And did you take it, Kim?"

"Sure. I was starving down there in that office of mine. In a way, I'm glad you did it, and in a way, I'm sorry; I sure did hate to admit that I hadn't turned it into the office in the first place."

He got up and began to pace up and down the little room.

"But all that isn't important. The important thing is what you and I are going to do. You're working again, living your own life. I'd like to live mine. And it's not right for us to be tied to each other when we've stopped caring. . . . I think the only thing for us to do is to get a divorce and thank our lucky stars that we haven't any children. We can just separate for good and forget this mistake of ours. Don't you feel that way about it yourself?"

For a minute or two Mary Faith stared at him. Her lips barely moved when she answered him.

"I don't know, Kim."

"You don't *know?*" He was exasperated. "What do you mean—you don't know?"

"I love you, Kim, and I'm not going to divorce you. Last year, when you came to me and told me you couldn't live without that Janet-girl, I gave you up without a struggle—and three months later you were sick and tired of her, and you married me. Now you want to give me up and marry her, I suppose. But I think you ought to wait a while and find out how you really feel about her."

He lost his temper then. "You talk like a fool," he said, furious with anger. "You talk to me as if I were a child that didn't know its own mind. I'm going through with this thing. If you don't get a divorce, I will!"

"All right. You'll have to do it, Kim. I care for you too much to give you up—and besides, I know you won't be happy with that girl. You aren't in love with her. If you were as crazy about her as you think you are, you'd have married her last fall when you were free as air."

She got up and started out of the room. At the door she turned and faced him once more. Her chin was up now and she was smiling.

"If you feel like this six months from now, Kim, I'll listen to you," she said. "It's July now. You come to me again in February."

Long before February she would have the baby.

THE summer months dragged by. Heat shimmered like molten glass above the sidewalks, and Florence Wright's office buzzed like a bee-hive with the sound of electric fans. The days were all alike to Mary Faith.

## Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., Spring and Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can., 204 Gt. Portland St., London, England.

| No. | Sizes | Price | No. | Sizes | Price | No. | Sizes | Price | No. | Sizes | Price |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6322 | 14-18, 36-42 | .45 | 6332 | 14-18, 36-42 | .45 | 6342 | 14-18, 36-42 | .45 | 6352 | 14-18, 36-42 | .45 |
| 6323 | 6-14 | .35 | 6333 | 14-18, 36-42 | .50 | 6343 | 14-18, 36-42 | .45 | 6353 | 14-18, 36-42 | .40 |
| 6324 | 6-14 | .35 | 6334 | 6-14 | .35 | 6344 | 14-18, 36-42 | .35 | 6354 | 11-16 | .35 |
| 6325 | 2-8 | .35 | 6335 | 6-14 | .35 | 6345 | 14-18, 36-42 | .35 | 6355 | 14-18, 36-42 | .50 |
| 6326 | 6-14 | .35 | 6336 | 14-18, 36-46 | .65 | 6346 | 14-18, 36-42 | .35 | 6356 | 14-18, 36-42 | .40 |
| 6327 | 4-14 | .35 | 6337 | 14-18, 36-42 | .50 | 6347 | 14-18, 36-42 | .45 | 6357 | 14-18, 36-42 | .45 |
| 6328 | 6-14 | .35 | 6338 | 14-18, 36-42 | .50 | 6348 | 12-20 | .45 | 6358 | 14-18, 36-42 | .65 |
| 6329 | 14-18, 36-42 | .45 | 6339 | 14-18, 36-42 | .45 | 6349 | 14-18, 36-42 | .45 | 6359 | 14-16, 36-42 | .45 |
| 6330 | 6-14 | .35 | 6340 | 14-18, 36-42 | .50 | 6350 | 14-18, 36-42 | .45 | 6360 | 14-16, 36-42 | .45 |
| 6331 | 14-18, 36-46 | .45 | 6341 | 2-8 | .35 | 6351 | 14-18, 36-40 | .65 | | | |

### Embroidery and Novelty Patterns

| No. | Price | No. | Price | No. | Price | No. | Price |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1828 | .35 | 1830 | .30 | 1832 | .40 | 1834 | .25 |
| 1829 | .30 | 1831 | .25 | 1833 | .75 | 1835 | .50 |

DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It

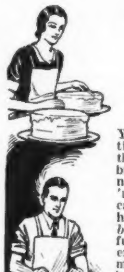
There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



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# MARY FAITH

Sometimes Jean called her up and they met after work and walked home, so that Mary Faith would have the outdoor exercise that Dr. Thatcher said she must have.

On the first Monday in September Mrs. Farrell went to Garrettsville to spend a week with Aunt Ella. She came back with yards and yards of white cloth—flannelette for the baby's nightgowns and skirts, sheer soft muslin for the tiny dresses.

"Ella sent this to you," she said. "And she has some real thread lace packed away somewhere in the house. As soon as she finds it, she's going to send it to you. It'll be lovely for a christening dress for the baby.

Early in October Mary Faith gave up her position in Florence Wright's office. All during the fall she and Kim's mother sewed for the baby. They had their meals in the kitchen and the dining room became a temporary sewing-room, filled with little white garments. Little bibs like half-moons, little jackets, little gowns.

Two or three days before Thanksgiving Aunt Ella sent the lace to Mary Faith. In the same mail was a letter from her to Mrs. Farrell.

"She wants Kimberley and me to spend Thanksgiving with her," said Mrs. Farrell to Mary Faith. "She says she thinks it would do him good to see his family for a change."

Mary Faith spent Thanksgiving alone. She didn't mind the silence and the emptiness of the flat. It was a relief to lounge in bathrobe and slippers, manicuring her nails, doing her dark lovely hair a new way.

Late in the afternoon Jean Bartlett dropped in. She was all for denouncing Kim when she heard that he had asked for a divorce.

"You can't tell me that he doesn't know about this baby that's coming," she said. "Everybody else does—his mother and his aunt and the family doctor—even the girls down in Florence's office. Don't you suppose somebody has told him about it?"

Mary Faith was sure that no one had. "If he knew, he'd be right here this minute," she said, "and please stop talking about him."

ON TUESDAY, the last day of December, it snowed all day. The ground was covered with a fleecy white blanket and there were powder puffs of snow on the lamp-posts on either side of the entrance to the apartment house.

The flat glowed with warmth and the fire in the sitting room grate was like the burning heart of the room. All day Mary Faith had sat in front of it, trying to sew. All day, in obedience to some blind law of nature, she had kept falling asleep, as if she were preparing herself for some great ordeal.

"Well, everything is in order now for the baby," Mrs. Farrell said to her late that afternoon, when the street lamps were beginning to twinkle in the blue gray twilight. "Even the little bed's made up, isn't it?"

"A year ago today I didn't dream I'd be having a baby as soon as this," murmured Mary Faith from the depths of her chair. "Kim and I were down in Garrettsville on our honeymoon. I remember that we took a walk in the afternoon and saw a lot of little kids coasting down Aunt Ella's hill—"

She stopped, catching her breath sharply. A look of amazement and pain swept across her face. Gripping the arms of the chair, she tried to pull herself to her feet. Then, just as suddenly as the first one had come, a second pain ran through her body like a swift sheet of flame. . . .

She heard Mrs. Farrell's voice behind her. "Where are you going, Mary Faith?"

The girl tried to answer, but she couldn't make a sound. . . . She knew where she was going. She was going to the telephone to call Kim and tell him that he must come to her just as soon as he could. . . .

Then she saw the marks on the wall paper where the telephone-box had been fastened. The black twisted wires still stuck out from the plaster like the roots of burnt trees . . . She had forgotten that the telephone had been taken out.

"You're in pain, Mary Faith," she heard Mrs. Farrell say above a sound in her ears that was like a great flood of water rushing past her. "I'll go next door and call Dr. Thatcher . . . O, my dear Lord—"

Darkness closed over Mary Faith. She knew vaguely that someone lifted her to a bed presently. And later on she heard a voice, hoarse with agony, shrieking Kim's name—and never knew that it was her own voice. All she knew was that the woman who was calling was in frightful pain. Then a sickening, sweetish smell was in her nostrils, and she knew nothing more.

A LIGHT was shining in her eyes when she opened them. At first she thought she was looking straight into the sun, and then she saw that it was her own little yellow-shaded bedroom lamp. She was in her own room, her own bed.

Someone was bending over her, and a man's voice was saying, "Are you awake, Mrs. Farrell?"

She looked up. Dr. Thatcher was standing beside the bed and Kim's mother was just behind him. Mrs. Farrell laid a little white bundle on the pillow. Turning her head, Mary Faith could see a little face, a tiny hand curled up tight against it.

"There he is! There's your boy!" said Dr. Thatcher. He stepped away from the bed. Beyond him, in the doorway, stood Kim.

Kim! . . . He came across the room on tiptoe. There was a white, stony look on his face, but as he knelt down beside the bed, Mary Faith saw tears spring into his eyes.

She put out her hand and caught one of his. "Don't, Kim!" she said. "Everything's all right. . . ."

Everything was all right, just as she had known it would be. Kim hadn't left her—not really. He had gone away, but he had come back. There he was on his knees beside her, with his blond head buried in the pillow close to her—so close that she could smell the faint sweet scent of his hair.

"Your hair—it always smells just like birch bark," she said weakly and foolishly, and began to cry, because she was so happy.

[*Continued in* JANUARY McCALL'S]

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms
900 DROPS
CASTORIA
INFANTS & CHILDREN
NOT NARCOTIC
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At 6 months old
35 DOSES — 40 CENTS

## Long before he walked

EVEN his mother can't remember the first time he tasted Castoria. Nor what may have been the trouble. Colic, perhaps. Or constipation. Or just a fretful spell. But she hasn't forgotten how quickly those few drops comforted her baby. And she hasn't forsaken Castoria now that her child is older.

Castoria *is* a mild medicine. It *is* the recognized remedy for infants. The formula on the wrapper tells you that. Your doctor will confirm it. But it is also never-failingly effective in the little upsets that befall older children. All that's needed usually is larger doses of this pure vegetable preparation to keep young systems in order and aid the bowels when dull eyes, sallow skin or coated tongue warn of constipation.

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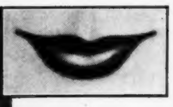
Keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. Its ready help is a great comfort to mothers and children; direction book with every bottle.

***See* SALLY O'NEIL'S**
***Kissproof Lips***
*in "Broadway Fever," "On With the Show," "Sophomore," "Show of Shows."*



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**THE best food you can give your canary is French's Bird Seed.**

**It is carefully selected and scientifically tested in our own laboratories—like any good food. It is *Air-Washed* to remove chaff or dirt—a common cause of canary ailment—found in ordinary bird seed.**

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***Use French's Canary Exercise Ball***

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when you rinse away soap curds with Lemon

YOUR hair can show its *natural* beauty only when really clean. Sticky curds from soap shampoos *must* be washed away. Otherwise they cloud brilliance with a dingy film.

Ordinary water rinsings will not remove soap curds. Yet they yield quickly to fresh lemon rinse.

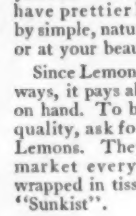
So use this method. After a first rinsing in clear, warm water, use the fresh juice of two California Sunkist Lemons to four quarts of water. Rub thoroughly into scalp. Then rinse again with clear, *cold* water.

Hair and scalp thus rinsed are *really* clean. The mild acid solution cuts every trace of curd. Dark hair shows new depths of lustre. Blonde hair discloses its full brilliance. And *all* hair is soft, silky—so that waves stay in much longer.

It is important to know too, that fresh lemon rinse can be a potent dandruff control. Use it frequently for this reason—in the manner described in new, free booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic"

Send coupon now. Read interesting facts beauty experts have spent years to learn. Discover how you can have prettier hair, skin and hands by simple, natural methods—at home or at your beauty shop.

Since Lemons are useful in so many ways, it pays always to have a dozen on hand. To be sure of dependable quality, ask for California Sunkist Lemons. They are fresh in your market every day in the year—wrapped in tissue bearing trademark "Sunkist". © 1930 C.F.G.E.


Microscope shows failure of two plain-water rinsings to remove soap curds from hair—sample at left—and how one lemon rinse has completely cleaned another hair (at right) from the same head, disclosing all its natural lustre. Unretouched microphotograph from test under actual conditions by W. T. Hertzberg Ph. D.

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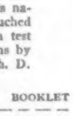

Name ____________________

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# MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 24*]

the Marquesa to pay him, then, the taxi gone, she drew her charge along the sidewalk to the iron gates of Divitt's Parlors and rang the bell.

After a long time the slide went down and Gabreau peered out. The gate creaked open—shut.

"Where's Mr. Divitt?" Juanita asked.

Gabreau motioned to Divitt's office. Juanita, catching the Marquesa's arm, went up the stair, Gabreau following.

Divitt himself opened the door, staring in silence as Juanita entered, pushing the Marquesa in ahead of her. Umberto sat beside the desk, his face going blank at sight of the women. Gabreau came in and shut the door.

"Well?" said Divitt.

"I'm through," Juanita informed him. "I've brought back your spy."

"She saw me looking in a drawer," the Marquesa remarked, bolder in this atmosphere. "I was only hunting some sleeping powders, but she grabbed me—"

"I've seen things besides that," Juanita interrupted. "I've seen a letter to you in code, Mr. Divitt."

"And that proves what?" asked Divitt.

"I've heard this woman make a telephone call that ended in the robbery of a house we had been entertained in. In fact every house we have been in has been robbed except the Stanards'. I know that she is connected with these robberies, and that you are behind her."

"You are insane," said Divitt in a low voice. "Dangerously so. The Marquesa may as well accuse you, as you her."

"I do accuse her," the Marquesa said suddenly.

"Why not?" Juanita asked. "I carried a stolen necklace to the one who had lost it, and so gained entrance to her home. I opened the way for this woman into that home and others into which your chief burglar,"—with a glance at Umberto—"has entered. Accuse me, if you like, Mr. Divitt. We will accuse each other. Perhaps the police court will bring out the facts."

Divitt was looking at her.

"You're pretty brave now about police courts, aren't you?" he said. "You weren't so brave when you first got here. You've been running around, showing your face and finding nobody that recognized it, till you feel safe anywhere . . . Well, let me tell you the police court would be safe as a mother's arms for me in comparison with what it would be for you. Further than that, you know nothing about me, can prove nothing. What you say is twaddle. But I know everything about you."

JUANITA'S hand reached gropingly for the chair, found Gabreau's arm, instead. She straightened whitely, holding to Gabreau's arm. "You know nothing," she said.

"I know," said Divitt, "that your name is Beatriz Montega. That your home is not in the Argentine, but in Vera Cruz. I know what happened on the night of February first, and that you are being hunted in every country to which trains and vessels go."

Not turning from her fixed eyes, Divitt picked up a paper knife lying on the desk, held it out on his palm. "A little blade, Señorita Montega—a slender little knife in a girl's hand—"

A low cry cut across his words. He smiled, looking down at her where she lay, white and crumpled, at his feet.

Gabreau lifted her in his arms, bore her along the balcony to her room.

APRIL breeze moving in the courtyard, stirring Molly's flowers, blue and vermilion, around the fountain, making a silky whisper among the palms. No other sound, except the faint, bell-like tinkle of the water.

Gabreau sat with Juanita. During the week that had passed since she had burst into Divitt's office with the Marquesa, Gabreau had sat often in the chair beside Juanita's bed, obeying her least word. Fever had burned her at first, and there had been nights of delirium, followed at last by a white lassitude, when it seemed she would drift out in the barque of the great bed as mysteriously as she had come. Conchita had nursed her in those first days, but Conchita was nursing Molly now.

Somehow the Parlors were rocking along without Molly and without Divitt, who seldom left Molly's side. Fifi, the girl who had taken Juanita's place, was gone also. Fifi had grown increasingly rough in her interpretation of Carmen. A rougher element seemed to be entering the Parlors by way of response.

In some way the tidings of Fifi's realism and departure had filtered in to Molly. Molly wrote a tremulous note to Juanita, asking her to come back and pass the cigarettes again. Also, would Juanita come in and see her?

Molly, apparently, had not been told that Juanita was in the house. She had given the note to Gabreau the day after Juanita's return, asking him to get it to Juanita somehow. Gabreau had known that it was useless to give it to her until today.

Today, Juanita reading the note, coming back to earth with a body spent and a vision strangely clarified, divined that Molly wished to draw her out of the plight she was in. Molly had known, but Molly had not been in accord with that plight. This knowledge was to Juanita like a light shining dimly in a chaotic world.

"Molly got somep'n' she want tell you," Gabreau said.

"Is Molly very ill, Gabreau?"

He nodded. "No bebby now."

Juanita, in her weakness, felt the tears. "Poor Molly!" she said.

"I think she glad," Gabreau answered quickly. "Dis ain't no place fer chill'n."

"They might not have stayed here if it had come. It might have changed everything for them," replied Juanita.

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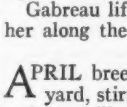

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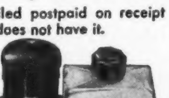

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# MOON OF DELIGHT

Gabreau smiled, a faint, strange smile that made his sad face sadder still. "Divitt never change," he said.

Juanita covered her eyes. The thought of Divitt brought back the last moment she remembered, the sight of his face, livid with fury, the sound of his words. She wondered how he had known, who else knew, how soon they would come to take her back.

Gabreau drew closer to the bed, was speaking more softly than before.

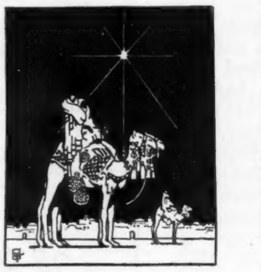
"I know some'p'n else," and as Juanita looked at him—"Meester Stanard. He come to de Tijon—many times. He have telephone, too. One day when he come I am in de lobby, wipin' up de tiles. He ask where you are and dey tell him you and de Marquesa have go away. He say, 'Where?' Dey tell him dey do not know, but mebbe you will come back in lit' while. Dey say dey will tell you he call—when you come. He say, 'Let me know instead dat she is here.' He look so worry and he come so mooch. . . . He love you, Juanita? Yes? . . ." And as Juanita turned her face away to hide the tears, "I know he love you. An' you love him. You cry his name when de fever burn you."

"He must never find me here. He would not understand, Gabreau. He would think—I know what he believes of women in places like this."

GABREAU nodded. "I know. Like Fifi. But me, I know when I see you. I not know sooch womens like you was in de worl'. I have only know like Fifi. But I know you when I see you."

"Dear Gabreau!" she said, and laid her hand on his. "But there are other reasons, too. I must never see him again, and since I have gone out of his life, I'd rather go without his knowing—this."

It had grown quite dark in the room, but Gabreau, with her hand on his, did not stir. His eyes were closed.



"I'm going down to-night, Gabreau. I'll have to dress."

"You—go down?"

"Yes. Molly's note. I'm better now. And I want to see Molly. Light the lamp for me."

When he had gone Juanita rose, getting slowly into the black costume with its spangled veil. Slowly she went down the stair, wondering what Molly had to tell her. Conchita came out as Juanita knocked on Molly's door.

"She too sick now," Conchita whispered. "Tomorrow, mebbe."

Juanita went into the Parlors. Not many were there. Others came later, but the playing was quiet. The crowd was not the same. At ten o'clock Conchita appeared in the parlor door, signaled to Juanita.

"Molly. She ask fer you again." Conchita was sobbing as they went through the court. "Many times she have ask fer you. Divitt say no. But now—anything she say."

Divitt stood by the window, his back to the bed. Molly lay white and small on the great pillow. Her eyes were closed.

Juanita bent over the bed. "Molly," she whispered.

Molly's blue eyes opened slowly. She stared, trying to lift her head. Her lips moved.

Juanita leaned closer. "What is it, Molly?"

Such trouble in the great blue eyes. Molly half lifted a hand, pointed. Juanita glanced about. Conchita, too. Molly had pointed to the old bureau. Conchita touched a drawer. Molly shook her head. Conchita touched the second drawer. The third. Molly smiled.

Conchita opened the third drawer. A white silk shawl, embroidered in whiter roses. Conchita took the shawl out, held it up that Molly might see.

But Molly did not see.

RAIN falling in the court. Rain all day, all night. Breaking clouds. A filter of sunlight. More rain.

Juanita knew now that she would stay until the end, since Molly had wished it. But the end was not far. There was a new chief of police. Places like Divitt's were being closed daily under his régime. This would not happen to Divitt's unless it happened soon. The Parlors would die of themselves, now that Molly was gone. Divitt's heart was not in them. He had come in but once in the five days since Molly had died.

The Marquesa had kept to her room during this time. Divitt would not let her go down to the parlors. Divitt would not let her go out into the town. She and Juanita were supposed to have left New Orleans. "For your own protection," Divitt had said. "What with you and Juanita taking French leave of the Stanards—"

The Tijon had explained that Juanita had been taken ill that night, and that the Marquesa had brought her home. Later the Marquesa had written a note to Kirk, had written also to Mrs. Belaise under Divitt's direction. Juanita, wrote the Marquesa, after being suddenly very ill, was able to travel. She, the Marquesa, was taking her to a higher altitude. Where this higher altitude might be, the Tijon was not instructed to say.

The Marquesa would not ordinarily have submitted to this cloistering. She would have withdrawn to freer air, if not indeed to higher altitudes. There were reasons, however, for her lingering, and lingering peaceably. Spike was a widower now. What was to prevent their combining as they had once combined? Not here in New Orleans; that was out of the question. But Philly again—Jersey? . . .

Divitt, she reflected, was straightening already after the blow of Molly's death. Today he had even seemed to see her as they passed each other on the balcony. She would go in to see him tonight.

The Marquesa dressed her opulent curves in the red satin gown, combed her black hair carefully, thrust in a jeweled comb, fastened the crescent-shaped earrings. . . . She waited by the window till Divitt came up from the Parlors. Then she laid the beaded red cape about her and went along the balcony to Divitt's door. She knocked.

Divitt asked first who was there.

"It is me—Carlota."

He opened then, and she stepped in.

"Where've you been?" he demanded.

"Nowhere," softly; "I'm just going." He closed the door and she added, "If you will let me. I am so lonely."

The evening's gains, a neatly counted pile of bills, lay on the desk. Divitt thrust them into a drawer, banged the drawer shut.

"Let you?" he said. "You've probably been going out every night."

[*Continued on page 104*]

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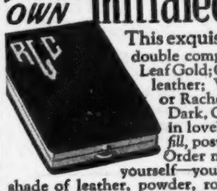

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# MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 103*]

"I have not," protested the Marquesa. "But a man—a man I met at the Cranshaws wrote me that if I come back in time I mus' come up to his rooms for a li'l supper tonight. He send the letter to the Tijon."

The allusion to the Cranshaws was unfortunate. Divitt had reason to be nervous regarding Umberto and the Cranshaw diamonds tonight. It was past the hour when Umberto should have telephoned him. "Upton 0666?" "No. Wrong number." Then he would have known everything was all right.

The Marquesa went on softly, "I do not want to go, I am jus' so lonely. I would much rather talk to you. . . . It is too bad the parlors have gone down—"

"Who says the parlors have gone down?" demanded Divitt.

"But have they not? So many people do not come any more."

"It's the new Chief of Police. They're afraid."

Divitt had risen, walked to the window. Ever since Juanita and the Marquesa had come back he had had a lurking premonition of evil. Molly's death had overshadowed it for a while; later it returned. In the Marquesa's presence he seemed to feel it more.

"I am so sorry for you, Spike," the Marquesa's husky murmur. "We had a nize place in Philly, no?"

He did not answer, standing by the window. The Marquesa rose, stole to him softly. Her arm was about him before he knew that she was there.

"Spike—*Caro mio,*" she whispered, "let us be as we were before."

Divitt turned with such violence that she fell against the desk.

The telephone rang behind her. Divitt picked it up. "Get out," he said, motioning with his head to the door.

The Marquesa's eyes began to smolder. "Pay me what you owe me."

A strange voice was coming from the telephone in Divitt's hand. Divitt pressed the mouthpiece against his chest, spoke again to the Marquesa. "Get out of here."

TOWARD evening of the next day the sun came out, went down clear and red. That night there were stars.

Juanita dressed almost automatically, so binding was Molly's last request. Gabreau stopped at her window for a moment, as she pinned her veil.

"Umberto get caught last night," he informed her, and grinned.

Juanita paused. "Where?"

"A house call' de Cranshaws. It in de papers. De Marquesa show it to me. I think she glad he caught."

Juanita sat down on the window sill. Release seemed very close now. Umberto caught.

"What will they do with him?"

"I don't know. Mebbe it will get us all in trobble. De paper say Umberto will tell nothin', but mebbe dey will trace him here. Dat what de Marquesa say. She is pack' her tronk. De paper say it think Umberto have do all de robberies, but he will not tell what he do wid de loot. He will not tell nothin' . . . Look! What I tell you?"

Juanita looking, saw the Marquesa's trunk being carried down the stair. She pinned her veil, fastened the pearl ring on the cord that dropped inside her dress, and followed Gabreau into the Parlors.

When Juanita and Gabreau had disappeared down the stair, the Marquesa opened her door softly and looked out. She knew that Divitt was not there. He had been gone all day. Now he was in the Parlors.

The Marquesa had been gone also, had finally secured reservations on a steamer bound for Spain. Her passport she had had for months. This was the moment she had awaited, when everyone should be in the Parlors.

In the dark of the balcony the Marquesa crept to Divitt's window, broke a pane. Quickly she unfastened the catch, crawled in. Divitt the night before had thrust the counted bills into a drawer. In the disturbed hours that had followed there was a chance that he had not thought of the money again.

The Marquesa laughed softly as she opened the drawer. She pushed the bills into her bag, opening the other door, going out by way of the Tijon.

Boarding a taxi, she saw the Stanard limousine passing toward Rondeau Street. Kirk was inside, and Nelly.

"Back at her old tricks," laughed the Marquesa.

At the dock she took time to scribble a note:

"The Dubois crown jewels, the Fouché pearls and others things you seek are in the room over the kitchen at 8 Michel Street."

She wrote on the envelope the name of the new Chief of Police, put on a special delivery stamp and dropped it in a box.

KIRK had not wanted to come tonight, but Nelly had pined for Divitt's and the news that the place was altered had done little to lessen her desire.

She had grieved keenly over Juanita's disappearance. Strange that Juanita had not sent them even a postcard from the place to which she had gone. Strange that the Marquesa had not called Kirk the night Juanita was taken ill, instead of spiriting her away.

Secretly, Nelly did not believe that Juanita was ill. What she believed was that the Marquesa had discovered Juanita's engagement to Kirk and had taken this means of breaking it. Nelly worried considerably about it, and about Kirk. Kirk was so changed.

Indeed, there were incidents connected with Juanita's visit and departure that Kirk had not communicated to Nelly. Incidents that puzzled and bewildered him. Her strange behavior in Ledbetter's presence. Her relief when Ledbetter had gone. Her goodbye that night in the hall . . . . She must have known she was going . . . And yet—she might indeed be ill. Very ill. Alone with the Marquesa. And where? . . . .

Divitt's place looked pretty much the same, as far as Kirk could see. Divitt was in his place behind the wheel and yonder was the dwarf in his red clothes. Even the Moon was back, making her way among the tables, offering cigarettes, flowers. . . .

Nelly looked about the room, her pulses quickening. How excited she felt

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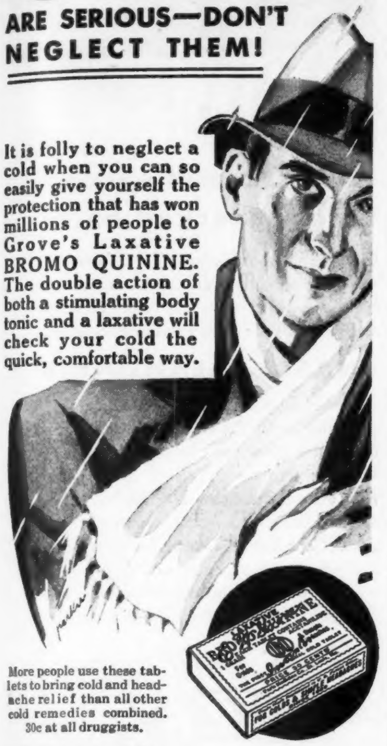

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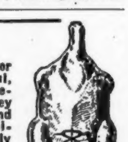

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# MOON OF DELIGHT

tonight, back at the magic place. She must have a flower for luck, since she had no jewels.

"The veiled lady," she said. "I wish she would bring me a flower."

Kirk had assisted Nelly to her chair at the roulette wheel. He turned, signaling to the Moon. After a moment the Moon came, held out her tray. Nelly chose a Cape Jessamine.

"Pin it on me," she said.

The Moon obeyed, her fingers shaking. It was agony to be near Kirk like this. How could he help knowing her? . . . She stayed in the far end of the room, not venturing near the roulette wheel again.

Gabreau came back to her with excited tidings. "De old lady win! De old lady brek de bank!"

Juanita, glancing in that direction, saw Nelly playing intensely with flushed cheeks. Saw Kirk begging her to leave. He laid her wrap about her, but Nelly would not go.

The telephone rang back in Molly's cage. Gabreau answered it.

"It fer Meester Stanard," he told Juanita, and went to call him.

Juanita moved away with her tray, up toward the roulette wheel. Kirk passed her, going toward the telephone. Juanita heard his voice. "Hello! . . . This is Stanard."

Then something happened at the roulette wheel. Nelly was sweeping in her winnings, laughing. Suddenly her face grew gray and fixed, and she dropped quietly to the floor.

"Get back! . . . Get back, everybody!" Divitt's shout.

Someone started to open a window, but Divitt stopped him. He hated things like this. They got in the papers . . . No open windows here.

"Get back!" he ordered again, gathering up the money Nelly had let fall, herding the crowd like sheep.

Only Juanita was there now, kneeling, with Nelly in her arms. Gabreau brought water and Juanita bathed the small white face.

"Call a physician," she said to Gabreau. "There, now . . . There, now, Nelly. You'll be all right."

JUANITA was in her room. Nelly was gone. Kirk had carried Nelly from the Parlors to their car. The physician had come quickly, was with them . . . Kirk's eyes . . . Kirk's eyes, meeting hers . . .

Where her veil was she could not remember, nor when she had snatched it off . . . Perhaps as soon as Nelly had fallen . . . Perhaps when she had bent over Nelly, thinking she was dying. That was all she could remember, the thought that Nelly was dying . . .

"Call a physician," she had said to Gabreau. "There, now, Nelly . . ."

And Nelly had opened her eyes that once and said, "Juanita! . . . I hear Juanita's voice . . . Kirk, dear . . ."

Kirk was there. Kirk was looking at her—Juanita. . . Kirk was lifting Nelly in his arms. He had spoken "Juanita. . . ." Not as Nelly had said it—blindly, gladly—but as one who cannot or will not believe. . . . And then the doctor had come, and presently Kirk lifted Nelly in his arms. Nelly looked like a baby in Kirk's arms. Juanita met his eyes again. . . .

It had not mattered then. But now . . . Yet it had to be. Inevitably, it had to be. Life moved on a current, strong, unseen. Human hands could not stem it. Better to move with it . . .

Juanita took off the chiffon trousers, the anklets, the red slippers, knowing it was the last time. She dressed herself in the first dress that came to her hand, the black dress with the buttons at wrist and belt, pulled on the small black hat.

They were playing again as she passed the Parlors. Divitt was in his place, raking in the money with the gestures of an automaton. . . . Gabreau stood with his back to the door. Juanita opened the iron gates, went out.

As she entered Royal Street two automobiles drew to the curb in front of Divitt's place. Men in uniform got out. The gates opened and they went in.

IT WAS toward morning that Kirk Stanard came back to Divitt's place and rang the bell. There was a padlock on the gate, but he rang—long rings that might have raised the dead. No answer came, and presently he remembered a gate that led from the Tijon patio into this court. He had seen it the night he talked there with Juanita. He walked quickly around to the Tijon, seeing no one as he went through the lobby except a boy behind the desk—a boy who looked at him with frightened eyes and asked no questions.

The gate had been broken as if with an ax, and tied again with rope. It too was padlocked. Kirk undid the rope and went in.

The Parlor doors stood open. The lights still burned. Chairs and tables were overturned. Kirk made the circuit of the court, opening doors upon empty rooms. He started up the stair.

[*Continued on page 106*]

*Dorothy Dunbar Bromley*
**PUT HER HEAD BETWEEN THE JAWS OF THE LION**
*to find what*

William Allan Neilson
Franklin D. Roosevelt
Dr. Henry Van Dyke
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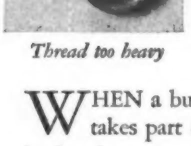
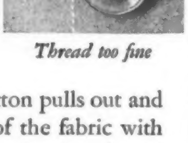


*Thread too heavy*



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# MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 105*]

Suddenly he heard a sound—a long, bleating cry that came from an upper room, echoing through the court.

Kirk found the room, entered its open door. It was lit only by two candles, burning on a sort of shrine. A woman knelt by the bed, sobbing, moaning. On the bed lay the dwarf whom Kirk remembered — the boy whom they called Gabreau.

"She have gone," said Gabreau, and the woman raised her wet, distorted face.

"You have keel him!" she screamed. "You have keel my Gabreau."

"Hush, *maman,*" said Gabreau. "He is not de police. He have come to find Juanita."

"Where is she?" Kirk asked.

"How we know?" Conchita groaned. "De men have come and ron thoo de place. Dey hont de hooch. And when dey come to Juanita's room, Gabreau he will not let dem go in. He stand in front de do', and when dey try git past he pull his gun. Dey shoot him . . . Dey shoot my Gabreau."

"Did they take Juanita?" demanded Kirk.

"Juanita, she is not dere. Juanita she have go befo' dey come. Dey keel my Gabreau—"

"Hush, *maman,*" faintly. "I am de blood of Napoleon."

"Dey git Divitt," said Conchita. "De police have tek Divitt and all de peoples what do not brek thoo de lit' gate . . . Dey kerry dem 'way."

"But Juanita escaped!" Kirk spoke quickly, but not with relief. It would have been better had they taken her. He would know where to find her.

Gabreau was speaking slowly. "I think I know where Juanita have go . . . When she see you know she is here, I think I know where she go . . . But Juanita is good—like Madonna. She is here, but she is good."

"Where has she gone?" demanded Kirk, jealous of the shortening breath.

"He thank she have go to de police," Conchita took up the answer. "He thank she not keer now. De police dey hont her for what she do—somewheres befo'. Always she is 'fraid dey will git her. Now she not keer."

Conchita turned to the commoda, found an old paper amid the confusion of a drawer, handed it to Kirk.

"I cannot read," she said. "And Gabreau, he can not see mooch now . . . Molly point to where de paper is hide, but I thank she mean de white shawl. I not find de paper till Juanita have go away . . . "

Kirk, holding the paper near the candles, saw Juanita's picture. He put the paper in his pocket . . . God grant that Gabreau was right—that she had gone to the police—that he would find her. God grant . . . .

He turned back to the bed. "You'll be all right, old scout," he said to Gabreau.

A faint smile flitted across the gray-pale face. "I am de blood—"

Conchita's shrill cry filled the court as Kirk went out the little gate.

JUANITA sat in her cell in the old Metairie jail. Kirk was beside her, her hands in his. Outside the guard paced up and down. The girl had spoken but once since she had entered headquarters at midnight.

"I am Beatriz Montega," she said. "'Wanted in Vera Cruz for murder."

The officials had communicated with Vera Cruz. Would hold her without bail till extradition papers could be procured.

SHE was talking now, softly, and at intervals.

"Nelly?"

"Nelly is better," Kirk answered. "She will be all right, perhaps, when she sees you."

"Will they let me see her?"

"I think so."

"She must never go to Divitt's any more," Juanita said.

"Divitt's was raided," Kirk told her. "Divitt has been arrested . . . for several things. Mixed up with the late robberies. They have found most of the things, by the way, in a house in Michel Street. Gabreau—" He would not tell her of Gabreau now. Gabreau had loved her. "Gabreau told me where I might find you."

"How did he know?"

Kirk could not tell her.

"And you believe in me?"

"Juanita!"

"I am — that woman. And you believe in me."

Kirk laughed. "I believe in God, too. Strange, isn't it?"

"I would have died rather than let you know—after you said—" She paused. "Strange you didn't know me. Mr. Ledbetter knew me, or would have known me, if he had not gone. I breathed again when he had gone.

"You must go soon. And soon I must go, too—back to Vera Cruz. We shall not meet any more. But it is something that you believe in me."

Kirk's arm drew her close.

"You are not going back to Vera Cruz."

She smiled, her hand lifting, brushing back his hair.

"It is better to go," she said. "Perhaps—perhaps I shall come clear . . . Listen. I shall tell you. But you must not try to keep me from going back. Always I have wanted you to know, but I have not wanted you to hold me. Promise you will not try."

Kirk promised.

The guard passed again. She spoke when he had gone.

"I told you of my mother . . . how she died a year ago. She was killed. Not outright, but little by little, day by day. She had married Jose de Banos eight years after my father died. I see you have heard his name. His wealth has made him known, his great plantations . . . .

"When he was courting my mother he was so gallant, so kind. My mother was of the Basaras in Mexico City. De Banos they hated as an enemy. It was an old quarrel, and my mother begged them to forget and lay it by. Her brothers warned her, instead, that if she married him they would renounce her, and never see her again. I think she loved him. I only know she married him, gave up her people and went with him to Vera Cruz. She took only me and old Pedro. Pedro had been with her since her marriage to my father. Pedro and I, we watched her die.

"She had been frail always. Not strong enough to fight, and no one to turn to. . . . That was why I fought for her. Often in the night I heard her crying, and when I would go to comfort her she would say, 'What have I brought you to, Juanita?' That was

[*Continued on page 108*]

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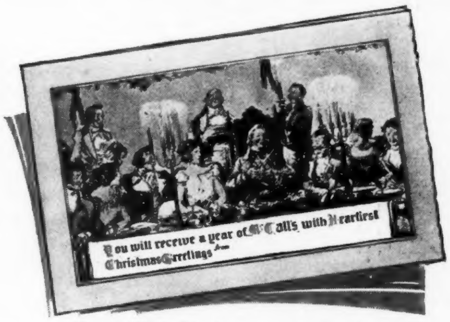
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# MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 106*]

her little name for me. 'What will you do when I am gone?' she would say. And I would answer, 'Pedro will take care of me, *Mamita.*'

"Pedro had taken care of us both before. Once when *Mamita* was stricken with the fever and everyone else was afraid and went away, Pedro nursed her. And when the bandits came he stood guard at our door, and though he was shot, he kept them at bay, and after a long time they went away. He came near dying of his wound, poor Pedro.

"And so I said, 'Pedro will take care of me.'

"'But,' she answered, 'I have robbed you of your people. You will have nowhere to go. They hate us now!'

"Hatred is a deadly thing with us, Kirk. I know. I have felt it. I felt it for de Banos.

"His mistresses came openly to the house. I remember a banquet he gave to one of them . . . I remember the dress of gold tissue that she wore . . . I remember the noises of their orgy, as the night went by.

"I remember my mother.

"Pedro said to me, 'Some day I shall kill him.'

"I said, 'Hush Pedro.' But I had said the thing to myself many times.

"She found peace at last. I said to de Banos, 'You have killed her.'

"He hated me for that. He kept me prisoner in his great house. He feared I would say abroad what I had said to him. But others knew already. I think no one was sorry at the last.

"He knew that I hated him, but he did not know that Pedro hated him too. Old Pedro, part Indian, who loved me so, who would have died for me, and who said again, 'I will kill him.' 'No, Pedro,' I said, and knew inside of me that I myself would do the thing.

"Pedro was clever. He slipped decent food to me in my prison where Estrella, who had been de Banos' mistress and who was still his housekeeper, watched me night and day. Pedro was too clever, even for her. At last he slipped the key to me also, bidding me be careful when I used it.

ESTRELLA had taken my clothes. But once I had come home from a dance and slept in this tower room, not to disturb my mother. The dress I had worn hung there still—the cloak, the slippers were there.

"It was dark. Far below stairs I heard laughter. De Banos' laughter, and once Estrella's laughter. Estrella was certainly nowhere near my door . . . I heard the clink of glasses and more laughter. Once a door banged heavily. Then there came silence. Silence that lasted a long time.

"I wrapped my cloak about me and went down the stair, not making a sound. The door of de Banos' room stood open, facing the stair. De Banos lay on the rug, face down.

"I thought, 'He is drunk. Tomorrow he will be violent. But I shall be gone.'

"Then I saw something shining—something jeweled and bright, just below his shoulder. I went closer—the house was so still. De Banos was so still . . . It was the hilt of a dagger I had seen—a little jeweled dagger—

"I knew that I had done it. Nothing could have told me that I had not done it. Too often I had done it in my dreams. Too often I had feared that I would do it before I thought. Too often I had prayed God not to let me do it.

"I ran down the stair, knowing that any minute Estrella might come and catch me—Estrella who loved him and who knew my hate. I ran fast. The streets were empty. I met no one. I reached the docks. There was a boat there. I hid . . .

JUANITA paused. Kirk's arm drew her closer. But he did not stop her. She must finish. She must tell him all. She would be easier then.

"At sea—when I was calmer—I knew. It was not I, but Pedro—Pedro whose hate was even greater than mine, for my sake. Pedro, my one friend . . . For my sake he had done this . . . At sea, all alone, I was able to think. Me they would not kill, even if they found me. Women do not suffer death for murder in Mexico. But Pedro—a man—a peon—

"I was gone. They would think, since I had fled, that I had done it. If Pedro would just keep still . . .

"I reached New Orleans, and here—here—"

"I know," said Kirk. She must not go into that. "I have talked with Divitt," he added.

"You talked with Divitt?"

He nodded. "While I waited to see you. He is here."

"Then you know. I gave him the first name I thought of that night. Basara—my mother's name. It is also mine . . . Then one night my uncle came to Divitt's—my mother's eldest brother, the one who was most bitterly opposed to her marriage. I thought that he had come to find me. You had brought him, and I thought you, too—"

"I remember that night," said Kirk. "I knew you were in trouble."

"You said you—hardly looked at me."

"I knew you were in trouble," he repeated. "But now—now it's all over."

"That hunt, you mean. Yes. It is worse than capture . . . If only Pedro has said nothing."

"Pedro is safe. I have a paper here, an old paper." Kirk took it from his pocket. "It was not Pedro who killed de Banos."

"Not Pedro? . . . Could it have been Estrella? Do they know?"

"They know. Did you ever hear of a dancer named Lolita Guyez?"

She nodded quickly. "It was to her de Banos gave the banquet—while my mother lived."

"Lolita came that night," said Kirk. "She found him with Estrella. It is all here in this paper that Gabreau's mother gave me . . ."

"Conchita . . ." Juanita whispered, spreading the paper out. "It must have been this that Divitt saw. And he told me—"

Kirk broke in. "Conchita said that Molly tried to tell you, that she pointed to where the paper was hidden—where the white shawl was. After you had gone, Conchita found the paper."

"Molly—" said Juanita softly. "Molly would have told me . . ."

The guard had been gone a long time. He came back now with the warden. They opened the cell door. The warden spoke to Kirk.

"We've heard," he said. "It was like you said, sir. But we had to wait for our answer."

SUNSHINE. Wet streets drying in the early light. The old market abloom with cabbages and tomatoes and myriads of strange, bright fruits. The brown-skinned *marchandes* were out with their trays of cakes and pralines . . . The moist, river-sweet air.

The car went over the cobbles toward upper St. Charles.

"Tired?" asked Kirk.

"A little."

"Not too tired to fly away, were you?"

She smiled, not looking up—rested, so strangely rested, now.

"Fold your wings," said Kirk.

[THE END]

*DECEMBER*

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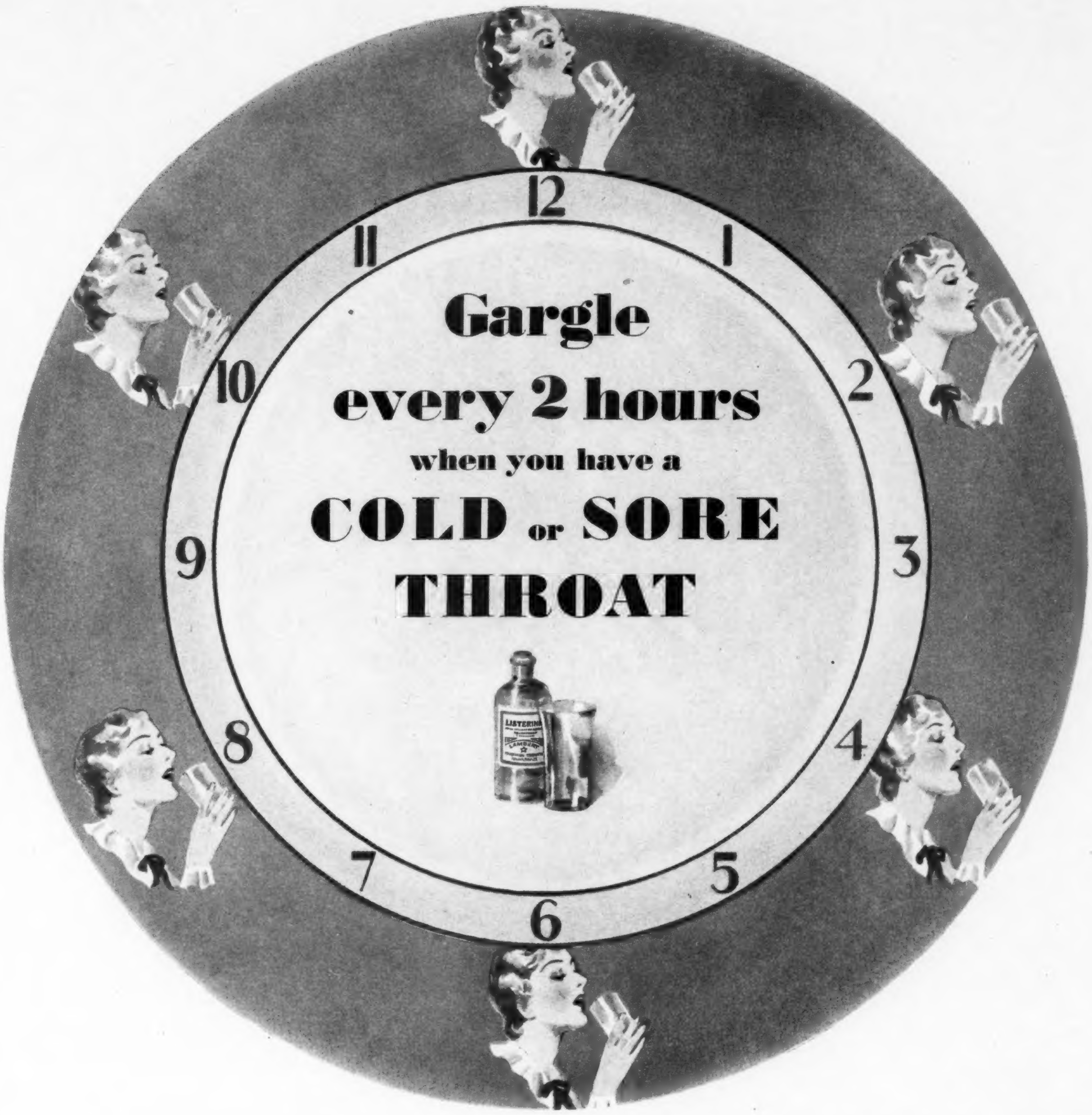
*By Elisabeth May Blondel*



# Reduces mouth germs 98%—heals tissue

Your mouth is the open door to infection, the breeding place for millions of disease germs, the battle ground for the forces of health and disease.

Surely you realize the importance of using a safe antiseptic to maintain its cleanliness. Surely you welcome a pleasant germicide to aid in the prevention and attack of diseases that develop there. Listerine is both an antiseptic and germicide.

Under ordinary conditions of health, the usual morning and night gargle with full strength Listerine is deemed sufficient to assist nature in keeping dangerous disease micro-organisms under control.

### *Gargle every 2 hours*

But when infection has actually started as is the case when you have a cold, influenza, grippe, or irritated throat, more frequent gargling is necessary. Once every two hours, authorities urge.

For in ill health body resistance is low. Nature alone can no longer cope with multiplying bacteria. Full strength Listerine with its swift germicidal action then becomes an extra attacking force.

### *Kills germs in 15 seconds*

Exhaustive laboratory tests show that this safe, non-poisonous antiseptic destroys even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds.

Less resistant but no less dangerous pathogens such as the Streptococcus Hemolyticus (the germ associated with sore throat and cold), the Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh) are destroyed in much larger numbers.

### *Reduces mouth germs 98%*

And in the mouth, further tests show that full strength Listerine reduces the bacterial count of saliva 98%. Think of it! In order to maintain a continuous reduction of bacteria, frequent gargling is absolutely necessary. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## *"No colds or sore throat in class," school-teacher says*

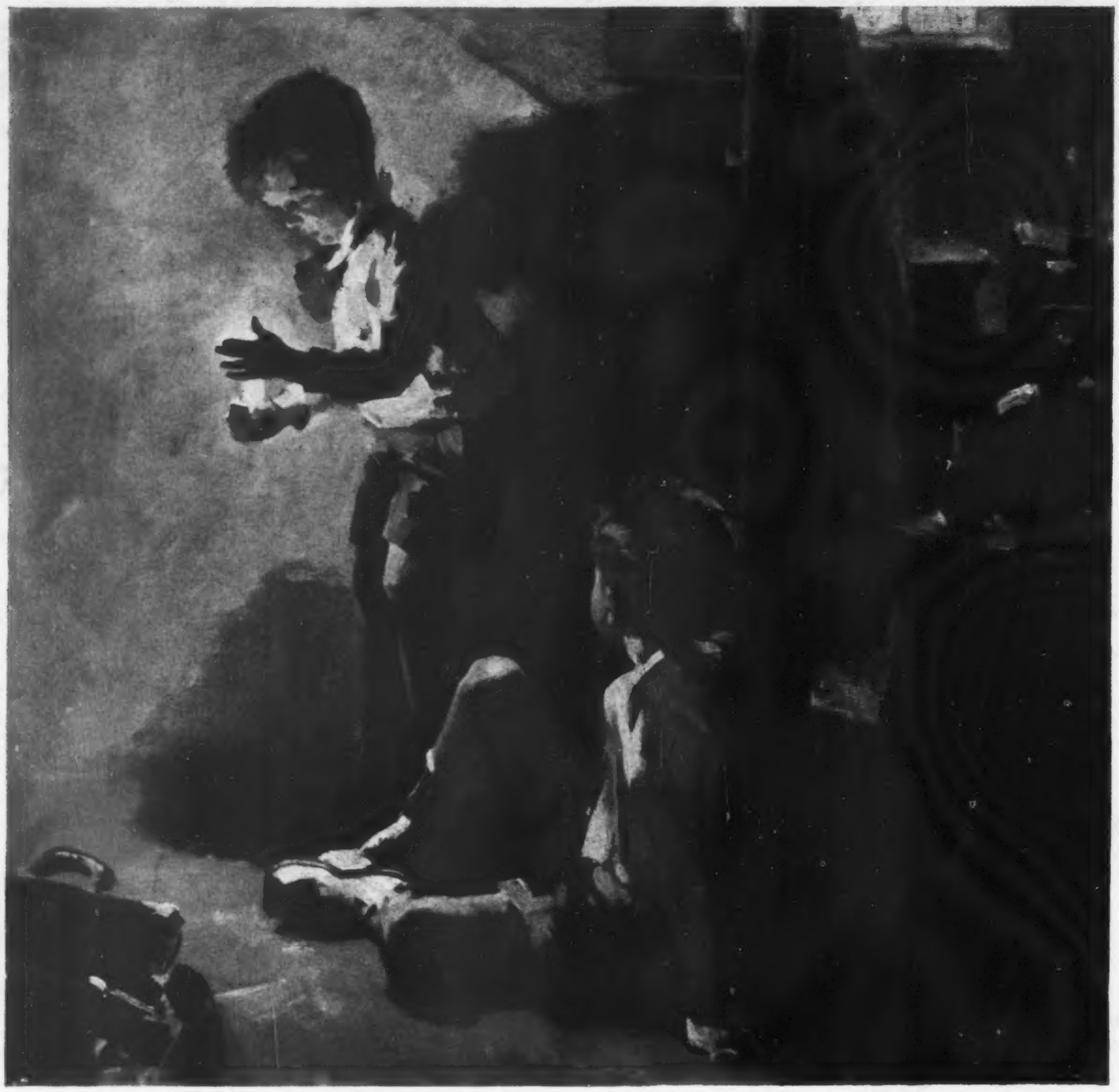
Lambert Pharmacal Company. Robinsonville, Miss.
Gentlemen:

It has occurred to me that you might like to hear of the experiences we have had this year with LISTERINE—"we" meaning our little one-room school here: Perhaps no other letters have come from an old-fashioned district school of all ages and all grades: and because of this, you may be more than ordinarily interested.

On our roll are the names of twenty-eight children, a larger number than at any time in the history of the school. We have made the best average daily attendance, however, that I have ever known—and I have been teacher here for the past nine years. The entire school has been *almost perfect* from a no-cold-no-sore-throat-no-cough-no-sniffle standpoint, and I attribute this condition to the daily use of pure Listerine. The children are taught the lesson of "watching the gateway of the mouth"—to quote their Hygiene text—and *this year*, I *urged the gargling of full-strength Listerine*, in addition to the toothbrush and other sanitary precautions. The weather was unusually severe this winter, and the old schoolhouse full of cracks and holes, but we have come through with flying colors. It has been a source of comment to many, and we give Listerine the credit. I am sure you will be pleased to know this.

Sincerely yours,
(Sgd.) Mrs. W. E. Cox
Principal, Robinsonville Rural School

**LISTERINE**



# I couldn't hold a candle – *to the plumber*

ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES No. 24

If Mrs. Keith* reads this, she will remember the dull cold winter day when I was visiting that Lake Ontario city and rang her doorbell. Perhaps Donald McGregor Keith will remember too, because he squeezed his small chunky self forward to hear all my questions about soap!

"Why, I always use P and G," said Mrs. Keith, "I need a *good* soap for I have seven children."

"Seven?" I gasped.

Mrs. Keith smiled. "Come in," she said, "and see my crowd." A moment later I was looking at a photograph of all the Keiths—from Donald McGregor to Doris!

"But you must see Junior," said Mrs. Keith. "He's 'helping' the plumber put in the new hot-water heater," she explained.

At her summons, up the cellar stairs came six-year-old Junior. I liked him at once. But at my first word—Junior fled! And Donald McGregor with him. We could hear them clattering down stairs.

"You mustn't mind them," apologized Mrs. Keith, "they simply haven't eyes or ears for anyone but the plumber today. They have been taking turns at holding the plumber's candle! Oh, they'll be sights by noon! But I'll put their blouses into P and G suds—and *you* know how quickly P and G loosens dirt."

I hope that *you* know that P and G White Naphtha is an *extra* good soap! A short soaking in P and G's rich suds saves lots of hard rubbing. It gives snowy clothes without boiling. It's safe for colors. And it works well whether the water's warm or cool—or soft or hard!

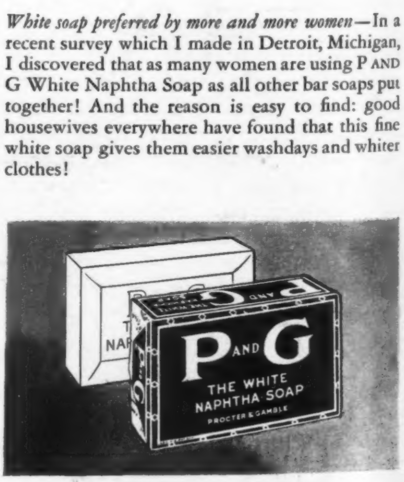
If you are like me, you watch your pennies. And so you're glad that such a nice-looking, firm, white soap as P and G often costs less than ordinary soaps. Let me tell you why. P and G Naphtha is made of fine soap materials bought economically—in huge quantities, by carloads and shiploads. This brings down the price per cake.

But P and G couldn't be so reasonably priced if it weren't so popular. Millions of women buy it because they know that *it really is a better soap!*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains—how to lighten washday labor." These and other problems are discussed in a free booklet. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NM-120, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*White soap preferred by more and more women*—In a recent survey which I made in Detroit, Michigan, I discovered that as many women are using P and G White Naphtha Soap as all other bar soaps put together! And the reason is easy to find: good housewives everywhere have found that this fine white soap gives them easier washdays and whiter clothes!



## The largest-selling soap in the world

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*This is not her real name, of course

# "Pink tooth brush"

## Time to call a halt on *that!*

IT'S no joke at any age, to find a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. For it always means that your gums are soft . . . "touchy" . . . inclined to bleed; and it sometimes means that gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea are on the way.

Tender, soft foods, hurried eating and too little chewing are the principal causes of weak, tender gums. A slight bleeding warns you that more serious infections may be getting a foothold, and that unless you get after the trouble promptly, you may run the risk of losing the whitest and, outwardly, the soundest teeth!

### *Strengthen your gums with Ipana and massage*

So protect your gums, with Ipana and massage, when and while you clean your teeth. That's the modern way to oral health. To do this is simple and easy. You massage your gums, with Ipana, each time you brush your teeth.

Thousands of dentists recommend this healthy habit. They know the good it does. For Ipana contains ziratol, a preparation professionally well-known for its efficacy in toning and stimulating tender gum tissue.

Massage with Ipana keeps gums firm and sound. It puts the fresh, clean blood to work—sends it coursing through the tiny cells—tones and strengthens the walls of the gums. Soon they become pinker, harder and healthier.

You'll like Ipana. You'll like its taste, and the delightful sensation of cleanliness it leaves in your mouth. And you'll be amazed to see how clean and white it keeps your teeth—how strong and firm it keeps your gums.

Start tonight with Ipana. Get a full-size tube today from the nearest druggist. Money cannot buy a better dentifrice, and that kind of dentifrice, like a good dentist, can never be classed as a luxury.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK

CHECK "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" WITH **IPANA**
**TOOTH PASTE**

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-11
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

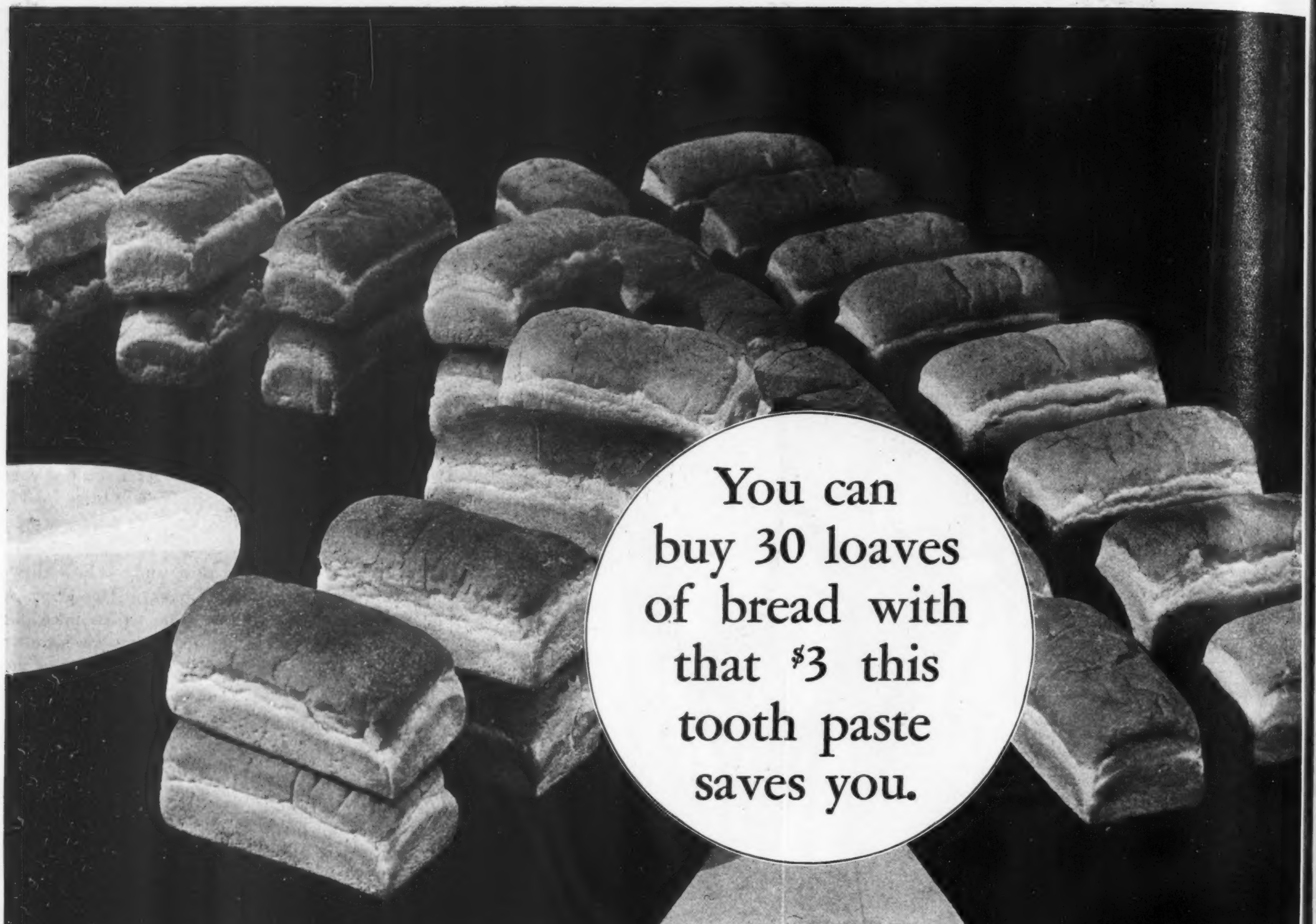
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*.............................................................................

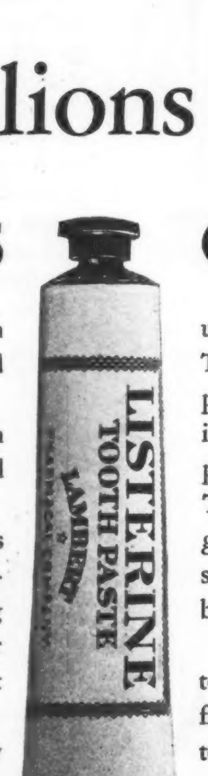
*Street*...........................................................................

*City*...............................................*State*.....................

© 1930


You can buy 30 loaves of bread with that $3 this tooth paste saves you.

# Millions acclaim quality and results of new thrift dentifrice



For years people went along paying high prices for tooth paste; thought they had to in order to be sure of quality.

Then into the field came Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube, and showed them their error.

The fact that it was made by the makers of Listerine was proof enough of its quality. The fact that the company sponsoring it had made a study of oral conditions for 50 years, gave a hint of the results that might be expected of it.

Today Listerine Tooth Paste is regularly used by more than 3,000,000 people. They choose it in preference to tooth pastes of the 50¢ class solely because of its merit, the amazing results it accomplishes. And for each user Listerine Tooth Paste saves $3 a year. Not a great sum but a welcome saving just the same — enough to buy 30 loaves of bread, for example.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Try it thoroughly. See how it refreshes your mouth. How gently it cleans teeth — every surface. How brilliant and lustrous it leaves them. And how it protects precious enamel from decay. You will gladly reject older and costlier dentifrices in favor of it.

We can offer such a superior tooth paste at 25¢ only because of remarkable economies effected by enormous buying power, modern methods of manufacture, and mass production. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*25¢ the large tube*

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES**